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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Royal Society of Literature.

SECOND SERIES

VOL. XVII.—PART I.

IRISH POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY D. J. O'DONOGHUE.

[Read January 24th, 1894.]

PERHAPS the most accurate title I could give this paper would be "Irish poetry of the nineteenth century: a sketch of its history, with illustrative examples." There seem to be two ways of treating the subject: one to assume that you are well acquainted with our poets and their writings, and to simply analyse them exhaustively; the other way, and the best one under the circumstances, as I think, is to take it that you are not familiar with the Irish poets, have probably never heard of the names of some of them, and would like to have some specimens of their writings, as well as some criticism. The subject is a very large one, and I propose to pass in review only those writers who have produced something worth remembering. I shall be forced to ignore altogether, from lack of time, some excellent singers, and must barely name others, as I wish to practically survey the whole ground. Irishmen are proverbially clever at verse-making, and it is rarely we meet one who has not at least attempted the feat. More often than is supposed they have succeeded in their poetical efforts, and we have even a great poet or two. It

will not do for English critics to complacently examine Moore's claims, and having satisfied themselves that he is not a great poet, blandly proceed to the conclusion that Ireland has never produced one. Few Irishmen nowadays look upon Moore as their greatest poet, or as a great poet; but the Irishman who has the most exaggerated opinion of his merits is surely as safe a guide as the well-known English critic who has recorded his opinion that Moore was hardly a poet at all. Without entering upon the unprofitable discussion as to *why* Ireland is merely "the mother of sweet singers," as Pope calls her, and not something more than she is in the world of literature, I may perhaps express wonder that poetry was cultivated at all in days when, in O'Hagan's words,

"Crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or stretched on mountain fern,
The teacher and his pupils met, feloniously, to learn."

Irish poetry is almost wholly lyrical, and we have a ballad and song literature of surpassing beauty, which, if somewhat of a sameness, only reflects in that the monotony of our history. It is wonderfully melodious, and in the highest degree emotional. Much of this emotion will appeal to Irish readers only, but its melody will captivate all ears. Of satirical verse we have any quantity, but of the didactic kind we have very little or none at all, and didactic poetry at its worst is happily absent. Our literature offers something more virile and moving. The Celt loves excitement, and in a collection of Irish ballads he generally gets plenty of it. There is also a deal of rhetoric in them, more than is

good, but at least it prevents us going to sleep. Our historical ballads are among the finest ever written, and our love songs I cannot but think unequalled. Naturally the Saxon is not spared, but what Englishman will feel annoyed when he is railed at so eloquently? There is no doubt whatever that political feeling enters too largely into our literature, and from an artistic point of view alone prevents it obtaining the position its intrinsic merit entitles it to. It is impossible to overlook this political flavour, and Irish poets have even made the mistake of introducing political allusions where they have no right to be. Love lyrics are not improved by such allusions, no matter how natural the error may seem in view of the persecution of the bards. Of true and dignified national feeling there can hardly be too much; it is one of the undying charms of Irish verse. But in its exaggerated form it makes a literature merely local, and ours will remain local unless our poets recognise the danger. But there is a human interest in our poetry which should make it known to the world, and a tenderness which cannot fail to touch the heart.

The first noticeable thing about the Irish poetry of this century is that it participated to the full in the wholesome change which came over popular taste with the rise of the natural school. With few exceptions, only those Irish writers using the native tongue were in the eighteenth century able to speak naturally. The rest followed the English manner at its worst, and are unendurable. There is nothing in them to characterise them as Irish poets. Among

the few song writers who kept aloof from the deadly eighteenth century influence may be counted Arthur Dawson, John Philpot Curran, Lysaght, and Milliken in their more jovial effusions, George Nugent Reynolds in his "Kathleen O'More," while Drennan and James Orr showed something of the native emotion. Others could not get away from the baneful style, notably George Ogle. I think his "Molly Astore," and "Shepherds, I have lost my love," are good songs, but the artificial prevails in them. The first verse of "Molly Astore" is less English than the rest, yet its refrain is the only thing Irish about it:

"As down by Banna's banks I strayed
One evening in May,
The little birds, with blithest notes,
Made vocal every spray.
They sang their little notes of love,
They sang them o'er and o'er:
Ah! *gramachree, mo cailin oge,*
Mo Mailligh mo store!"

It is marked with the indelible eighteenth century stamp, a stamp which you will remember has completely spoilt many of Burns' songs. Both Irish and English literature can do without such imitations, and the Irish poem which is not national in the best sense runs the risk of being unacceptable to either. Miss Charlotte Brooke deserves credit for her good intention in attempting to interest English readers in Gaelic poetry by her translations, but her versions are painful reading nevertheless. Luke Aylmer Conolly's graceful lyric, "To Rathlin's isle I chanced to sail," is the earliest satisfac-

tory Irish poem produced this century. I do not propose to dwell upon Moore's poetry—Mr. Graves not long ago dealt with his poems in this very hall, —but it is sometimes necessary to say that there were Irish poets before him, and have been others since. What is quite certain is that he has been deposed from the position he once held in Irish literature. In real essential poetic quality he has been outdone by later Irish poets, though some of his best songs still remain unequalled for felicitous phrasing.

It was Lady Morgan's small collection of Irish songs with music which prompted Moore to commence the publication of his "Melodies," and a poetess who deserves greater praise than Lady Morgan, even though she followed Moore, is Miss Balfour, an Ulster lady, whose modest little volume, published in 1810, includes some truly tender strains. But the first really distinctive Irish poet of this century is, beyond doubt, Jeremiah (not James) Joseph Callanan, a Cork man, who died at an early age in 1829. He wrote at first lengthy poems of an unsatisfying kind, but when his Byronic fever had abated he gave us some of the best Irish songs we have. He saw that his imitations of Byron would not do, and recognised the necessity of reviving the old simplicity. In his most popular lyric, that beginning "There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra," he apostrophises the native singers, and gives expression to his desire to emulate them:

"Least bard of the hills! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,

With the wrongs which, like thee, to my country have bound me—
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me;
Still, still in these wilds might young Liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley.
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story."

In his adaptations from the Irish we get the true Irish manner. Some of these poems are highly poetical, particularly his "Outlaw of Loch Lene."

THE OUTLAW OF LOCH LENE.

"O many a day have I made good ale in the glen,
That came not of stream or of malt like the brewing of men.
My bed was the ground, my roof the greenwood above,
And the wealth that I sought one far kind glance from my love.

"Alas, on that night when the horses I drove from the field,
That I was not near from terror my angel to shield!
She stretched forth her arms, her mantle she flung to the wind,
And swam o'er Loch Lene her outlawed lover to find.

"O would that a freezing sleet-winged tempest did sweep,
And I and my love were alone, far off on the deep!
I'd ask not a ship, or a bark, or a pinnace, to save,—
With her hand round my waist I'd fear not the wind or the wave.

"'Tis down by the lake, where the wild tree fringes its sides,
The maid of my heart, my fair one of heaven, resides:
I think as at eve she wanders its mazes along,
The birds go to sleep by the sweet wild twist of her song."

Between the commencement of the "Irish Melo-

dies" and the appearance of Callanan there were several writers of alleged Irish songs, such as—to mention only two—H. B. Code, author of "The Sprig of Shillelah," and Charles O'Flaherty, author of "The Humours of Donnybrook Fair;" but the less said of these the better. I will pass over the poets who are considered, rightly or wrongly, to be English, men like George Darley, Sir Aubrey de Vere, Dr. Croly, Charles Wolfe, and Dr. Anster. I could hardly be said to describe Irish poetry in dilating upon their works, admirable though some of them are, and Irish as the authors were. I come instead to Gerald Griffin and John Banim, who began to be known as poets and novelists about the time Callanan was leaving Ireland. Both were possessed of lyrical power, especially Griffin, and both had the Irish tenderness. Griffin has left us some excellent love songs, like "Gille Machree," "Eileen Aroon," and "My Mary of the curling hair;" and to Banim we owe that most touching poem of "Soggarth Aroon:" these are among the most popular of Irish lyrics. I have said that political feeling is to be found in most Irish poets; and even Banim, who was anything but a politician, was capable of it, as is seen in his fiery denunciation of a famous personage who was considered to have abjured his nationality. Banim's other poems are not at all noteworthy, "Soggarth Aroon" being the only one which will live. It is in most collections of Irish verse.

In 1831 appeared a publication which undoubtedly had a great effect on Irish poetry. I refer to Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," a collection of translations from the Gaelic by Thomas Furlong,

Henry Grattan Curran, and others. The versions are often tame, but the work was hailed with approval by many Irish poets, who were eager to infuse the old spirit and style into English verse. Furlong was a young Wexford man, who previous to his premature death had shown great satirical power. His translations from the Irish are very bald beside those of Mangan, who at this time was a very poor scrivener, simply known as the author of quaint and curious rhymes in the almanacks. His fascinating paraphrase of "Roisin Dubh" should be compared with the version by Furlong, and Mangan's peculiar genius will be apparent.

But to return to Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy." It was reviewed and welcomed in the *Dublin University Magazine* by Samuel Ferguson, a young Belfast man, who introduced into the review a poem by a friend and fellow-townsman of his named George Fox. This poem, an admirable one, is entitled "The County of Mayo." It is a great pity Fox did not give us more versions from the Irish like it.

THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

"On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sit in woeful plight,
Through my sighing all the weary day and weeping all the night;
Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,
By the blessed sun! 'tis royally I'd sing thy praise, Mayo!

"When I dwelt at home in plenty, and the gold did much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round;

'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm
forced to go,
And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my
own Mayo.

"They are altered girls in Irrul now—'tis proud they're
grown and high,
With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I pass their
buckles by;
But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will have
it so
That I must depart for foreign lands, and leave my sweet
Mayo.

"'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl of Irrul
still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as lord upon the hill,
And that Colonel Hugh Macgrady should be lying dead
and low,
And I sailing—sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo."

Time will not permit me to speak of the unfortunate career of James Clarence Mangan, who spent the latter part of it in destitution, living in underground cellars, and slowly undermining his health by his fatal love of liquor. He was the son of a Dublin grocer, who became a bankrupt and soon after died, leaving James, the eldest son, almost the sole support of a large family. Poor Mangan made a struggle for a time, but abandoned it finally, and lived nobody knew how. He made the most marvellous translations from German and other languages for the *Comet* and other publications, and was rescued from misery for a time by Dr. Petrie and other Irish scholars, who, recognising his unique talents, gave him literal translations from the Irish to versify. He knew several lan-

guages, but not Irish; and it may be noted here that all his so-called translations from the Turkish, Coptic, Arabic, and Persian were so many original poems. His versions from the Irish, too, are generally very free renderings. I must mention his inimitable "Lament for the Death of Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry," and his still more wonderful "O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire," as examples of his skill. He never condenses—Ferguson always does.

Here are Mangan and Ferguson's versions of "The Fair Hills of Ireland:"

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE O (from the Irish by Mangan).

"Take a blessing from my heart to the land of my birth,
And to all that yet survive of Eibhear's tribe on earth.
In that land so delightful the wild thrush's lay
Seems to pour a lament forth for Eire's decay.
Alas! alas! why pine I a thousand miles away
From the fair hills of Eire O?

"The soil is rich and soft, the air is mild and bland;
Here barest rock is greener to me than this rude land.
Her woods are tall and straight, grove rising over grove;
Trees flourish in her glens below, and on her heights above.
O in heart and in soul, I shall ever, ever love
The fair hills of Eire O.

"A noble tribe, moreover, are the now hapless Gael—
A tribe in battle's hour unused to shrink or fail.
For this is my lament, in bitterness outpoured,
To see them slain or scattered by the Saxon sword;
O woe of woes, to see a foreign spoiler horde
On the fair hills of Eire O!

"Broad and tall rise the Cruachs in the golden morning's glow,
O'er her smooth grass for ever sweet cream and honey flow;
Oh, I long, I am pining again to behold
The land that belongs to the brave Gael of old!
For dearer to my heart than a gift of gems or gold
Are the fair hills of Eire O.

"The dewdrops lie bright 'mid the grass and yellow corn,
The sweet-scented apples blush redly in the morn,
The watercress and sorrel fill the vales below,
The streamlets are hushed till the evening breezes blow,
While the waves of the Suir—noble river—ever flow
Near the fair hills of Eire O.

"A fruitful clime is Eire's, through valley, meadow, plain,
The very bread of life is in the yellow grain;
Far dearer unto me than the tones music yields
Is the lowing of the kine and the calves in her fields,
And the sunlight that shone long ago on the shields
Of the Gaels on the fair hills of Eire O."

The Fair Hills of Ireland (by Ferguson).

"A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear;
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

"Curled he is, and ringletted, and plaited to the knee,
Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish Sea

And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Unto that pleasant country—that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,
For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

"Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground;
The butter and the cream do wondrously abound;
The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo calling daily his note of music bland,
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests grand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland."

Here is another poem by Mangan, very skilfully paraphrased from the original:

A LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF THE KNIGHT OF KERRY.

"There was lifted up one voice of woe—
One lament of more than mortal grief—
Through the wide south to and fro
For a fallen chief.
In the dead of night that cry thrilled through me,
I looked out upon the midnight air;
Mine own soul was all as gloomy,
And I knelt in prayer.

"O'er Loch Gur that night—once, twice, yea thrice—
Passed a wail of anguish for the Brave
That half curdled into ice
Its moon-mirroring wave.
Then uprose a many-toned wild hymn in
Choral swell from Ogra's dark ravine;
And Mogeely's 'Phantom Women'
Mourned the Geraldine!

Far on Carah Mona's emerald plains
Shrieks and sighs were blended many hours;
And Fermoy in fitful strains
Answered from her towers.
Youghal, Keenalmeaky, Eemokilly,
Mourned in concert; and their piercing keen
Woke to wondering life the stilly
Glens of Inchiqueen.

"From Lough Moe to yellow Dunanore
There was fear; the traders of Tralee
Gathered up their golden store
And prepared to flee.
For, in ship and hall, from night till morning,
Showed the first faint beamings of the sun;
All the foreigners heard the warning
Of the dreaded *One!*

"'This,' they spake, 'portendeth death to *us*
If we fly not swiftly from our fate!'
Self-conceited idiots! thus
Knavingly to prate!
Not for base-born, higgling Saxon trucksters
Ring laments like these by shore and sea;
Not for churls with souls of hucksters
Waileth our banshee!

"For the high Milesian race alone
Ever flows the music of her woe;
For slain heir to bygone throne,
And for chief laid low.
Hark! again, methinks, I hear her weeping
Yonder! Is she near me now as then?
Or was but the night-wind sweeping
Down the hollow glen?"

All Mangan's renderings are marked by distinct originality. He had such a command over rhyme and metre that he was often tempted to play pranks

with them. He is considered by many the greatest of modern Irish poets, but that proud position seems to me to rightly belong to Ferguson. Unfortunately I cannot dwell upon his writings at sufficient length to make his superiority evident. Apart from his admirable "Lays of the Western Gael," he produced in "Conary" and "Congal" two fine poems. "Congal" has some magnificent passages, but "Conary" is superb, and the work of a great poet. Mere extracts from it would not convince, but it should be read by all who desire to see Ferguson at his highest point. His "Welshmen of Tyrawley," "Aideen's Grave," "The Fairy Thorn," "The Forging of the Anchor," and other poems would of themselves give him very high rank among Irish poets.

In spite of Mangan's fascination Ferguson must, I think, be acknowledged a greater poet. There is tremendous strength in some of his poems, and he rarely forgets his subject, as so many Irish poets do. A contemporary of his, Edward Walsh, is one of the most delightful of our love poets. He began to publish his truly Celtic songs in the thirties, though it was after the founding of the *Nation* that his finest work appeared. He was a poor schoolmaster, and, like many other Irish poets, was never able to collect his poems. But a couple of volumes of his translations from the Irish were issued, and it is by these he is chiefly known. He wrote national songs of love and war, and there are many vigorous ballads by him still buried in the columns of the Dublin newspapers and magazines of his day. I confess that Walsh is to me one of the best poets

Ireland has yet produced. His songs cannot but appeal most strongly to the Irish reader. He and John Keegan, his friend and contemporary, are genuine poets of the people; but Keegan, though possessing more pathos, lacked Walsh's admirable style and smoothness of versification. So long as the sentiments pleased him he did not trouble much about the form of his verses, and there is a ruggedness and unevenness in his poems which will probably prevent their ever receiving general admiration. On the other hand, there is nothing, I think, to prevent Walsh becoming known and admired wherever the English language is spoken. I give his "Brighidin Bawn Astor" as an example of his songs, and "Mairgreadh ni Chealleadh" as a specimen of his ballads.

BRIGHIDIN BAN MO STOR.[1]

"I am a wandering minstrel man,
And love my only theme;
I've strayed beside the pleasant Bann,
And eke the Shannon's stream;
I've piped and played to wife and maid
By Barrow, Suir, and Nore,
But never met a maiden yet
Like *Brighidin ban mo stor.*

"My girl hath ringlets rich and rare
By Nature's fingers wove;
Loch Carra's swan is not so fair
As is her breast of love.
And when she moves in Sunday sheen
Beyond our cottage door,
I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen
For *Brighidin ban mo stor.*

[1] Pron. *Breedeen Bawn mo Stor.*

"It is not that thy smile is sweet,
And soft thy voice of song;
It is not that thou fleest to meet
My comings lone and long!
But that doth rest beneath thy breast
A heart of purest core,
Whose pulse is known to me alone—
My *Brighidin ban mo stor.*"

"Mairgreadh ni Chealleadh" is an address to his mistress, Margaret Kelly, by Daniel O'Keeffe, an outlaw, whom she had betrayed to the English soldiers, and is one of Walsh's best poems:

"At the dance in the village thy white foot was fleetest;
Thy voice 'mid the concert of maidens was sweetest;
The swell of thy white breast made rich lovers follow,
And thy raven hair bound them, young Mairgreadh ni Chealleadh.

"Thy neck was, lost maid, than the *ceanabhan*[1] whiter,
And the glow of thy cheek than the *monadan*[2] brighter;
But death's chain hath bound thee, thine eye's glazed and hollow,
That shone like a sunburst, young Mairgreadh ni Chealleadh.

"No more shall mine ear drink thy melody swelling,
Nor thy beamy eye brighten the outlaw's dark dwelling;
Or thy soft heaving bosom my destiny hallow
When thine arms twine around me, young Mairgreadh ni Chealleadh.

"The moss couch I brought thee to-day from the mountain
Has drunk the last drop of thy young heart's red fountain;

[1] *Canavaun*, white bog-blossom.
[2] *Monadaun*, red berry.

For this good *skian* beside me struck deep and rung hollow
In thy bosom of treason, young Mairgreadh ni Chealleadh.

"With strings of rich pearls thy white neck was laden,
And thy fingers with spoils of the Sassenach maiden.
Such rich silks enrobed not the proud dames of Mallow—
Such pure gold they wore not as Mairgreadh ni Chealleadh.

"Alas that my loved one her outlaw would injure!
Alas that he e'er proved her treason's avenger!
That this right hand should make thee a bed cold and hollow,
When in death's sleep it laid thee, young Mairgreadh ni Chealleadh!

"And while to this lone cave my deep grief I'm venting,
The Saxon's keen bandog my footsteps is scenting;
But true men await me afar in Duhallow;
Farewell, cave of slaughter, and Mairgreadh ni Chealleadh!"

I have so far only mentioned a few of the most distinctly Irish poets who appeared previous to the starting of the *Nation*, yet when I name Lady Dufferin, who has written the most pathetic of all Irish songs, Mrs. Crawford, who wrote "Kathleen Mavourneen," Samuel Lover, author of many of our best humorous lyrics, J. S. Lefanu, to whom we owe "Shamus O'Brien" and "Phadrig Crohoore," Bartholomew Simmons (praised so highly by Christopher North), Dr. Maginn, Father Prout, and Dr. Kenealy, the witty Fraserian trio, Frances Browne, the blind poetess of Donegal, and Mrs. Downing of Kenmare, most of whom also gave us their best work before 1842, you will be able to

appreciate more fairly, perhaps, the work done by the great paper founded by Davis, Dillon, and Duffy in October, 1842. It not only encouraged those already working for Irish literature, but in the space of a few years it aroused a swarm of new poets. Though the *Nation* is certainly responsible for much bad poetry, I think its services to literature are unique. I do not believe there is any other instance of a paper doing so much for a national literature in so short a space of time. Persons who were never previously suspected of poetical ability suddenly produced in their excitement really admirable poems. In many cases they were never able to get away from the commonplace a second time, but in other instances their early exaltation did not desert them. Almost from the first number Thomas Davis, Charles Gavan Duffy, John O'Hagan, D. F. M'Carthy, and Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee began to write for it; and later recruits like John Frazer, R. D. Williams, Mary Kelly ("Eva"), Ellen Downing ("Mary"), Lady Wilde ("Speranza"), and a host of others were frequent contributors. We owe to it excellent and sometimes exquisite poems by writers I have not yet named. Irishmen cannot but be under an obligation to the newspaper which first printed Dr. John Kells Ingram's "Memory of the Dead," Denny Lane's "Kate of Araglen" and "Lament of the Irish Maiden," John Coen's "Awake and lie dreaming no more," Wm. Kenealy's "Moon behind the Hill" and "Exile's Last Request," Francis Davis's "Nanny," Carroll Malone's "Croppy Boy," Michael Doheny's "Acushla gal

Machree," the younger Drennan's "Battle of Beal-an-atha-buidhe," Martin McDermott's "Coulin," McCann's "O'Donnell Aboo," and Fitzjames O'Brien's "I know a lake where the cool waves break." This list includes only those pieces which are quite well known to the average student of Irish poetry, and which naturally first occur to me. Some of them are extremely pathetic, and as representative examples of a very numerous collection I will read Doheny's poem, giving at the same time another, which, however, does not come from the *Nation*,—I mean Henry Grattan Curran's "Wearing of the Green." Ingram's "Memory of the Dead" is a more finished expression of the same sentiments, but is too well known to need repetition, being in every collection, whereas I had to search nine or ten different collections of Irish poetry before I found either Doheny's or Curran's popular pieces.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

"One blessing on my native isle, one curse upon her foes,
While yet her skies above me smile, her breeze around me blows;
Now never more my cheek be wet, nor sigh, nor altered mien,
Tell the dark tyrant I regret the wearing of the green.

"Sweet land! my parents loved you well; they sleep within your breast;
With theirs—for love no words can tell—my bones must never rest.
And lonely must my true love stray that was our village queen,
While I am banished far away for the wearing of the green.

"But, Mary, dry that bitter tear, 'twould break my heart to see;
And sweetly sleep, my parents dear, that cannot weep for me.
I'll think not of my distant tomb, nor seas rolled wide between,
But watch the hour that yet will come for the wearing of the green.

"Oh! I care not for the thistle, and I care not for the rose,
For when the cold winds whistle, neither down nor crimson shows;
But like hope to him that's friendless, where no gaudy flower is seen,
By our graves, with love that's endless, waves our own true-hearted green.

"Oh! sure God's world was wide enough and plentiful for all,
And ruined cabins were no stuff to build a lordly hall!
They might have let the poor man live, yet all as lordly been;
But heaven its own good time will give for the wearing of the green."

Acushla gal Machree.

"The long, long wished-for hour has come,
But come, asthore, in vain,
And left thee but the wailing hum
Of sorrow and of pain.
My light of life—my only love,
Thy portion sure must be
Man's scorn below, God's wrath above,
Acushla gal Machree!

"'Twas told of thee the world around,
'Twas hoped for thee by all,
That with one gallant sunward bound
Thou'dst burst long ages' thrall.

Thy fate was tried, alas! and those
Who perilled all for thee
Were cursed and branded as thy foes,
Acushla gal Machree!

* * * * *

"I've given thee my youth and prime,
And manhood's waning years;
I've blest thee in thy sunniest time,
And shed for thee my tears.
And, mother, though thou'dst cast away
The child who'd die for thee,
My fondest wish is still to pray
For cushla gal Machree.

"I've tracked for thee the mountain sides,
And slept within the brake,
More lonely than the swan that glides
O'er Lua's fairy lake.
The rich have spurned me from their door
Because I'd set thee free;
Yet still I love thee more and more,
Acushla gal Machree.

"I've run the outlaw's brief career,
And borne his load of ill,
His troubled rest and waking fear
With fixed, sustaining will;
And should the last dread chance befall,
E'en that should welcome be,
In death I'd love thee most of all,
Acushla gal Machree."

The best of the *Nation* poets were, of course, Thomas Davis, D'Arcy M'Gee, and Denis Florence McCarthy. Among others, Duffy wrote several powerful ballads; Dalton Williams is too entirely rhetorical for my taste, and I prefer his exceptionally clever humorous poems; M. J. Barry, though

an effective song-writer, has left nothing of striking excellence; while John D. Frazer and Ellen Downing ("Mary") were only satisfactory because they did not attempt too high a flight. Lady Wilde and Mary Kelly, known as "Speranza" and "Eva," both made that mistake. Neither is convincing in her more ambitious efforts. I have carefully read both their volumes, and would sooner have the simple strains of "Mary," more especially her "Conal and Eva," "My Owen," and "Talk by the Blackwater," than the whole of their poetical writings. Not that their poems are wholly without merit. They had a command of language and an occasional power entirely absent from Ellen Downing's productions; yet the latter's unostentatious muse more directly and successfully appeals to one. Lady Wilde's poems are especially marred by the intense strain she subjected herself to, which prevents her ever approaching naturalness. She will be best remembered by posterity as the mother of Oscar. Thomas Davis, one of the most popular of our poets, is also one of our best. Several of his historical ballads, notably "Fontenoy" and "The Sack of Baltimore," can only be described by the words "grand" and "vivid," and his lyrics are often peculiarly beautiful. He is the most conspicuous instance in Irish literature of the poet equally good in descriptions of love and war. His historical ballads require to be read by some one with good declamatory power. I will confine myself, therefore, to two of his songs instead:

The Battle Eve of the Brigade.

"The mess tent is full and the glasses are set,
And the gallant Count Thomond is president yet.
The vet'ran arose like an uplifted lance,
Crying, 'Comrades! a health to the monarch of France!'
With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade,
For King Louis is loved by the Irish Brigade.

"'A health to King James,' and they bent as they quaffed;
'Here's to George the Elector,' and fiercely they laughed;
'Good luck to the girls we wooed long ago
Where Shannon and Barrow and Blackwater flow.'
'God prosper old Ireland'—you'd think them afraid,
So pale grew the chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

"But surely that light cannot come from our lamp;
And that noise—are they all getting 'drunk in the camp'?
'Hurrah, boys! the morning of battle has come,
And the *generale's* beating on many a drum;'
So they rush from the revel to join the parade,
For the van is the right of the Irish Brigade.

"They fought as they revelled, fast, fiery, and true;
And, though victors, they left on the field not a few.
And they who survived fought and drank as of yore,
But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more;
For on far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade."

Oh the Marriage!

"Oh the marriage, the marriage,
With love and my bouchal for me!
The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me;

For Owen is straight as a tower,
And tender and loving and true;
He told me more love in an hour
Than the squires of the county could do.
Oh the marriage, the marriage!
(*First four lines again.*)

"His hair is a shower of soft gold,
His eye is as clear as the day,
His conscience and vote were unsold
When others were carried away.
His word is as good as an oath,
And freely 'twas given to me;
Oh! sure 'twill be happy for both
The day of our marriage to see.
Oh the marriage! &c.

"His kinsmen are honest and kind,
The neighbours think much of his skill;
And Owen's the lad to my mind,
Though he owns neither cattle nor mill;
But he has a tilloch of land,
A horse, and a stocking of coin,
A foot for a dance, and a hand
In the cause of his country to join.
Then oh the marriage! &c.

"We meet in the market and fair,
We meet in the morning and night;
He sits on the half of my chair,
And my people are wild with delight.
Yet I long through the winter to skim,
Though Owen longs more, I can see,
When I will be married to him
And he will be married to me."
Then oh the marriage! &c.

I think I am correct in saying that Davis's songs are now as often sung by Irishmen as Moore's.

John O'Hagan's are good party songs, but they have nothing permanent about them. His "Ourselves alone," "Dear Land," and so on, however national and excellent their sentiment, can hardly be called true poetry. In the love ballad he was far more at home, and his "Old Story" will outlive all his other lyrics. His remarkable translation of "The Song of Roland" hardly comes into my subject, but it reminds me that Irishmen have been amongst the most successful translators of the century. His friend Denis Florence McCarthy is better known out of Ireland by his versions from Calderon than by his Irish poems. Time will not admit of my quoting any of his mellifluous lyrics, but it must be said of his longer poems generally that they are somewhat too syrupy,—mere confectionery, in fact,—and that a little of his verse goes a long way. He had, like a later poet, T. C. Irwin, very little force, but an astonishing fancy, and such thoughts as he has are most carefully decorated. He was the most melodious of the *Nation* poets, as D'Arcy McGee was the most rugged. McGee stands high in our literature by virtue of his many fine ballads and lyrics. I can only name "The Celts," "Cathal's Farewell to the Rye," and "The Irish Wife."

There are two other poets of much merit, not included in the list I have given, as they were not legitimately *Nation* poets. They both went to America after the '48 failure; their names are Joseph Brenan and John Savage. Brenan addressed a love song to his wife, "Come to me, dearest," which is rightly considered one of

the very best we have; and Savage is chiefly known by his magnificent ballad of "Shaun's Head."

Since 1848 Irish poets have mostly improved in *technique*, but it has frequently been at the expense of other merits. A writer who really appeared long before 1848 was Arthur Gerald Geoghegan, author of "The Monks of Kilcrea," a poem which aroused great interest at the time it was published. It was anonymous, and many inquiries were made as to its author. It is a ballad-poem in the manner of Scott, and is the only tolerably successful imitation of him yet published by an Irish poet. It is really excellent in parts, but Geoghegan is much better in his shorter poems. "The Mountain Fern" is, perhaps, his best lyric, and "The Battle of Lough Swilly" his best ballad. Only a little of his verse appeared in the *Nation*. In the fifties his "Monks of Kilcrea" was brought out in book form, and ran through two or three editions—an astounding event for an Irish poem,—and was translated into French. Geoghegan, who was a collector of Inland Revenue at Somerset House, died only three or four years ago. William Allingham, who is already accepted as one of the greatest of our poets, published his first volume in 1850. Before his death, which occurred a short time back, he had brought out more than a dozen volumes of verse, and among them a remarkable work called "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland," which is not half as widely read in Ireland as it should be. It is written after the manner of Crabbe, and gives such strikingly good descriptions of Irish life that it alone would ensure its author a prominent position in Irish literary

history. But it is of his lyrics I wish to speak. I need only refer to one of them, his nearly perfect love song entitled "Lovely Mary Donnelly," but I wish to strongly emphasise the importance to Irish literature of the collected edition of his "Irish Songs and Poems." He had a mania for changing his phrases, and was always meddling with them and altering them for the worse, evidently under the impression that a poet can do what he likes with his own writings. Thomas Caulfield Irwin wrote some very graceful effusions, but there is surprisingly little good poetry in his five volumes, though he was once called in an English magazine "the Irish Keats." John Francis O'Donnell, another poet of the period, was rather Tennysonian in his descriptive passages, but he did write some true poetry. Of the other lesser poets who flourished in the fifties I ought to mention the names of witty Charles Graham Halpine, Michael Hogan, a fierce satirist, and John Walsh, a schoolmaster like his earlier namesake, and a poet who is strangely neglected. Aubrey de Vere's first Irish volume was "Innisfail, a lyrical chronicle," but he had been writing and publishing some years before that appeared. On the whole, though he has written many exquisite non-Irish lyrics and sonnets, I look upon this as almost the best thing he has done. One would never suspect its author was anything but an intense Nationalist, though he is far from that. He has risen high above the ordinary level, and in dignity and beauty is superior to most Irish poets. I can only read you a couple of his smaller poems ("The Old Land" and "Dirge for Rory O'More").

"Ah! kindly and sweet, we must love thee perforce;
The disloyal, the coward alone would not love thee;
Ah! mother of heroes! strong mother! soft nurse!
We are thine while the large cloud swims onward above thee!
By thy hills ever blue that draw heaven so near,
By thy cliffs, by thy lakes, by thine ocean-lulled highlands;
And more—by thy records disastrous and dear,
The shrines on thy headlands, the cells in thine islands.

"Ah, well sings the thrush by Lixnaw and Traighli!
Ah, well breaks the wave upon Umbhall and Brandon!
Thy breeze o'er the highland blows clement and free,
And o'er fields, once his own, that the hind must abandon.
A caitiff the noble who draws from thy plains
His all, yet reveres not the cause of his greatness;
A clown and a serf, 'mid his boundless domains
His spirit consumes in the prison of his straightness!

"Through the cloud of thy pathos thy face is more fair;
In old time thou wert sun-clad; the gold robe thou worest:
To thee the heart turns, as the deer to her lair,
Ere she dies, her first bed in the gloom of the forest.
Our glory, our sorrow, our mother! Thy God
In thy worst dereliction forsook but to prove thee;
Blind, blind as the blindworm—cold, cold as the clod,
Who, seeing thee, see not; possess, but not love thee!"

Dirge of Rory O'More.

(O'More was one of the Irish chieftains of the seventeenth century—"the silk of the kine" is one of the mystical names of Ireland.)

"Up the sea-saddened valley at evening's decline
A heifer walks lowing—"the silk of the kine;"

From the deep to the mountains she roams, and again
From the mountains' green urn to the purple-rimmed main.

"What seek'st thou, sad mother? Thine own is not thine!
He dropped from the headland—he sank in the brine!
'Twas a dream! but in dreams at thy foot did he follow
Through the meadow-sweet on by the marish and mallow.

"Was he thine? Have they slain him? Thou seek'st him not knowing
Thyself, too, art theirs—thy sweet breath and sad lowing;
Thy gold horn is theirs, thy dark eye and thy silk,
And that which torments thee, thy milk is their milk.

"'Twas no dream, motherland! 'Twas no dream, Innisfail!
Hope dreams, but grief dreams not—the grief of the Gael!
From Leix and Ikerrin to Donegal's shore
Rolls the dirge of thy last and thy bravest O'More!"

John Francis Waller also belongs to the fifties, when most of his admirable lyrics, notably "The Spinning-wheel Song" and "Kitty Neil," which are deservedly popular, appeared. It is worth noting that he has died within the last week. He had something of the melody of Moore, with perhaps more genial humour.

Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce, a Limerick man like Waller and De Vere, was quite as intensely Irish as any of our writers, and some of his ballads are very stirring. They are almost the last of their school, and I would certainly say that he is the last of the

historical poets. There is much monotony in his volume of ballads from their being all more or less on the same theme. Several of them are of the highest excellence, and though very headlong in manner, he is not the less correct in rhyme and metre. He published two epic poems, one of which, "Deirdre," had an extraordinary success in America, and was warmly praised by the late James Russell Lowell. I will read you one of the best known of his shorter ballads ("Fineen the Rover"):

FINEEN THE ROVER.

"An old castle towers o'er the billows
That thunder by Cleena's green land,
And there dwells as gallant a rover
As ever grasped hilt in the hand.
Eight stately towers of the waters
Lie anchored in Baltimore Bay,
And over their twenty score sailors
O! who but that Rover holds sway?
Then ho for Fineen the Rover!
Fineen O'Driscoll the free;
Straight as the mast of his galley,
And wild as a wave of the sea!

"The Saxons of Cork and Moyallo,
They harried his lands with their powers;
He gave them a taste of his cannon,
And drove them like wolves from his towers.
The men of Clan London brought over
Their strong fleet to make him a slave;
He met them near Mizen's wild headland,
And the sharks gnawed their bones 'neath the wave.
Then ho for Fineen the Rover!
Fineen O'Driscoll the free;
With step like the red stag of Beara,
And voice like the bold-sounding sea!

"Long time in that battered old castle,
Or out on the waves with his clan,
He feasted, and ventured, and conquered,
But ne'er struck his colours to man.
In a fight 'gainst the foes of his country
He died as a brave man should die;
And he sleeps 'neath the waters of Cleena,
Where the waves sing his *caoine* to the sky!
Then ho for Fineen the Rover!
Fineen O'Driscoll the free;
With eye like the osprey's at morning,
And smile like the sun on the sea!"

Charles Kickham is the author of two or three admirable peasant ballads, and has also written some sketches of Irish life as good as anything we possess. In John Locke's graphic "Morning on the Irish Coast," Mrs. Forrester's touching "Widow's Message to her Son," and William Collins's "Sigh for Old Times" you have three of the most characteristic of modern Irish poems, yet only one of them has found a place in the usual collections. I am afraid I must not stop to discuss the admirable poems of Dr. Sigerson, and can only barely indicate the existence of that group of Irish-American writers who have been for many years enriching our literature. Absence from Ireland has not had any appreciable effect on the Irish poems of John Boyle O'Reilly, Rev. A. J. Ryan, James McCarroll, Mrs. Mary Blake, and Michael Scanlan. They are well worth studying, and must be taken into account by anyone desiring adequate knowledge of modern Irish poetry. Before coming to the living writers I wish to dwell for a moment on a poet and poetess who were inspired by,

and flourished in the Fenian period, and who have each written poems which will probably outlive all the rest produced in consequence of and during that struggle. I consider John Keegan Casey one of the finest of our later lyrists; not because of his "Rising of the Moon," but by reason of his beautiful love-songs. He died at the early age of twenty-one in 1870. The poetess I have alluded to is Miss Fanny Parnell, who, in her "After Death," it seems to me, has given us a most touching poem, written with the full knowledge of her early death, which occurred shortly after.

After Death.

"Shall mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country? shall mine eyes behold thy glory?
Or shall the darkness close around them ere the sun-blaze break at last upon thy story?

"When the nations ope for thee their queenly circle, as a sweet new sister hail thee,
Shall these lips be sealed in callous death and silence, that have known but to bewail thee?

"Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy praises, when all men their tribute bring thee?
Shall the mouth be clay that sang thee in thy squalor, when all poets' mouths shall sing thee?

"Ah! the harpings and the salvoes and the shoutings of thy exiled sons returning
I should hear though dead and mouldered, and the grave-damps should not chill my bosom's burning.

"Ah! the tramp of feet victorious! I should hear them 'mid the shamrocks and the mosses,
And my heart should toss within the shroud and quiver as a captive dreamer tosses.

"I should turn and rend the cere-clothes round me, giant sinews I should borrow,
Crying, 'O my brothers, I have also loved her in her loneliness and sorrow.

"'Let me join with you the jubilant procession, let me chant with you her story;
Then contented I will go back to the shamrocks now mine eyes have seen her glory!'"

I may remark, *apropos* of the early death of Miss Parnell, that we have quite lately lost two other young poetesses from whom much might have been expected, namely, Miss Rose Kavanagh and Mrs. Frances Wynne.

I have now arrived at the last portion of my paper. It would be quite impossible for me to attempt to give you more than a vague idea of contemporary Irish poetry. We have, first, the non-Irish school, which is represented most admirably by Mr. Stopford Brooke, Edw. Dowden, Miss Emily Hickey, George Savage-Armstrong, Edmund Holmes, and others; and we have the purely Irish writers like Mr. Yeats, Mr. Graves, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Dr. Todhunter, Francis Fahy, T. D. Sullivan, Miss Katharine Tynan, Miss Dora Sigerson, and Miss Jane Barlow. Of the former school I can say nothing here, as they do not come within the lines I have proceeded on, but naturally the others claim a word or two. T. D. Sullivan's historical or legendary ballads are his best, and he has also written very popular lyrics, but the most successful of our living song writers is, beyond doubt, Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, whose words to Irish airs are among the most felicitous ever written. I know no Irish writer who more exactly suits an air with words.

Some of his songs, as we all know, are exceptionally popular. He is essentially best as a pastoral poet. His songs nearly always have to do with open-air occupations and pastimes, and the courting he describes almost invariably goes on in the fields. In this he differs largely from another true Irish poet, Francis A. Fahy, whose songs and poems are more often than not descriptive of home life. Mr. Graves has a very delicate wit, much grace and ease, and is what Moore was described as being, a musician in words. The humour of Mr. Fahy is more pronounced, but Mr. Graves is the better artist, and has written some beautiful lullabies and other poems of tenderness. I would like to read several of Mr. Graves' most musical songs, but will have to content myself with one, "Nancy, the Pride of the West:"

"We have dark lovely looks on the shores where the Spanish
From their gay ships came gallantly forth,
And the sweet shrinking violets sooner will vanish
Than modest blue eyes from our north.
But oh! if the fairest of fair-daughtered Erin
Gathered round at her golden request,
There's not one of them all that she'd think worth comparing
With Nancy, the pride of the west.
You'd suspect her the statue the Greek fell in love with,
If you chanced on her musing alone;
Or some goddess great Jove was offended above with,
And chilled to a sculpture of stone;
But you'd think her no colourless, classical statue
When she turned from her pensive repose,
With her glowing grey eyes glancing timidly at you,
And the blush of a beautiful rose.

"Have you heard Nancy sigh? Then you've caught the
sad echo
From the wind-harp enchantingly borne.
Have you heard the girl laugh? Then you've heard the
first cuckoo—
Carol summer's delightful return.
And the songs that poor ignorant country folk fancy
The lark's liquid raptures on high,
Are just old Irish airs from the sweet lips of Nancy,
Flowing up and refreshing the sky.
Yet for all that the bee flies for honey-dew fragrant
To the half-opened flower of her lips,
And the butterfly pauses, the purple-eyed vagrant,
To play with her pink finger-tips,
From all human lovers she locks up the treasure
A thousand are starving to taste;
And the fairies alone know the magical measure
Of the ravishing round of her waist."

From Mr. W. B. Yeats more is expected than from any other of the younger Irish poets of the time. His first volume was a revelation, and gave him more than a merely Irish reputation. I consider him the most original and truly poetical of all recent poets, whether Irish or English. Dr. Todhunter had written several admirable volumes of verse before he turned his attention to Irish subjects. Beyond the bare mention of his name and that of Dr. Hyde, who has shown in his recently published "Love Songs of Connaught" what poetic skill he possesses, I cannot venture at this hour. Miss Tynan has long since proved herself one of the truest of our poetesses; while the latest, Miss Dora Sigerson, has just issued a volume of dainty verse which has been very well received. In conclusion I ought to say that it will be very

difficult for those who desire to study our modern poetry to do it without great trouble. We have no thoroughly good collection of Irish verse; some are good as far as they go, but they are either quite out of date or otherwise most inadequate. It will be found that a very considerable quantity of first-rate Irish poetry is still buried in the newspapers and magazines of the last half-century. And of all the poets I have mentioned, probably not more than half have ever had their poems collected. The usual plan seems to be to leave writings of Irish poets entirely derelict; but sometimes the other extreme is adopted, and every line they ever penned is shovelled into some huge volume, which is then quickly forgotten. The comparative inaccessibility of much of our poetical literature will account for the very unsatisfactory nature of our anthologies. I can hardly have hoped to convince you of its many beauties, and in the absence of any thoroughly good collection cannot strongly recommend any book on the subject. But in Alfred M. Williams' compilation, published in Boston a few years ago, incomplete as it is, you will find much that is admirable, and it will probably induce you to seek further acquaintance with an unjustly neglected literature—distinguished above that of most nations for purity, humanity, and gracefulness.

"THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES." (1576.)

BY R. A. DOUGLAS LITHGOW, M.D., LL.D., F.S.A., ETC.
Vice-President, R.S.L.

[Read February 8th, 1894.]

THE ever-widening stream of English poetry had, in the time of Elizabeth, become a majestic flood, flowing deeply and tunefully amid the flowery meads of song.

By the banks of this stately river there then existed, and still exist, unfrequented paths leading to secluded retreats, hidden by the shade of verdant foliage, sweet with the breath of wild-flowers, and where wimpling streamlets, fed from the parent source, made their own low, sweet music amid scenes of ever-varying beauty, sacred to Nature and her perennial charms.

Here the crooning brooklets sang amid the amorous sunshine, making the verdure gay and the flowers rejoice; and here the devastating hand of Time has still spared the sequestered dells of delight, in which is still preserved much of that English song-bloom, whose fragrance still is wafted into the hearts of those who dwell within our island home.

To one of those little-known but beautiful song-haunts I wish to conduct you this afternoon; it is

called *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, and, surely, its very name is sufficiently characteristic and appropriate to assure us of pleasure in its contemplation.

Before actually entering into this *Paradise*, I would ask you to accompany me a little further up the banks of the river, so that we may together observe for a moment a few of the places where the stream began to widen out from its far-off source, and note such objects and appearances as may throw some light upon the formation and locality of the bower which we desire especially to examine.

For over 150 years after the death of Chaucer—from the time of Henry IV to that of Elizabeth—the English muse was dormant and silent, although we find the names of Occleve and Lydgate, both weak imitators of their master, Chaucer; also those of Hawes and Skelton, the former the last representative of the Chaucerian school, which had become weaker and weaker as Time went on, and the latter, although stronger and more vigorous, yet manifesting a characteristic English predisposition to "prosaic doggerel."[1] In Scotland, however, during the same period, the muse was active enough, as James I, William Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, and Sir David Lyndsay have left an imperishable record in the literature of the sister country.

The publication of *Songs and Sonnets, written by the Right Honble. Lord Henry Howard, late Earl of Surrey, and others*, or, to give the volume its more familiar name, *Tottel's Miscellany*, marked the dawn of a renewed period of poetical culture and activity.

[1] Saintsbury.

This did not, however, appear until the authors, for at least the most part, had been dead some time, or had written years previously. At the period of its publication (1557) the poets had a great disinclination to have any of their works printed or published, much preferring them to serve for the amusement or entertainment of their friends.

Nicholas Grimald, or Grimoald, chaplain to the then Bishop of Ely, is supposed to have edited the *Miscellany*, of which two editions appeared during the year of publication. In the first edition forty poems are signed by his name in full, whereas, in the second edition, the initials "N. G." are substituted for the full name, and many of his poems have been omitted to make room for those of others. Lord Surrey has forty contributions, and Sir Thomas Wyatt ninety-six; those unsigned are, for the most part, the works of unknown authors, numbering in the second edition 134. Of these, four are supposed to be, respectively, the work of Lord Vaux (2), John Heywood (1), and Edward Somerset (1). Nothing definite is known as to the authorship of the others beyond the fact that Churchyard and Sir Francis Bryan also contributed. Shakespeare[1] quotes three or four verses in the grave-digger's scene, from one of Lord Vaux's poems, entitled *The aged lover renouncith love*, and in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*[2] directly alludes to the *Miscellany* by making Slender say—

"I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here."

[1] *Hamlet*, act v, sc. 1.
[2] Act i, sc. 1

The latter title is the one by which the *Miscellany* is alluded to by Churchyard, and still later by Drayton. That Shakespeare referred to this collection is further proved by the fact that English sonnets were quite unknown until after its publication.

Unfortunately I cannot now stay to criticise the poetry contained in this very interesting volume, but amongst the many contributors the work of none excelled that of Wyatt and Surrey, who breathed new life and vigour into English poetry, attributable doubtless to their both having drunk from the immortal fountains of Petrarch, Dante, and Ariosto. Moreover, Surrey has the honour of introducing the sonnet into English versification, and (if we accept two previous attempts by N. Grimald, entitled *The Death of Zoroas* and *The Death of Marcus Tullius Cicero*, published in the *Miscellany*) to have written the first blank verse in English in his translations from the *Æneid*, published separately by Tottel in June, 1557. *Tottel's Miscellany* went through nine editions during the thirty years from 1557 to 1587.

The publication of *Tottel's Miscellany* brings us within a year of the accession of Elizabeth.

For about a quarter of a century afterwards we find neither poet nor poetry of the highest class, until the light of Spenser's genius gleamed over the literary firmament, with the exception of Thomas Sackville's contribution to the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the poetical miscellany which succeeded that of Tottel.

This Miscellany was edited by William Baldwin,

and, like its predecessor, went through nine editions from 1559 to 1621. To the second edition—that of 1563—Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, contributed two poems—*The Induction*, and *The Complaint of Buckingham*, which constitute any literary merit that the collection contains. These two poems are authoritatively estimated as the greatest efforts in English poetry between Chaucer and Spenser, and there is reasonable proof that some of Spenser's best work was modelled upon them. They alone indicate, by the charm of their melody, their spontaneity and freshness, and their truth to nature the further poetic development which was to be realised later.

This, again, was succeeded by *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, as the latter was succeeded by *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, *A Handful of Pleasant Delites*, *The Phœnix Nest*, *England's Helicon*, *A Poetical Rhapsody*, *England's Parnassus*, and others of a similar class, published between 1576 and 1600.

During the period we have now traversed, we find, in addition to these miscellanies, the works of Googe, Turberville, Gascoigne, Churchyard, Whetstone, Bretton, Lodge, and a host of minor lights, any detailed account of whom would be foreign to the object of this paper. Many of these volumes are exceedingly rare, but I can only express a fervent hope that, in course of time, we may have the entire series reprinted, and that each of them may appear as complete and satisfactory as Mr. Arber's indefatigable labour has made *Tottel's Miscellany*, and many another rare volume from the

almost inexhaustible supply afforded by the Elizabethan era of our poetical history.

This very rapid and imperfect sketch of the poetical literature written between the time of Chaucer and Spenser will at least serve to sustain the already-stated fact, viz. that from 1400, the year of Chaucer's death, until 1557, a year before Elizabeth began to reign, the poetical historian has very little to chronicle of more than ordinary importance in the evolution of English poetry. Nay, more, for about a quarter of a century after Elizabeth's accession, comparatively little progress had been made in the development of poetic genius.

The dawn of English poetry emerged from the twilight in the time of Chaucer, and although it did not reach its noontide splendour until the genius of Spenser illumined the gloomy sky, yet, during the 170 or 180 years which separated the two periods, the light still burned and glowed, however fitfully, and became purified and intensified as time went on. In *Tottel's Miscellany* we find the first promise of the golden era to which poetry was hastening, for Surrey and Wyatt had introduced and set up new forms and models, and to a certain extent revolutionised English versification; and although the results of their work were not seen at once, the spirit of true inspiration was abroad, and men looked forward hopefully to a still higher development in the near future.

To this succeeded the *Mirror for Magistrates*, containing Sackville's most admirable contributions, in which even a higher key-note was struck, for although modelled for the most part on the favourite

rhymed stanza of Chaucer, their whole conception is Dantesque in their originality, and they literally teem with allegorical personages framed in the most glowing and delicate imagery. Whether in conception or expression they are full of power and majesty, and their striking originality is only equalled by the vividity and beauty of their colouring.

By a rather devious path we now approach *The Paradise of Dainty Devices;* let us enter into it for a short time, and examine its many and varied attractions.

The Paradise of Dainty Devices is the title of a poetical miscellany, the first edition of which was published in 1576, being the eighteenth year of Elizabeth's reign. The full title-page of the first edition is as follows:—

THE PARADYSE

of daynty deuises

Aptly furnished, with sundry pithie and learned inuentions:

deuised and written for the most part by M. Edwards, sometimes of her Maiestie's Chappel: the rest by sundry learned Gentlemen, both of honor and woorshippe

viz.

S. Barnarde — Iasper Heywood.
E. O. — F. K.
L. Vaux — M. Bevve.
D. S. — R. Hill.
M. Yloop, with others.

[Device in an oval: an Angel crowned, holding in the right hand a flaming heart of Charity; in the left a cross; standing on a figure described by the word "Diabolus;" with various inscriptions and emblematical allusions, supposed to represent the victory of Virtue and Eternal light. The Printer's monogram in one corner. Motto in the oval: *Ego sum Via et Veritas.*]

IMPRINTED AT LON-
-don, by Henry Disle, dwellyng in
Paule's Churchyard, at the South-west Doore
of Saint Paule's Church, and are there to be solde.
1576.

On the other side of title-page are the arms of Sir Henry Compton; and then follows the following dedication:

TO THE RIGHT HONO-
-rable Syr Henry Compton, Knight,
Lord Compton, of Compton.

RIGHT HONORABLE, and my very good Lord, presuming vppon your curtesy, I am bolde to pressent vnto your honor, this small volume: Entituled, The Paradise of deynty deuises, being penned by diuers learned Gentlemen, and collected togeather, through the trauell of one, both of woorship and credite, for his priuate use: who not long since departed this lyfe, which when I had perused ouer, not

without the aduise of sundry my freendes, I determined by theyr good motion, to set them in print, who thervnto greatly perswaded me with these and like woordes: The wryters of them, were both of honor and worship: besides that, our owne countrey men, and such as for theyr learnyng and grauitie, might be accounted of among the wisest. Furthermore, the ditties pithy and pleasant, aswell for the inuention as meter, and wyll yeelde a farre greater delight, being as they are so aptly made to be set to any song in 5 partes, or song to instrument. Which wel consydering, I purposed not to forsake so good an occasion, beseeching your honor to accept it in good part, chiefely for the aucthours sake; who though some of them are departed this lyfe, yet theyr woorthy doings shall continue for euer: for like as the shadow foloweth the body, so praise foloweth vertue: and as the shadow goeth sometimes before, and sometimes behind, so doth praise also to vertue; but the later it commeth, the greater it is, and to be the better esteemed. Thus fearing to offende your honour with these my rude speaches, I end, wishing your L. many yeres of ioy.

Your good Lordship's wholy to commaund,
H. D.

The initials "H. D.," by which the dedication is signed, are those of Henry Disle, who published the work in 1576.

Although the volume was not published until 1576, it appears that the collection of poems of which it consists was made by Richard Edwards, who had died ten years previously to the publication. His name appears on the title-page as that of

the principal deviser and writer, and it is to him that Disle refers in the dedication where he says that the poems contained in this volume "had been collected together through the travail of one both of worship and credit, for his own private use, who not long since departed this life." As a matter of fact Edwards died in 1566, aged 43.

On analysing this interesting little volume we find it to consist of about 100 minor poems, of which, in the first edition, nine are anonymous. Taking the first and second editions together there are 124 poems and eleven anonymous; the remaining 113 are, with the exception of seven, signed either with the full names or the initials of their writers, amounting to twenty-six. The exceptional seven are signed *My lucke is losse*, but I shall refer to this signature later on.

Before referring particularly to the literary character of the little volume now under consideration, it seems best that I should give a few biographical details of the authors, so far as they are known, and to make such quotations from their poems as may give some general idea of the contents, such as may enable us to form an estimate of its interest and worth.

As the principal place has been assigned to Richard Edwards in the production of the volume, and is due to him, not only from the quality, but the quantity of his contributions, I make no apology for introducing him first. Edwards was born in Somersetshire about the year 1523; he was a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he was educated, and in 1547 was nominated a senior student

of Christ Church. In 1561, he was appointed Master of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel Royal, and of the Singing Boys, in which capacity he trained the children of the chapel to act, for her Majesty's pleasure, interludes and plays of his own writing. In 1566, the year in which he died, he was employed to compose a play, entitled *Palámon and Arcite*, and accompanied the Queen to Oxford, where it was acted before her Majesty in Christ Church Hall.[1]

Edwards' contributions to *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* are fourteen in number, from which I have selected the following:—

MAY.

" When May is in his prime, then may each heart rejoice;
When May bedecks each branch with green, each bird strains forth his voice,
The lively sap creeps up into the blooming thorn,
The flowers, which cold in prison kept, now laughs[2] the frost to scorn.
All Nature's imps triumphs[2] while joyful May doth last:
When May is gone, of all the year the pleasant time is past.

" May makes the cheerful hue, May brings and breeds new blood;
May marcheth throughout every limb, May makes the merry mood;

[1] For these and the following biographical details, I must express my indebtedness to Sir Egerton Brydges' Preface to *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, as contained in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. iii.

[2] " Not a false concord, but use of the Northern plural in *s*."—HENRY MORLEY.

May pricketh tender hearts, their warbling notes to tune;
Full strange it is, yet some, we see, do make their May in June.
Thus things are strangely wrought while joyful May doth last;
Take May in time: when May is gone the pleasant time is past.

"All ye that live on earth, and have your May at will,
Rejoice in May, as I do now, and use your May with skill;
Use May while that you may, for May hath but his time:
When all the fruit is gone it is too late the tree to climb.
Your liking and your lust, is fresh whiles May doth last—
When May is gone, of all the year the pleasant time is past."

Warton says that the poem I have just read is the most poetical of Edwards' productions in the present collection, but I quite agree with Sir Egerton Brydges in thinking that the author has struck a far higher note in the celebrated song on Terence's apothegm of *Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est*, which I consider as one of the sweetest lyrics in our literature. I here reproduce it:

"In goyng to my naked bedde, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife syng to her child, that long before had wept:
She sighéd sore and sang full sore to brynge the babe to rest,
That would not rest, but criéd still in suckyng at her brest.

She was full wearie of her watche, and grevéd with her child—
She rockéd it, and rated it, vntill on her it smilde;
Then did she saie nowe have I founde the prouerbe true to prove:
'The fallyng out of faithfull frends is the renúyng of love.'

"Then tooke I paper, penne, and ynke, this prouerbe for to write,
In regester for to remaine of suche a worthi wight.
As she proceeded thus in song vnto her little bratte,
Much matter uttered she of waight in place whereas she satte;
And prouéd plaine there was no beast nor creature bearyng life
Could well be known to live in loue without discorde and strife.
Then kisséd she her little babe, and sware by God aboue,
'The fallyng out of faithfull frends is the renúyng of love.'

"She said that neither king ne prince ne lord could liue aright
Untill their puissance thei did proue, their manhode and their might.
When manhode shalbe matchéd so, that feare can take no place,
Then wearie works makes warriours eche other to embrace;
And leaue their forse that failéd thẽ, whiche did consume the rout,
That might before have liuéd their tyme and nature out.
Then did she syng as one that thought no man could her reproue:
'The fallyng out of faithfull frends is the renúyng of love.'

"She said she sawe no fish ne foule, nor beast within her haunt,
That mett a straunger in their kinde, but could geue it a taunt;
Since fleshe might not indure, but reste must wrath succede,
And forse the fight to fall to plaie, in pasture where thei feede;
So noble nature can well ende the works she hath begone,
And bridle well that will not cease her tragedy in some.
Thus in her songe she oft reherst, as did her well behoue,
'The fallyng out of faithfull frends is the renúyng of love.'

"I mervaile much, pardy, quoth she, for to beholde the route,
To see man, woman, boy, and beast to tosse the worlde about:
Some knele, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some cã smothly smile,
And some embrace othérs in armes, and there think many a wile;
Some stand aloufe at cap and knee, some humble and some stout,
Yet are thei neuer frends indeede until thei once fall out.
Thus ended she her song, and saied before she did remoue,
'The fallyng out of faithfull frends is the renúyng of love.'"

There is a dainty elegance of expression, a tenderness of sentiment, and a facile gracefulness in the poem just read, which are only equalled by its exquisite rhythm and the happiness of its illustrations; and altogether it is an evidence of literary

culture and refinement which is simply admirable when we consider the period at which it was written. "Yet," as Sir Egerton Brydges says, "has the treasure which this gem adorned lain buried and inaccessible, except to a few curious collectors, for at least a century and a half." After his death Edwards received eulogistic notices from Turberville, Twyne, Meres, and Puttenham, and was so far honoured by Shakespeare as to have one of his lyrics, *In Commendation of Music*, quoted in *Romeo and Juliet*.[1]

To Lord Vaux must be assigned the next place to Edwards, by reason of merit as well as from the number of his contributions. He was Thomas, the second peer, and was born in 1510, and died in or about 1557. He was Captain of the *Isle of Jersey* and was besides a *persona grata* to King Henry VIII. He received the Order of the Bath at the coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn. As a poet he was commended by George Gascoigne, who compared him with Lord Surrey; also by Puttenham in his *Arte of English Poesie*, who praises him for the facility of his metre and the aptness of his descriptions.

Perhaps his two most pleasing poems are those contributed by him to *Tottel's Miscellany*, respectively entitled "A Ditty or Sonnet made in the time of the noble Q. Mary, representing the Image of Death," and the "Assault of Cupid upon the Fort in which the lover's heart lay wounded." I regret that time will not allow me to quote them here, but as they were not contributed to *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, I prefer quoting only those poems

[1] Act iv, sc. 3: "Where gryping grief the heart would wound," &c.

which have appeared in this collection. Lord Vaux's contributions to the first edition number thirteen, and one in that of 1580.

He was, however, almost morbid in his pessimism, and although surrounded by every luxury and occupying such an exalted position, life afforded him no joy. To him the world seemed a rank wilderness, in which every growth of worth or virtue was choked by low intrigue and corruption, by ingratitude and perfidy, and so hopeless in its depravity that every moral struggle was unavailing. Thinking thus, it is little to be wondered at that he found life almost unbearable, and sought for peace beyond the grave. His poems are not without pathos, and are by no means deficient in sentiment, but while replete with religious fervour, they mostly all rail at life, and express longings for a future and happier condition of being.

I quote the following as an example of his poetry:—

"No Pleasure without some Pain."

"How can the tree but waste and wither away
That hath not sometime comfort of the sun?
How can that flower but fade and soon decay
That always is with dark clouds overrun?
Is this a life? Nay, death you may it call,
That feels each pain and knows no joy at all.

"What foodless beasts can live long in good plight—
Or is it life when senses there be none?
Or what availeth eyes without their light,
Or else a tongue to him that is alone?
Is this a life? Nay, death you may it call,
That feels each pain and knows no joy at all.

"Whereto serve ears, if that there be no sound,
Or such a head where no device doth grow?
But all of plaints, since sorrow is the ground
Whereby the heart doth pine in deadly woe.
Is this a life? Nay, death you may it call,
That feels each pain and knows no joy at all."

From the foregoing it will be seen that while the metre, rhythm, and sentiment are commendable, yet that the author's poetical range is neither high nor extensive, nor are his doleful ditties such as to justify me in afflicting you with any more of them.

Our next contributor is Edward Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, who was born about 1541, and died in 1604. Lord Oxford was a courtier, who travelled in Italy during his adolescence, and upon whom Queen Elizabeth conferred the prize, for his doughty deeds in a tournament, in 1580. In 1586 he sat as Lord Great Chamberlain of England on the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots, and subsequently on the trials of several of his peers. His private character was, however, inconsistent with the position he held at court, and he is said to have been vain, haughty, and affected. Notwithstanding his character as a man, his contemporaries speak highly of his merits as a poet, amongst whom I may mention Munday, Greene, Lock, Spenser, Lily, Golding and others. He contributed to many of the miscellanies of his time, and perhaps his most meritorious work is a poem entitled *Fancy and Desire*, which he contributed to *Breton's Bower of Delights*, although Mr. Henry Morley, in his *Shorter English Poems*, inaccurately refers to its appearance in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*. Lord Oxford, however, contri-

buted in all seven poems to this latter collection, and I quote the following as a fair example of his poetical work, entitled "His mind not quietly settled, he writeth thus":

"Even as the wax doth melt, or dew consume away
Before the sun, so I, behold, through careful thoughts decay:
For my best luck leads me | to such sinister state,
That I do waste with others' love | that hath myself in hate;
And he that beats the bush | the wishéd bird not gets,
But such, I see, as sitteth still | and holds the fowling nets.

"The drone more honey sucks, | that laboureth not at all,
Than doth the bee to whose most pain | least pleasure doth befall;
The gardener sows the seeds | whereof the flowers do grow,
And others yet do gather them | that took less pain, I know;
So I the pleasant grape | have pulléd from the vine,
And yet I languish in great thirst | while others drink the wine.

"Thus, like a woeful wight, I wove my web of woe—
The more I would weed out my cares | the more they seem to grow;
The which betokeneth hope | forsaken is of me,
That with the careful culver climbs the worn and withered tree;
To entertain my thoughts, and there my hap to moan,
That never am less idle, lo, than when I am alone."

The poems which Lord Oxford contributed to this collection are, without exception, consistent with his personal character, for they are affected to a degree, conceited, antithetical and ambiguous, and, as Dr.

Percy has observed, "Perhaps it is no injury to his memory that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity." From the poem which I have quoted it will be seen that he was partial to the graces of alliteration, but I need scarcely add that it requires even more than these to constitute true poetry.

William Hunnis, another contributor, was a gentleman of the Chapel Royal under Edward VI, and subsequently, like Edwards, master of the Boys of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel Royal. His poems in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* amount to twelve. He was also the paraphrast of some of the Psalms of David, and actually rendered the whole of the book of Genesis into English metre, in a work entitled, *A Hyve full of Hunnye*, to which is annexed *A Handful of Honisuckles*, containing "The Poor Widow's Mite," and sundry dialogues and ditties of a religious character. "But," as Warton says, "his honeysuckle and his honey are now no longer delicious." Notwithstanding this severe criticism, and from such a high authority, I am inclined to rank the compositions which Hunnis has contributed to this collection as higher and more meritorious than any of his predecessors, with the exception of Edwards. Although they are all didactic, like the bulk of this collection, yet there is a thread of genial fancy running through them—a facility of expression, a croon of music, and a delicacy of sentiment, which certainly are not to be found in the poems of Lords Vaux or Oxford. Take, for example, the following lines, entitled:—

"If thou desire to live in quiet rest
Give ear and see, but say the best."

"*If thou* delight in quietness of life
Desire to shun from trials, debate and strife,
To live in love with God, with friend and foe—
In rest shalt sleep when others cannot so.

"*Give ear* to all, yet do not all believe,
And see the end, and then do sentence give;
But say, for truth, of happy lives assigned,
The best hath he that quiet is in mind."

The first two syllables in each line form a kind of acrostic of the title.

Again, in "Hope well and Have well."

"In hope the shipman hoisteth sail, in hope of passage good;
In hope of health the sickly man doth suffer loss of blood;
In hope the prisoner linked in chains hopes liberty to find;
Thus hope breeds health, and health breeds ease to every troubled mind.

"In hope desire gets victory, in hope great comfort springs;
In hope the lover lives in joy, he fears no dreadful things;
In hope we live, and may abide such storms as are assigned:
Thus hope breeds health, and health breeds ease to every troubled mind.

"In hope we easily suffer harm, in hope of future time,
In hope of fruit the pain seems sweet that to the tree doth climb;
In hope of love such glory grows, as now by proof I find,
That hope breeds health, and health breeds ease to every troubled mind."

I must also find room for a poem, entitled, "He repenteth his folly," in which he apostrophises his lady love, and which, with a few trivial alterations, might do duty for a latter-day love song:—

"When first mine eyes did view and mark thy beauty fair
for to behold,
And when mine ears 'gan first to taste the pleasant words
that thou me told,
I would as then I had been free from ears to hear and
eyes to see.

"And when my hands did handle oft, that might thee
keep in memory,
And when my feet had gone so soft to find and have
thy company,
I would each hand and foot had been, and eke each foot
and hand so seen.

"And when in mind I did consent to follow thus my
fancy's will,
And when my heart did first relent to taste such bait
myself to spill,
I would my heart had been as thine, or else thy heart as
soft as mine.

"Then should not I such cause have found to wish this
monstrous sight to see,
Nor thou, alas! that mad'st the wound should not deny
me remedy;
Then should our will in both remain, to grant one heart
which now is twain."

All that is known of our next contributor, Francis Kinwelmarsh, is that he was the intimate friend of George Gascoigne, and that, with the latter, he translated the *Iocasta* of Euripides, and that Warton highly commends the *Ode to Concord* by him, as "exhibiting great elegance of expression and versi-

fication." Kinwelmarsh was a member of Gray's Inn, and was better known as a translator than as a poet; he contributed ten poems to *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, amongst which the following is at least worthy of quotation :—

"Who will aspire to dignity
By Learning must advancéd be."

"The poor that live in needy rate
By Learning do great riches gain;
The rich that live in wealthy state
By Learning do their wealth maintain.
Thus rich and poor are furthered still
By sacred rules of learnéd skill.

"All fond conceits of frantic youth
The golden gist of Learning stays;
Of doubtful things to search the truth
Learning sets forth the ready ways.
O happy him do I repute
Whose breast is fraught with Learning's fruit.

"There grows no corn within the field
That ox and plough did never till;
Right so the mind no fruit can yield
That is not led by Learning's skill.
Of ignorance comes rotten weeds,
Of Learning springs right noble deeds.

"Like as the captain hath respect
To train his soldiers in array,
So Learning doth man's mind direct
By Virtue's staff his life to stay.
Though friends and fortune waxeth scant,
Yet learnéd men shall never want.

"You imps, therefore, in youth be sure
To fraight your minds with learnéd things;
For Learning is the fountain pure
Out from the which all glory springs.

Whoso, therefore, will glory win
With Learning first must needs begin."

The contributor of eight poems to *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, Jasper Heywood, son of John Heywood, the Dramatist and Epigrammatist, next claims our attention. He was born in London about 1535, graduated M.A. at Oxford in 1553, and died at Naples in 1598. For his extraordinary career I must refer you to Warton's *History of English Poetry*:[1] suffice it to say that his conscience preventing his adherence to the change of national religion, he entered the Society of Jesuits at Rome in 1562, and became subsequently chief of the Order of Jesuits in England, where he kept up great state. He was celebrated for his success in religious disputation, and he translated several of Seneca's plays. His poetical contributions to the collection we are now considering call for no detailed notice. I, however, select the following lines as an example of his style and character as a poet; they are entitled,

"LOOK OR[2] YOU LEAP."

"If thou in surety safe will sit,
If thou delight in rest to dwell,
Spend no more words than shall seem fit,
Let tongue in silence talk expel.
In all things that thou seest men bent,
See all, say naught, hold thee content.

"In worldly works degrees are three—
Makers, Doers, and Lookers-on;
The Lookers-on have liberty,
Both the others to judge upon.

[1] Vol. iii, p. 38.
[2] Ere.

Wherefore in all, as men are bent,
See all, say naught, hold thee content.

"The Makers oft are in fault found;
The Doers doubt of praise or shame,
The Lookers-on find surest ground—
They have the fruit set free from blame.
This doth persuade in all here meant,
See all, say naught, hold thee content.

"The proverb is not south and west,
Which hath be said long time ago,—
Of little meddling cometh rest,
The busy man ne'er wanted woe.
The best way is in all world's sent,[1]
See all, say naught, hold thee content."

For the Chief or Provincial of the Jesuits in England, the foregoing lines cannot be regarded as high-class poetry, and his seven remaining contributions to *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* are, perhaps, neither better nor worse.

Of our next contributors, Richard Hill and D. Sand, nothing is known with the exception of a reference to them in Webbe's *Discourse of English Poetrie*, published in 1586, in which the author alludes to "their abundant skill in many pretty and learned works." I quote the following lines from the first-named, entitled *A Friendly Admonition.*

"Ye stately wights that live in quiet rest
Through worldly wealth which God hath given to you,
Lament with tears and sighs from doleful breast,
The shame and power that vice obtaineth now.
Behold how God doth daily proffer grace,
Yet we disdain repentance to embrace.

[1] Assent.

"The seeds[1] of sin do suck into the mind,
And cankered vice doth virtue quite expel;
No change to good, alas! can resting find,
Our wicked hearts so stoutly do rebel.
Not one there is that hasteth to amend,
Though God from heaven His daily threats do send.

"We are so slow to change our blameful life,
We are so pressed to snatch alluring vice,
Such greedy hearts on every side be rife,
So few that guide their will by counsel wise,
To let our tears lament the wretched case,
And call to God for undeserved grace.

"You worldly wights that have your fancies fixed
On slipper joy of terrain[2] pleasures here;
Let some remorse in all your deeds be mixed,
Whiles you have time let some redress appear.
Of sudden death the hour you shall not know,
And look for death, although it seemeth slow.

"Oh, be no judge in other men's offence,
But purge thyself, and seek to make thee free;
Let every one apply his diligence
A change to good within himself to see.
O God, direct our feet in such a stay
From cankered vice to shame the hateful way!"

To say the least and most that can be said, these lines contain some good advice, but little originality. The intentions of our author were evidently sincere; but it is to be feared that if he lived in our days he would still find such "A Friendly Admonition" as necessary as seems to have been the case in his own earlier times.

The name of "A. Bourcher" may be taken next,

[1] Seeds, from "seethe," to boil. "In the seeds" was an old phrase of being in difficulty, akin to the modern phrase "in hot water," to represent exposure to the seethings of passion.—HENRY MORLEY.

[2] Earthly.

although very little is definitely known about him. He only contributes one poem to the present collection, and this is contained in the appendix of poems added to the later editions. He is said to have versified one of Æsop's Fables in 1566, and to have written a poem to the reader, prefixed to Whitney's *Emblems*. I quote his *Golden Precepts* because of its archaic daintiness, which might be compared to an antique frame scintillating with the light from precious stones adorning it. It is withal modest, manly, and meritorious in its expressiveness, and I make no apology for quoting it here in its entirety :—

"Perhaps you think me bold that dare presume to teach,
As one that runs beyond his race and rows beyond his reach:
Sometimes the blind do go | when perfect sights do fall,
The simple may sometimes instruct | the wisest heads of all.

"If needful notes I give | that unto virtue tend,
Methinks you should of rights vouchsafe | your listening ears to lend:
A whetstone cannot cut, yet sharp it well we see,
And I, though blunt, may whet your wit, | if you attentive be.

"First these among the rest | I wish you warely heed
That God be served, your Prince obeyed, and friends relieved at need;
Then look to honest thrift, both how and what to have,
At night examine so the day | that bed be thought a grave.

"Seek not for others' goods; be just in word and deed,
For got with shifts are spent with shame—believe this as thy creed;

Boast not of Nature's gifts, nor yet of parents' name,
For virtue is the only mean | to win a worthy fame.

"Ere thou dost promise make, consider well the end,
For promise passed be sure thou keep, both with thy foe and friend:
Threat not revenge too much—it shows a craven's kind,
But to prevail and then forgive | declares a noble mind.

"Forget no friendship's debt, wish to requite at least,
For God and man, yea, all the world, condemns the ungrateful beast:
Wear not a friendly face | with heart of Judas' kiss,
It shows a base and vile conceit, and not where valour is.

"Fly from a fawning flirt, and from a cogging mate,
Their love breeds loss, their praise reproach, their friendship breeds but hate:
Seek not to loose by wiles | that law and duty binds,
They be but helps of bankrupt's heads, and not of honest minds.

"The motions of the flesh and choler's heat restrain,
For heaps of harms do daily hap where lust or rage doth reign.
In diet, deeds, and words a modest man is best—
Enough sufficeth for a feast, but riot finds no rest.

"And so, to make an end, let this be borne away—
That virtue always be thy guide, so shalt thou never stray."

I can only hope that you will endorse the high opinion I have formed of the foregoing lines, but whether or not, I must express my earnest conviction that the duty of Man towards his God and his fellow-men—in a word the truest and highest philosophy of life, has never, with comparatively few exceptions, and these from much loftier sources, been more pithily or comprehensively expressed.

The name of Lodowick Lloyd also appears as that of the author of an *Epitaph on Sir Edward Saunders*, and this, also, is included in the appendix. Lloyd was a distinguished courtier of Queen Elizabeth, and held the position of Sergeant-at-Arms. He was, moreover, the author of numerous poems, published between 1586 and 1607, a list of which will be found in *The British Bibliographer*.[1] As the epitaph in question is verbose and pedantic, I pass it over without quotation.

Barnabe Riche is the name of the last contributor to this collection of whom any definite knowledge is forthcoming. Although he appears to have been the author of numerous prose works, the titles of which have been enumerated by Mr. Haslewood in the work mentioned above, he seems to have been almost as little appreciated by his contemporaries, as they are unknown to modern writers. So far as can be definitely determined, he, like Lloyd, only contributed one poetic effort to our *Paradise*, and curiously enough this, too, is an epitaph, and appears also in the appendix. It is entitled, *An Epitaph upon the death of Sir William Drury, Knight, Lord Justice and Governour of Yreland, deceased at Waterford, the thyrd of October, An. Do.* 1579. This is only interesting from the light it throws on a question of authorship, as to the writer who contributed several poems to the *Paradise*, which are signed *my lucke is losse*. The tenth stanza of Riche's Epitaph is as follows:—

[1] Vol. iii, Preface, p. 19.

"But Ireland thou, thou thrice-accursed soyle,
Thy lucke is losse, thy fortune still withstoode.
What mischiefe more, to worke thy greater spoyle,
Then loss of him that ment thee greatest good:
Yet canst thou say Syr *Druries* noble name
In Ireland still shall bide in lasting fame."

From the expression *Thy lucke is losse* in these lines, it seems probable that the poems bearing the signature *my lucke is losse* may have been really written by Riche, who would be a young man in 1576, when the *Paradise* was first published, and he may have been disinclined to put his own name to them in consequence of his youthful modesty. Of course this is all conjectural, but I cannot believe that he would have used this expression in his poem in the appendix without having had some personal claim to the almost identical words appended to the five poems in the first edition of the work, which, however, call for no particular notice.

In addition to those already alluded to, we find the names of M. Bew, M. Thorn, J. Marshall, G. Gaske, and M. Candish. Bew contributes five poems, Thorn two, and the others one each. Nothing, however, is really known of any of these writers, and there is nothing in their poetic efforts to justify any special comment. It has been surmised by Mr. Park that "G. Gaske" may represent George Gascoigne. I don't think, however, that the latter could ever have perpetrated such a couplet as the following—the concluding lines of a poem entitled, *A Description of the World*:—

"Save only man, who as his earthly time is
Shall live in woe, or else in endless bliss."

Our next group consists of nine contributors, whose names can only be surmised from the initials appended to their respective poems, but of whom nothing is really known. One of these poems is signed *Q. Yloop*, whereas on the title-page it appears as *M. Yloop*. It has been stated that *Yloop* stands for *Pooly*, spelt backwards; but even this helps us very little, although it has been conjectured that the author may have been a person named *Pooley*, who contributed to Yates' tripartite collection of poems, which appeared in 1582.

One poem bearing the initials "*F. G.*" is supposed to have been written by Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke. Another, with the initials "R. D." may have been written by Robert Dillington, the author of introductory verses in Lewkenor's *Resolved Gentleman*, published in 1599. The same initials are appended to some other poems of an earlier date, viz., 1585 and 1586.

"M. D." have been thought to represent Mr. Dyer or Mr. Dolman, and "E. S." no less a person than Edmund Spenser, who was about 23 years of age when *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* was first published; but judging from the internal evidence of the five poems bearing these initials, the statement at most is a very improbable surmise.

The author of a few poems to which the initials "F. M." are appended, is quite unknown and unidentified. "R. L." are the initials borne by *certaine sonnets* published in 1596, also by a sonnet in Drayton's *Matilda* in 1594. The author is, however, only known as *R. L., Gentleman.*

Ritson supposes the initials "M. S." as designat-

ing Mr. Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and Earl of Dorset, but without any shade of probability; and "H. D." are the initials at the end of some lines on the death of Master John Barnabe, who died in 1579. Nothing further is known of the author.

Two poems, entitled *A Complaint* and *A Reply*, are respectively signed "Troylus" and "Cressida," but their author is completely unknown. The remainder of the collection consists of eight poems to which neither initials nor signatures are appended, but none of these demand any detailed attention. Of these poems, however, which appeared as anonymous in the first edition, several had authors' names appearing in subsequent editions, amongst which are those of Thomas Churchyard, J. Marshall, and W. Hunnis.[1]

Having thus far taken an inventory of the contents of *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, I may be permitted to state, before appraising their literary value, that the little volume went through at least seven editions, from 1576 to 1600, viz., the first in 1576, second in 1577, third in 1578, fourth 1580, fifth 1585, sixth 1596, and seventh 1600. Yet another edition, resembling very much the last edition of 1600, but without date, was "printed by Edward Allde for Edward White, dwelling at the little North dore of Saint Paule's Church, at the signe of the Gunne." Cibber, in his life of Jasper Heywood, alludes to an edition in 1574, but this is evidently a mistake. Warton, also, in his *History*

[1] T. Churchyard: *He persuadeth his friend*, &c., p. 18. J. Marshall: *Though Fortune have*, &c., p. 31. W. Hunnis: *No foe to a flatterer*, &c., p. 59.

of English Poetry[1] refers to an edition in 1573, but this is also very improbable, and Steevens and Herbert regarded it as a typographical error for 1578, which is probably the true explanation.

That *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* was, however, most popular is incontestably proved by the numerous published editions, and in comparing these with each other, it is curious to find that a few of the signatures have been altered in later editions, although by what authority does not appear. Still more strange is the fact that in the edition of 1576 (the first) there are eighteen poems which are not included in that of 1580; in that of 1580, eighteen poems which are not in that of 1576, and five poems which are not in either of the editions of 1596 or 1600; and in those of 1596 and 1600, seven poems which are not in that of 1580. Stranger than all is the fact that, so far as I have been able to ascertain, almost all these alterations consist of a mere "ringing of the changes" of the authors represented in the first edition, and in scarcely one instance have I found a new name, or new initials of any kind. It would thus appear that, in the minds of those who edited the subsequent editions, only those authors who had contributed to the earlier were worthy of appearing in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* under any circumstances, and that their editorial labours consisted simply in a reshuffling and fresh selection of the original authors' poetic efforts. Be this as it may, the fact remains, and I

[1] Vol. iii, p. 388.

have felt constrained to thus direct attention to it.[1]

Tottel's Miscellany was the first collection of English poems written by different authors, and was so popular that it went through six editions in seven years, and was honoured by the patronage of Shakespeare, as we have seen. *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* was, strictly speaking, the second collection of a similar kind, and was almost equally popular, having, so far as we know accurately, gone through seven editions in twenty-four years. These two small volumes evidently met a demand of the times in which they appeared, for they contained an almost infinite variety of poems, concerning life and its sorrows and vicissitudes, written in graceful verse, interwoven here and there with genial fancy, and were peculiarly suitable for distracting and comforting the minds of all classes during the trials, turbulency, and uncertainty of the period when they were accessible. At such seasons of depression and despondency it does not require the mighty efforts of genius to give consolation to sorrowing hearts and wounded spirits, or to alleviate the anxiety of overwrought minds, but rather aptness of sentiment and appropriateness of precept, expressed in simplicity of language, and associated with lyrical grace and tenderness. All these are to be found in these two admirable collections of verse; and as their variety captivated their readers, so by their sweetness, simplicity, and moral fervour they were peculiarly calculated to pleasantly while away

[1] The only exceptions are the signatures "Candish," "Troylus," and "Cressida," and the initials "M. S." in edition of 1580.

an occasional hour, and to make their readers temporarily forget the dangers, insecurity, and anxieties by which they were surrounded. It is thus, at all events, that I venture to account for the popularity they attained.

We have already seen that during the fifteenth century poetic genius was dormant in England; and this can easily be accounted for by the unsettled state of the country—by the wars of the Roses, and the religious controversy which had been ushered in during the previous century by Wycliffe—the Morning Star of the Reformation. Towards the end of the fifteenth century (1471) the art of printing was introduced into England by William Caxton, and thus afforded novel and pre-eminent facilities for the advancement of English literature; but little real progress was made, notwithstanding the spirited efforts of Lord Surrey, until the last quarter of the sixteenth century. And when we remember the five or six direful years of Mary's reign, about the middle of the sixteenth century (during which the majority of the poems in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* were written), we need have no misgivings as to the character of the period, or its baneful influences upon the hearts and minds of the people.

Nearly all the poems in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* are, as we have seen, of a didactic character; *i.e.* they belong to a class of poetry upon which the perceptive powers of the poet are brought to bear, and in which moral precepts are inculcated. The ultimate object of all poetry is, or should be, to produce some beneficent or useful mental impression, either directly or indirectly: if the latter, by means

of narrative, fable, or character representation ; and if the former, by a specific and openly expressed intention of carrying out certain aims,—as in didactic poetry, where the sole object is to convey moral precepts or instruction in an agreeable manner, by means of metrical forms, while the fancy is detained by descriptive episodes and vivid coloration, and the teaching is thus implanted more deeply in the garden of memory. While the professed object is thus to teach and to instruct, the poet must be careful that the thoughts which he expresses are sound and healthy, that his principles are just and reasonable, and that his illustrations are apt and clearly expressed. He must, moreover, be capable of so animating his teaching that the imagination may be diverted and engaged, while the prosaic character of his subject is concealed by means of poetical embellishment; in a word, to make a didactic poem attractive, the poet must amuse and relieve the mind of his reader by making the principal subject ancillary to the agreeableness of his episodes, and the fluency and sweetness of his numbers.[1]

Didactic poetry usually assumes one of two varieties: the first, and highest, wherein we find a regular and sustained treatise on some subject of philosophy or ethics,—as, for example, Lucretius's *De Rerum Naturæ*, Virgil's *Georgics*, Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination*, Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, or Boileau's *Art of Poetry;* whereas in the second variety we find a moral precept or precepts enshrined within the lyrical form of poetry like a

[1] Vide *Blair's Lectures*, p. 542 (1838).

kernel within a nut—a moral truth crystallised between a gleam of fancy and a rill of music.

It is to this latter variety that the poems in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* belong; and although we cannot associate them with even the higher classes of didactic poetry, yet they have a charm and interest of their own which cannot be gainsaid.

In the first place, they are "exceedingly valuable as specimens both of language and sentiment. They are, for the most part, in a style of simplicity which shows that our ancestors, wherever genius predominated over mere scholarship, had arrived at a better taste, and possessed a more easy flow and more skilful command of words, and such as more nearly approached to modern usage, than is generally supposed."[1] Indeed, when we recollect the time, and the circumstances in which they were written, we cannot but be struck by the poetical taste which they manifest; while the gracefulness of their rhythm, the melody of their versification, and their choice of language are really admirable.

These poems are also valuable as representing (in addition to *Tottel's Miscellany*, and the poems of Occleve, Lydgate, Barclay, Hawes, Skelton, and Tusser, and the *Induction* and *Complaint* in the *Mirror for Magistrates*) the whole of English poetical literature written during the century and a half which intervened between Chaucer and Edmund Spenser. It may not be—*it is not*—literature of the highest class, but it is all we have to show during this eventful period in our literary history. During the fifteenth century we have only the poems of

[1] Sir Egerton Brydges, *Preface, opus cit.*

Occleve and Lydgate and a few ballads to represent English verse, although in Scotland the national muse was active and flourishing. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the spread of the art of printing had given a new impulse to every class of letters, and the spirit of reform was quickened by the diffusion of culture.

In Italy, Ariosto was following in the footsteps of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Lorenzo de Medici, and hither the young nobles and courtiers of England wended their way, and brought home with them Italian fashions, while their minds were influenced by Italian wit and poetry. Men of culture in England who had no desire to be regarded as men of letters, not only wrote but sang their *vers de société*, and, indeed, it was considered an evidence of good breeding to be able to write pleasant verse in accordance with the prevailing Italian fashion.

By referring briefly to Tottel's collection and the *Paradise*, we readily see that the contributors to both are either noblemen or men of distinction about the Court. Thus amongst the former we find the names of the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Lord Vaux, Edward Somerset, John Heywood, Sir Francis Bryan, and Nicholas Grimald; and amongst those in the latter, Lord Vaux, the Earl of Oxford; Richard Edwards, William Hunnis, both Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal; Jasper Heywood, Lodowich Lloyd, afterwards Sergeant-at-Arms to Queen Elizabeth, and others: and thus we see that the poems in these two collections were the result of a literary reawakening among persons of culture and position at the time they were written.

As Mr. J. P. Collier says, "everybody at all acquainted with the history of our literature will be well aware of the value of all these productions, which may be looked upon as the earnest revival of a true taste for poetry, after a dreary century between the death of Chaucer and the birth of Surrey."[1]

The indefatigable Mr. Arber, in his Prologue to *Tottel's Miscellany*, says, "The immense quantity of English verse that was *written* between 1530 and 1600 is probably far beyond the conception of most readers of our literature. The *printed* poetry, whether it appeared as the production of a single poet or in the shape of Poetical Collections (not to speak of the innumerable commendatory verses prefixed to prose works), constitute the bulk of all the publications of that time."

But to return to the more immediate consideration of *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*. In this collection of poems the themes are varied only within certain very definite limits, and consist for the most part of ethical truisms concerning the duplicity and capriciousness of human affections, the falsity and fickleness of human friendship, the illusory character of human hopes and pleasures, and the gloomy realities of human life and character. There is, moreover, a prevailing tone of pessimism amid them all which makes their perusal monotonous, until relieved, as frequently happens, by chords of genuine and sympathetic pathos. This gloomy morality can easily be understood when we remember the bigotry, bloodshed,

[1] Pref. to *Seven Engl. Poets' Misc.*, 1867.

and intolerance of Queen Mary's reign, during which there was, indeed, little justice or security for the lives or property of her subjects. The following titles, chosen almost at random, and in addition to those already quoted, will give a fair idea of the nature of the poems:—"The perfect tryall of a faythfull friend;" "No pleasure without some payne;" "Our pleasures are vanities;" "Finding worldly ioyes but vanities, he wysheth death;" "Being trapped in Love, he complayneth;" "All things are vain;" "Findynge no ioye, he desireth death;" "The fruites of friendes," and so on.

Notwithstanding, however, their comparative lack of variety and of imaginative brilliancy, there are poems in this collection which would do credit to any era of English literature, for the earnestness of their feeling, and the vigour with which this is expressed. The writers evidently felt what they wrote, and out of the fulness of their hearts they inculcated the precepts they sought to teach. There is, indeed, but little imagination, but this shortcoming is compensated for by the earnestness of purpose, the intensity of feeling, and withal the culture which are evidenced in every one of them; and more we cannot expect when we consider the period of their production.

It would be absurd to highly rate the general poetical merit of these collections of verse; but what must strike every one who is competent to form an opinion regarding them is the standard they frequently reach. Some of the writers are quite unknown, yet we often find in their work evidences of the genuine spirit of poetry which

are occasionally lacking altogether in other and more important periods, and we can only rest assured that the spirit of poetry was surely, if slowly, rising in the England of these years.[1]

If we institute a comparison between these poems and those written during the latter decades of Queen Elizabeth's magnificent reign—between, for example, *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* and *England's Helicon*,—the former is found woefully deficient in the delicacy of fancy, the spontaneity and imaginative fervour which characterise the lyrics and pastorals of the latter collection. In the one culture has bred poetic taste, but in the other taste has developed into the brilliancy of genius; yet the one paved the way for the other, even as the soil has to be prepared ere the delightful flowers bloom amid the joys of summer.

It is interesting to find that every poem in the collection affords evidence of studious alliteration. Indeed, to such an extent is this the case, that Hallam, alluding to Hunnis—a generous contributor,—considers that he should be placed as high as Vaux or Edwards; "but too often," he adds, "he falls into trivial morality and a ridiculous excess of alliteration." At all events, if these be faults, they are shared at least by all the minor poets of the age.

English literature owes a debt of gratitude to the compilers of these Miscellanies, for to them is due the preservation of these poems. As they appear in *Tottel's Miscellany* and *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* a great part of them are posthu-

[1] *Elizabethan Literature*, Saintsbury, p. 26.

mous, many of the writers having been dead for years before the publication of these two collections. Thus in 1557, when the first edition of *Tottel's Miscellany* was published, Lord Surrey had been dead ten years; Sir Thomas Wyatt, fourteen; Sir Francis Bryan, eight; and Lord Rochford—a probable contributor,—twenty-one years; and it is highly probable that many of them were written as early as 1527. With regard to the writers in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, Lord Vaux had been dead eighteen or nineteen years when the first edition was published in 1576, and Richard Edwards, the compiler himself, had been dead ten years.

These poems, however, notwithstanding their trivial and sometimes commonplace character, are entitled to be regarded as the heralds of the poetical revival which took place later in the century; and since the majority of them were written simply for the amusement of their authors, and without any intention as to their being published, we must esteem them as so many evidences of the poetical taste which the cultured classes of England were gradually introducing from Italy, the light of the old pre-eminent civilisation she had still maintained throughout the Middle Ages. When the civil wars of England were over, and she felt inclined to resume her literary culture, she, like all other European countries, turned to Italy for instruction and enlightenment, and thus Wyatt and Surrey introduced a new era in English poetry, characterised by such a refined and dignified expression of thought—such harmony, directness, and perspicuity—as were then unknown; and to them

belongs the credit of leavening Elizabethan poetry with the subtle sweetness of Italian versification.

Admitting, therefore, that the poetry of the first half of the sixteenth century was far inferior to that of the latter half, it should at the same time be remembered that the former period was rather an era of education,—a period in which culture was evolved by means of translations and the study of the best models attainable, and that, within this period, the poetic inspiration was generated which in later years filled this England of ours with song. As Sir Egerton Brydges has truly said, "the progress of the human mind in the polish of language, as well as in the refinement of opinion, is surely among the most important of philosophical inquiries. What can better exhibit it than a series of those poetical compositions which were most popular in their day? Here are shown all those forms of expression which are most laboured into nicety and elegance. Here are displayed all those feelings which intellectual cultivation had most drawn forth."[1]

To this I would only add that these Miscellanies mark a period of intellectual quickening and activity in English literary history, and that the poems which they contain were the seed from which upsprung the splendid growths of after years, and from which eventually was evolved the glorious bloom of Elizabethan song.

But the flight of time reluctantly compels me to conclude.

Let us retrace our steps from *The Paradise of Dainty Devices!*

[1] *Opus cit.*, Preface, p. xxiii.

POSITIVISM IN LITERATURE.

BY PERCY W. AMES, F.S.A., F.R.G.S.,

Secretary, R.S.L.

[Read November 28th, 1894.]

We sometimes hear our clerical friends remark that the duty which they like the least is choosing a text, and the writer of papers experiences a similar difficulty. Usually the subject comes to him, or papers would scarcely be written; but the naming of the production is often a serious matter.

Among the unwritten laws defining the duties of a Secretary is one that imposes upon him the task of supplying a paper on short notice to fill an unexpected vacancy. Finding myself recently in this position, and glancing despondently over a list of subjects I had drawn up with the intention of inducing some one else to write upon them, the historical order of their arrangement suggested some reflections upon the very different degrees of boldness and independence of spirit which characterised the various periods and schools. Between the authors in the Dark Ages, when scarcely a single writer in Europe had the courage or the ability to think for himself, and those of the last two centuries, during which the spirit of inquiry has invaded every subject, and fearlessly doubted and questioned every doctrine handed down by tradition, in Politics, Science, and Religion, the difference

is so extreme that it at once arrests attention and suggests an interesting subject of inquiry.

How is it that the great change has come about? this emancipation from the thraldom of Tradition and Authority, this independence out of the debilitating influence of Patronage? Is it to be ascribed to the growth of the new scepticism, science, and democracy? Eloquent advocates may make out a strong case for all these. In the present paper I venture to point out the part played by Positivism, which includes scientific scepticism and something more than this.

I do not think any apology is necessary for introducing this subject to the Royal Society of Literature. Considering that Philosophy is one of the subjects on which the duty of writing papers is imposed upon us in the charter, it is remarkable how little attention has been paid to it. While papers have been very numerous on Philology, Ancient History, Classical Archæology, and the Arts, those on philosophical subjects do not number half a dozen in the seventy years of the Society's existence. When we reflect on the undeniable influence modern philosophy has exerted upon European thought, in every department of intellectual inquiry, some explanation seems rather to be needed of our previous neglect. If we take the "term Literature in its primary sense of an application of letters to the records of facts or opinions"[1] we may readily allow the fitness of an attempt under the auspices of this Society to embody the results of observations of that influence.

[1] Mure's *History of the Literature of Greece.*

I am aware of the objections to employing the term Positivism as descriptive of scientific philosophy, but I think they are outweighed by certain advantages. The principal objection is that it was introduced by, and is always connected with, Auguste Comte, whose practical contributions to the new philosophy are found, on close examination, to be less numerous and valuable than was at one time thought, the great bulk of his doctrines having been rejected by scientific men, and his predictions unverified by time. How he is regarded by the scientific men of to-day is indicated in the following amusing passage by Professor Huxley. He says, "It has been a periodical source of irritation to me to find M. Comte put forward as a representative of scientific thought, and to observe that writers whose philosophy had its legitimate parent in Hume or in themselves were labelled Comtists or Positivists by public writers, even in spite of vehement protests to the contrary. It has cost Mr. Mill hard rubbings to get that label off. And I watch Mr. Spencer as one regards a good man struggling with adversity, still engaged in eluding its adhesiveness, and ready to tear away skin and all rather than let it stick." [2]

This confession unmistakably shows that the method and work of these distinguished men are inseparably associated in the public mind with something understood to be Positivism. And since that term is capable of conveying a more precise idea than New Philosophy, I hold that its employment is justified. We will accept the name, then,

[2] *Scientific Aspects of Positivism.*

but discriminate with regard to the other bequests of Auguste Comte, rejecting without hesitation those curious schemes of polity and ritual which, as Mr. A. J. Balfour happily puts it, "have tried the fidelity of his disciples and the gravity of his critics."

Positivism was intended by Comte to be a system of thought which aims at the unification of knowledge by the universal application of scientific method, and, when completed, harmonises our intellectual faculties, our social sympathies, our æsthetic feelings, and our moral sense.

I propose, however, to treat it chiefly as an intellectual instrument—a method of inquiry. What Euclid is to mathematics, so is Positivism to the whole realm of knowledge. I shall endeavour to point out its evolution through various stages, by noticing the contributions of philosophers, and attempt to show in what sense and to what extent the Positive Philosophy may be accepted concurrently with the belief in a Supreme Being who controls and directs the universe; and finally deal with the part it plays in the literature of to-day.

M. Renan observed that "Philosophy has hardly made a mark on the history of the world. The few have listened to her, the many have drifted down the valley perilous of instinct and of delirium." Without accepting as correct this description of the direction in which the human mind has proceeded, there can be little doubt that from the many philosophy has received scant attention, and we may safely conclude therefrom that there is something essentially incompatible between the notions that have prevailed in the successive philo-

sophic systems and the predominant ideas that have regulated modern progress, and a little consideration of the natures respectively of these soon reveals the cause.

Among the many striking characteristics of our age there is none more observable than its practical and utilitarian tendency. Almost the whole of its intellectual activity is displayed in the general spirit of inquiry, invention, and research, with the view to ameliorate and add pleasure to the conditions of life. And modern thought, trained under these circumstances and encouraged by the extraordinary developments in all the physical sciences and manufactures, is, on the whole, healthy and vigorous, and characterised by shrewdness and common sense. The only but very real danger in this tendency is that of animalising the measure and end of man's existence, and of allowing the worship of the god of utility to rob life of its higher significance and solemnity. It is, however, this practical tendency which has led men to regard the old philosophies, based on metaphysical speculations, with almost contemptuous indifference. At the same time conditions are obtained for the growth of a new philosophy in accord with the spirit of the age, based upon definitely established knowledge and adapted to practical purposes.

Those who believe in the theory of continuity and direct filiation of ideas, in the parentage of the earlier to the later epochs of thought, are struck by what appears at first an essential difference, a difference in kind rather than in degree of development between Metaphysics, or what has generally been

understood as philosophy, and Positive Science. The spirit of the former is seen in the grandeur and audacity of its aspirations; it attempts to solve the mysteries of the universe. Baffled again and again it returns to the mighty struggle, and meets the same sad defeat. It seeks to pierce the impenetrable veil. Its reasoning, based upon pure assumptions, is circular in movement and no progress is made; we are no nearer to-day to the solution of those problems man set himself than at the beginning. As this became recognised metaphysical philosophy fell into general neglect.

The positive spirit recognising the definite limitations of human faculties seeks only the knowledge of natural laws, and contents itself with the process of patient observation of the constancies of co-existence and succession of phenomena. But these less ambitious aims and methods have been productive of astonishing improvement, steady and gradual but unmistakable and permanent.

This remarkable change is attributed to the positive mode of thought which, according to Auguste Comte, first appeared in the world at the time of the precepts of Bacon, the conceptions of Descartes, and the discoveries of Galileo. Still, although Positivism signifies something more than scientific method, yet the latter forms so essential a part of it, that we must look further back than the time indicated by Comte.

The true origin of Science has been referred by Dr. Draper[3] to the establishment of the Mathematical and Practical Schools of Alexandria. The

[3] *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science.* Lond., 1885.

minds of the observant and impressionable Greeks, hitherto contented with meditation and profitless speculation, were stimulated to a high degree of activity by their experiences in the marvellous campaigns of Alexander. Not only the new scenes and customs and people, but the new knowledge and religion which they encountered, enormously aided their intellectual development, and the Alexandrian schools and museum were the splendid and tangible result. Of course, astronomical observations and the study of mathematics had been conducted long before in China, India, and Mesopotamia, but scientific investigation implies more than mere observation of facts; it means the experimental search for them also, and, by meditation upon them guided by mathematical reasoning, the discovery of general principles. This practical interrogation of Nature so characteristic of Modern Science was systematically begun for the first time in the history of the world, so far as we know, at the Alexandrian Museum. But this early application of Aristotelian induction, instead of being adhered to and perfected, was neglected, and followed in Europe by the long disputations of Scholasticism.

The renaissance of Science was directly due to the revival of the method of induction, and this is commonly attributed to Francis Bacon. It is no doubt true that its effective revival was owing to the persistence and the abundance of Bacon's writings, but in the interests of truth the work and writings of a great man, who lived 100 years before Bacon, should be mentioned. It was Leonardo da

Vinci who proclaimed the fundamental principle that experiment and observation are the only reliable foundations of reasoning in science, that experiment is the only trustworthy interpreter of Nature, and is essential to the ascertainment of laws. The great importance of da Vinci in the progress of scientific thought is still more apparent if we examine his actual attainments and discoveries. "He established," says Dr. Draper, "the three fundamental laws of dynamics known as the Laws of Motion. He gave a clear exposition of the theory of forces applied obliquely on a lever, and many other subjects and laws of Mechanics. He invented the camera obscura, discussed correctly several physiological problems, and foreshadowed some of the great conclusions of modern geology, such as the nature of fossil remains and the elevation of continents, and he explained the earth-light reflected by the moon."

On the other hand, we have to admit that Bacon was behind the scientific knowledge of his time. He knew nothing of Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, nor of Kepler's calculations. He contemptuously rejected the Copernican system, and while Galileo was on the brink of his great telescopic discoveries, Bacon was publishing doubts as to the utility of instruments in scientific investigations. Further, he was quite ignorant of the utility of mathematics, and deprecated the extent to which they were employed in physical philosophy.[4]

[4] "I know not," he says, "how it has arisen that mathematics and logic, which ought to be the serving-maids of physical philosophy, yet affecting to vaunt the certainty that belongs to them, presume to exercise a dominion over her."

Bacon's correct description of heat as a mode of motion is certainly remarkable, but I cannot help surmising that it was a happy inspiration more resembling poetic insight than the laborious mode of ordinary scientific discovery. Bacon's philosophical error in declaring as an universal rule that the middle principles in every science should be arrived at by proceeding from the lowest to the highest, and that this order should never be reversed, thus excluding the discovery of new principles by deduction, is explained by J. S. Mill, who first drew attention to it, to be due to the non-existence in Bacon's time of a single deductive science such as mechanics and astronomy now are.[1] The same high authority also distinguishes another source of weakness in Bacon's method, in that all his rules tacitly imply the assumption that a phenomenon cannot have more than one cause.

I have only mentioned Bacon's scientific deficiencies with the object of arriving at an accurate estimate of what he actually contributed to scientific thought, and have no sympathy with any unworthy attempt to rob a great man of his just fame. We must examine the circumstances under which he laboured, and sift from his pardonable errors the gems of living truth discovered by him.

Bacon's chief aid to Positivism appears to consist in his forcible denunciation of the habit of spinning long deductions from principles assumed without sufficient examination, and in his insistence upon the systematic analysis and arrangement of inductive evidence, instead of simply accumulating instances

[1] Mill's *System of Logic.*

without any rule of selection. The distinction between ordinary induction and the method of Bacon is that the former proceeds *per enumerationem simplicem;* that is, by a mere enumeration of particular cases while the latter makes use of exclusions and rejections.[6]

Perhaps the best evidence of the value of Bacon's influence on scientific progress is derived from the testimony of the most distinguished men of his own and the subsequent age. Professor Fowler, in his work on Bacon,[7] gives a long list of men who bore this testimony, and furnished evidence of the impulse which he gave to scientific inquiry. From this list may be selected the names of Descartes, Gassendi, D'Alembert in France, Vico in Italy, Comenius and Leibnitz in Germany, and in England Wallis, Oldenburg, Hooke, and Boyle. Dr. Hooke referred to some method or engine to which he gave the name of Philosophical Algebra, by which the intellect was to be continually assisted in the pursuit of knowledge, and said, "Of this engine no man except the incomparable Verulam hath had any thoughts, and he indeed hath promoted it to a very good pitch."

Although strict inquiry into Bacon's works reduces within somewhat narrow limitations their practical utility, yet this by no means sums up the benefits of a study of his writings. No one can read Bacon's works without being deeply impressed by the extraordinary intellectual gifts of the great writer. His pre-eminent command of language

[6] *The Works of Francis Bacon.* By Spedding, Ellis and Heath.
[7] *English Philosophers—Francis Bacon.* By Thomas Fowler, 1881.

and facility in coining multitudes of new words, his minute and subtle knowledge of the nicest distinctions and finest shades of meaning, the richness, dignity, and power of his style, the wealth and brilliancy of his aphorisms, produce such a dazzling effect on the mind that it is almost impossible at first to form an impartial judgment of this superlative genius. It is not only the incomparable literary gifts which so impress the student, but his far-reaching knowledge of man, the lofty and commanding position he occupies, and from which he is able to survey, with god-like glance, at once the whole range of the mind's operations and to minutely observe the subtlest spiritual affinities. Moreover no one can doubt the purity of his motives and disinterested love of truth, which, indeed, are manifest throughout his whole works. Bacon always has been and will continue to be appreciated more by literary men than by scientific. Voltaire admired him extremely; Harvey had a contempt for him; and Dr. Whewell observes that he is quoted far more by metaphysical, ethical, and theological writers than by men of science.

The student of Positivism quickly perceives the important part played by philosophic doubt. In fact, all the most important forward movements, discoveries, enunciations of new truths, have admittedly been made by the so-called heretics in Science, viz. those men who have had the courage to doubt the doctrines of the great teachers. "The great use of Science," says Professor Huxley, "as an instrument of mental discipline, is its constant inculcation of the maxim that the sole ground on

which any statement has a right to be believed is the impossibility of refuting it." And scientific scepticism was undoubtedly first deliberately adopted and defined by Descartes. At the age of twenty-three, in opposition to all the potent influences to a contrary effect, he resolved upon independent inquiry, and clearly proclaimed his duty to be to learn what is true in order to do what is right. His guiding rule which enables a man to keep to the path which surely leads to Truth is: "Give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they cannot be doubted." The enunciation and first application of this great commandment of science has been called by Huxley the "consecration of doubt." Descartes, of course, taught far more than this, and much that has stood the test of time; but for our present purpose it is not necessary to mention more than that his observations upon consciousness were naturally followed by Kant's critical Idealism, which forms the basis of modern psychology.

The splendour and rapid march of the physical sciences are directly due to these successful efforts to define and make clear the method which Comte called the positive. The great defect in this scientific progress was considered to be the absence of any general doctrine. However exact each separate science may be, they do not of themselves constitute philosophy. As a rule, specialists in science display small capacity for either producing or apprehending general ideas. Comte pointed out (and Mr. Herbert Spencer entirely concurs in this opinion) the need

of a new order of scientific men whose function shall be to co-ordinate the results arrived at by the rest. It was in an attempt to meet this need that Comte founded a philosophy of the sciences. Whether his co-ordination be right or wrong may be a matter of opinion, but his presentation of scientific knowledge and method as a whole must tend to greatly enlarge the conceptions of those who study it.

Probably the best epitome of the Positivism of Comte is given by George Henry Lewes in his *History of Philosophy:*

"For the first time in history," he says, "an explanation of the world, society, and man is presented, and at the same time thoroughly in accordance with accurate knowledge; having the reach of an all-embracing system, it condenses human nature into a doctrine, and co-ordinates all the methods by which that knowledge has been reached, and will in future be extended. Its aim is the renovation of Society. Its basis is Science—the positive knowledge we have obtained and may attain of all phenomena whatever. Its method is the Objective Method, which has justified its supremacy to its results. Its superstructure is the hierarchy of the sciences,—that is, that distribution and co-ordination of general truths which transforms the scattered and independent sciences into one organic whole, wherein each part depends on all that precede and determines all that succeed."

It will thus be seen that the conception of the Positive Philosophy includes far more than the study of a number of scattered sciences. Its duty is to weld all these into one coherent body of doctrine, to point out their interdependence, and to arrange them in an ascending scale in which each

successive science shall depend on those which have gone before.

All classifications of the sciences are necessarily arbitrary. We do not observe any such arrangement in Nature, nor even any distinct lines of demarcation in the various phenomena. In ultimate analysis it is seen that no absolute separation is possible between the different groups of phenomena, which may all be regarded as branches of one trunk. We notice, however, increasing speciality in various directions, and between the extremest developments in these there are very obvious distinctions, and therefore these convenient divisions are possible. The accurate knowledge of the methods of Nature displayed in one group of phenomena constitutes a science. Each of these sciences has its own history; they have not grown together; some reached a degree of completeness and perfection, while others were still in a nebulous condition, and beyond these again were other phenomena so complex and bewildering that man had not yet ventured to seek any fundamental order, so little evidence was there of method on the surface. By Comte's time scientific researches had developed sufficiently, so far as all physical phenomena were concerned, for his purpose, but social matters were still untouched by scientific treatment. Before him no one had thought of a social science connected with the physical sciences, and investigated on the same method. Comte, firmly believing in the universality of order, of method, and of law, courageously sought regularity amidst the confusion of history and human life, and established the basis of a new

science. By his creation of Sociology the hierarchy of the sciences was complete. Of the value of this contribution of Comte, no doubt has ever been entertained, and, indeed, it would be difficult to exaggerate its importance to the intellectual life of mankind. It has elicited the warm admiration of the greatest living exponents of Science.

The next problem was to arrange these sciences in such a way that the very classification should itself be the expression of the most general fact apparent in the sciences themselves. Bacon, d'Alembert, Ampère, and others had before attempted a classification, thereby showing their appreciation of its necessity. Comte proceeds as follows. He first eliminates that class of speculations of such absorbing interest which deals with the practical applications of scientific knowledge. He only treats here theoretical science. Then, again, he separates those which are abstract and fundamental from the secondary sciences which arise out of them, and are concrete and descriptive. Biology, which deals with the physiological rules of life, the fundamental properties of the physical basis of life, irritability, automatism, metabolism, reproduction, &c., which in varying degrees are found associated with every living form, is abstract. Botany, Zoology, Histology, Embryology, &c., are its offspring; they are concrete, special, and descriptive. Physics, another fundamental science, is also the mother of a numerous family; Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, Acoustics, Optics, Heat, Electricity, and Magnetism are all products thereof.

Mathematics is regarded as the basis of the

Positive Philosophy rather than as a constituent part of it. Of the remaining sciences there are five which are abstract and fundamental. It is the discovery of an arrangement of these in a natural order which is one of Comte's remarkable achievements, and justly inspires very great admiration directly it is understood. It is a classification which is based upon a comparison of the phenomena treated in the respective sciences, and is one of such natural dependence that the study of each science implies the previous study of those below it in the scale. It thus represents both the objective dependence of the phenomena, and the subjective dependence of our means of knowing them.

The first in order is Astronomy, which deals with phenomena the most simple and the least complicated with others. Astronomical phenomena act on all others without being acted on by them. The second is Physics, that is molar physics, dealing with bodies in the mass, a science which has for its object the discovery of the general laws of the inorganic world, the phenomena of which influence all that follow, and are themselves influenced by celestial phenomena, as in the case of the tides and other effects. We have here to employ the senses of muscularity, touch, sight, and hearing, whereas in Astronomy sight alone was applicable. Also we have now to employ the art of experiment in addition to simple observation. The third is Chemistry, or molecular physics, whose more complex and special phenomena are modified by the general phenomena of weight, heat, light, &c. In Physics the state only of things is changed, but in Chemistry

both their state and nature; also the additional senses of taste and smell are now used. Fourthly comes Biology, the science of life, which is more complex than Chemistry, and is moulded and affected by all the preceding. Lastly, there is Sociology, the science of social existence and development, the phenomena of which are the most special, the most complex of all. They depend more or less on all the preceding ones without exercising any influence upon them. Between Astronomy and Sociology there is observed in the phenomena a gradually increasing degree of speciality, of complication and of individuality, as well as the character of successive dependence.

While this classification undoubtedly possessed an exaggerated importance and significance in the estimation of Comte and his early followers, it is equally certain that it does not merit the contempt and ridicule which have been poured upon it by others. The importance which fuller knowledge has since attached to molecular physics was, of course, not understood at the time of Comte. But no growth of science can destroy the interest and suggestiveness of his classification.

Its advantages may be briefly noticed. It will be perceived that the rational study of each of these fundamental sciences requires an acquaintance with all those that precede it in this arrangement. For example, the study of astronomical phenomena requires only the application of mathematical conceptions and a few very simple laws. But in the phenomena of terrestrial physics, in addition to the effects observable from the astronomical law of

universal gravitation we perceive certain other effects which are peculiar to them. If we examine the fourth science in the same way we observe that living bodies are subject to gravitation and other physical laws, to chemical action, and to the special phenomena peculiar to vitality. It is clear, therefore, that to properly pursue biological studies a previous knowledge of the preceding fundamental sciences is essential. So that to some extent the arrangement indicates the historical order of their progressive development. Astronomy is the most perfect, sociology is the least complete. The advantage of directing a scientific education according to the order of Physics, Chemistry, and Biology is now universally recognised.

Leaving this classification, we may now proceed to consider the so-called Law of the Three States. I may at once anticipate the obvious criticism that this belongs rather to an account of "Comtism" than to an exposition of the New Philosophy, but I think we may accept it for the light it throws on the evolution of scientific thought. It is thus expressed by John Stuart Mill:—"Comte conceives speculation to have, on every subject of human inquiry, three successive stages: in the first of which it tends to explain the phenomena by supernatural agencies; in the second, by metaphysical abstractions; and in the third or final state confines itself to ascertaining their laws of succession and similitude."

In the first of these states is observed the spontaneous exercise of the speculative faculty, and in which phenomena are believed to be variable and caused by some capricious Will. All nature is re-

garded in this stage as pervaded by spirits, demons, or deities of some kind, by whose action all effects are produced. Pestilence, tempest, earthquake, and all other inimical occurrences are believed to be caused by the anger and vengeance of the gods. Favorable phenomena evidence their pleasure and approval.

The second stage of metaphysical speculation is reached when men have begun to observe the *invariableness* of phenomena. They are now no longer attributed to the caprice of fictitious deities, but they are still regarded as effects produced by superadded agencies. In this stage men still persist in looking beyond the phenomena to the imagined causes, and the writings of the schoolmen are filled by speculations as to the nature of these. Belonging to this stage are the now exploded ideas of entities, inherent principles, sympathies, antipathies, &c.

In the final or positive state, phenomena are investigated simply as phenomena in their direct relations of association, whether simultaneous or successive, and without consideration of what they may be in themselves or in their inner nature. The positive method replaces all outlying agencies, whether fictitious deities or metaphysical entities, by positive laws, and since these laws are alone what can be known, they ought alone to constitute what is sought to be known.

One or two illustrations may make this clearer. Man's successive explanations of almost any phenomena would serve the purpose. Let us take those of tempest. In the volitional or supernatural stage thunder is attributed to the roaring of some god,

and any living creature killed by the lightning would be regarded as the victim of the god's anger. In the metaphysical stage the supposed thunder-god has disappeared, an abstract agency is substituted, but some intention or motive is still imagined in the thunder crash, such as Nature's horror of a vacuum. In the positive stage, external volition, as well as the notion of some inherent, personified abstraction, has disappeared from men's minds, and the given fact is explained simply by reference to some more general fact; thunder is recognised as consequent upon a displacement of air by a discharge of electricity.

Let us observe the progress of Astronomy. Here, again, in the supernatural stage we see the tendency to interpret the phenomena according to human analogies. If the light of day is obscured by an eclipse, the explanation that some dragon has swallowed the sun is unhesitatingly accepted. An eclipse of the moon made the Hindus think it was being eaten by an enemy called Rahu, and the savages of Nootka Sound say that it is a great cod-fish trying to devour it. A less gross example is the belief that a peculiar conjunction of the stars affects human destiny. In the metaphysical stage we observe the characteristic tendency to argue rather than to observe, to substitute some deduction for the plain record of a fact. Thus even Kepler felt it necessary to explain the regularity of planetary movements by assuming that the planets were endowed with minds capable of making observations on the sun's apparent diameter in order to regulate their motions so as to describe areas proportionate

to the times. In the positive stage men accept Nature as she presents herself, without seeking beyond the facts for fantastic entities or motives. It is the positive method alone which has perfected Astronomy and furnished explanations which we know to be correct, because they enable us to foresee and to predict with unfailing accuracy.

The distinction between the first and the subsequent stages may be clear enough, but there may be still some obscurity about the difference between the metaphysical and positive stages. Let us take, therefore, a further illustration suggested by George Henry Lewes. When some noxious ingredient is ejected from the human system, the metaphysical explanation is that Nature is working a cure; she is credited with a restorative principle, a *vis medicatrix*. If this explanation was a true one, we could rely upon it; but directly we attempt to do so, we are at once baffled by experiences which disprove it: as in the case when Nature does *not* eject the poison, but pumps it through the system, producing disease and death; or, again, as in the case of a parasitic fungus which Nature nourishes at the expense of a man's vitality. Where is the curative principle in such cases? The Positive method repudiates altogether the metaphysical idea of Nature, which it regards neither as physician nor assassin, but simply observes her methods without attributing motives or seeking hidden and mysterious causes.

Let us examine a finer distinction still, but one equally important, namely, the metaphysical and positive views of the Laws of Nature. It is in the metaphysical conception that the expressions are

employed, "contradictory to the Laws of Nature," and "breaking the Laws of Nature," and "obedience to a Law of Nature." Here, clearly, there is understood something beyond the facts, some superadded entity named *law*, which coerces the facts, directs and regulates them, and cannot be interfered with without peril. The Positivist again repudiates this idea. The Positive conception of Law is simply the observed order of facts without any element of causation beyond some antecedent fact, and this view of law is best expressed by the phrase Methods or Processes of Nature. There is nothing here assumed outside of or beyond the phenomena themselves; nor is the possibility of any breach or contradiction or any other disorder in Nature for a moment entertained.

It must not be supposed that the law of the three states implies that any human mind passes successively through these three states in respect to every subject at one and the same time. Comte expresses himself on this point so clearly that I will employ his own words. In the second volume of the *Positive Philosophy* (1st ed., p. 173) we read,—

"During the whole of our survey of the sciences, I have endeavoured to keep in view the great fact that all the three states may and do exist at the same time in the same mind in regard to different sciences. I must once more recall this consideration and insist on it, because in the forgetfulness of it lies the only real objection that can be brought against the grand law of the three states. It must be steadily kept in view that the same mind may be in the positive state with regard to the most simple and general sciences, in the metaphysical with regard to the more complex and special, and in the theological with

regard to social science, which is so complex and special as to have hitherto taken no scientific form at all."

We see from this that the same mind might recognise the orderly methods of Nature, say in Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, &c., hold metaphysical conceptions regarding the laws of the human body, and wholly fictitious conceptions of the facts of social life.

We may readily admit that Comte was much too absolute in his enunciation of this law, and in his declaration that every mind, with regard to every subject, passes through the three states in the order indicated. But although common experience disproves its claim to be of universal application, it nevertheless possesses a high suggestive value, and lends a new interest to the study of History.

It has been sometimes objected to on the erroneous idea that the positive state was practically a denial of God. This is not the case. Positivism is neither Agnosticism nor Atheism. There is a clear distinction between these two, however, which is important to notice, for while Agnosticism is not inconsistent with the positive method, Atheism is diametrically opposed to it. Mr. Huxley thus defines the former :—" Agnosticism simply means that a man shall not say he knows or believes that which he has no scientific grounds for professing to know or believe." While it is by no means necessary for a Positivist in matters of science to be an Agnostic in matters of religion, yet it will be seen that Mr. Huxley's definition does not violate any principle of Positivism. But the dogmatic denial of a Creator implied in atheism is warmly repudiated by Comte,

and could certainly find no place in the Positive system. But the fact is that Positivism, so far as we have considered it, has nothing to do with religion. It relates solely to matters of science,—that is, man's explanations and studies of phenomena. The theological stage simply represents the tendency to attribute occurrences, of whose natural causes we are ignorant, to supernatural interferences, and the positive stage to base explanations on an exact view of the real facts of the case.

It is of the deepest interest, however, to inquire into the cause why the acquisition of scientific knowledge has, to some extent, been accompanied by a corresponding diminution in the belief in God. Let us put ourselves for a moment in the position of a man who has been deprived of an erroneous but maybe a cherished belief by a comparatively sudden revelation of the truth of a phenomenon. For a time at least, a mindless force to him has taken the place of an active Providence, and doubt and perplexity affect his mind. And the growth of science means a series of these processes whereby God seems pushed further and further out of our conceptions of the world of Nature, while man competes more successfully with the forces which threaten him, by adopting the hypothesis of law and order, than by depending upon the Creator's special interference. For now, instead of relying upon prayers for fine weather or for rain, he observes cause and effect, and creates the science of meteorology, whereby he is able to foresee and arrange accordingly. In times of epidemics, educated people no longer regard the visitation as consequent

on the endowment of Maynooth Colleges, or as a punishment for other national sins, and try to propitiate the supposed anger of God, but proceed by examination of dairies and analysis of drinking-water to ascertain and then remove the cause themselves.

Enough has been said to indicate the mode in which extension of the conception of law tends to weaken the belief in God. How may this be explained, and how may the danger be averted? I think we may get an idea to this end from the law of the three states. It is, however, an application of it, I am bound to say, not contemplated by Comte. Let us suppose our conceptions in this, as in most other subjects, passing through the three states.

In the primitive state the conception of God is marred by the prevailing ignorance of His works, which are attributed to His caprice and spontaneous volition. He is believed to act in a variable manner analogous to that of a human will. In the transitional state these ideas are corrected by the discovery of invariability, but God is almost lost sight of. Entities called Laws have taken His place. These are assumed to be irresistible, and He is made to be the slave of His own creations. As the witty Frenchman said of Descartes, "he allows God a 'chiquenaude' in setting the universe in motion, and then leaves Him out of account altogether."[8] It is in this stage that men assume that they know enough of Nature to pronounce confidently on the physical impossibility of miracles, and in which they

[8] Malebranche or Voltaire.

assign limitations to the regions and subjects of prayer. In the final state the idea of domineering laws has disappeared, and man grows out of the vain habit of transcendental speculations as to the causes he himself has substituted, and acknowledging the definite limitations of his faculties, and the numerous fallacies to which reason and the senses frequently lead, gives up also the equally vain habit of pronouncing upon anything that it cannot be.

There is room for God once more. The orderly sequence of events in Nature is recognised simply as His regularised working. His true methods begin to be perceived in which Law is reconciled with the freedom of His will, perfect harmony exists between progress and order. He is no longer regarded as a helpless Fate lost in or obscured by independent arbitrary laws. The anatomy and physiology of Nature, that is the entire material and phenomena in the universe, form one consistent manifestation of God. No longer is He regarded as separate or apart from Nature, but as the creative principle thereof, residing in and permeating all that is. But the pure physicist, whose whole attention is taken up with the vestments and ritual of Nature, fails to find this religion of Nature, the beautiful but awful Omnipresence which every flower and every insect reveals. As de Maistre, the distinguished author of *Le Pape*, observes, "un peu de science nous éloigne de Dieu, beaucoup de science nous y ramène."

But is it reasonable that with any degree of increasing knowledge there should be declining faith?

When men believed that the earth was a flattened plain, that the sky, with its brilliant constellations, was a solid roof environing the earth above and constituting the floor of an upper sphere; when the ancient mountains and the pleasant hills, with their silent records of the past, were believed to be juggled into existence in a moment of time; when all the living creatures were supposed to come up out of the earth perfect with all their intricacies, through the operation of a mysterious fiat,—with these rude ideas of Cosmogony, Astronomy, and Biology, our ancestors could yet marvel at the wisdom displayed, and, like the Bedouin in the desert, trace the footprints of the Creator in all around them.

But with the fuller light thrown on the external world by the torch of science there is not less, but more to excite deep wonder and to inspire intelligent reverence. The earth is not fixed nor flat, nor the centre of the universe, but a mere point in space. The "blue wilderness of interminable air," to the dim eyes of ignorance a solid roof, is seen to be "the immeasurable heavens broken open to their highest." The rocks have unlocked their secret, and revealed the history of their formation by slow cooling and condensation, forming elevations and depressions in the stratified crust of the earth. Observations of the plasticity of the different species of animals and plants, of the obvious bonds of relationship between them, of the history of their individual development, and many other considerations, have led inductively to the comprehension of the beautiful scheme of evolution. Surely with

these new conceptions, with this substitution of order and system, and unfolding progress for disorder and catastrophe and caprice, we can with greater reason and clearer understanding see that "the heavens declare the glory of God, and that the firmament showeth His handiwork."

It is not pretended that this conception of God is sufficient to satisfy the aspirations of the soul, or to serve as a true source of strength and joy and peace; but it is all that is revealed by external Nature. The religion which includes devotion to goodness as well as reverence, and the reverence which includes love as well as awe, arise from the contemplation of God in other aspects. But it is no part of my present duty to touch upon deeper analyses of religion. All I have sought to show is that the loss of the belief in God which sometimes accompanies increasing knowledge of the regularity of Nature may be regained by the positive conception of a law of Nature.

Positivism, that is the Philosophy of Modern Science, is in reality much more modest than its name implies. We sometimes hear of scientific objections to prayer. It cannot be too confidently asserted that whatever these objections may be, they are not scientific. Positivism does not teach opposition to prayer, whether in the nature of simple adoration or of specific petition. Religion and Positivism are distinct, but not antagonistic.

Another misapprehension of the subject is shown in the confusion of Positivism with Materialism. No one who understood the positive method could make such a mistake. Materialism is a form of

dogma as unwarrantable and gratuitous as Atheism. The discussion of Materialism *versus* Immaterialism, however interesting or important, relates to a subject which by its character is placed outside the range of positive inquiry, namely, the cause and nature and essence of thought. The positive philosopher observes the constant relation of concomitancy between cerebral processes and mental processes,—in other words, that the operations of thought are invariably accompanied by corresponding changes in the brain; but he does not occupy himself with the inquiry as to whether the brain changes cause the mind changes, or whether the action of the mind causes that of the brain, but steadily pursues the same course in psychological study as that which has successfully led him to positive knowledge in other departments.

It is a distinct departure from this method, however, which is observed in Comte's establishment of the Religion of Humanity. The philosophy is based on the objective method as alone conducive to development and progress. The religion rests on the purely subjective; and this, too, after Comte had contended that the subjective analysis of our ideas is an impossibility, and had emphatically declared that "in all subjects and under all circumstances the method is even more important than the doctrine itself."[1]

Hitherto patient observation has been the sole guide to doctrine, and metaphysical abstractions have been repudiated and condemned. Now criticism is prohibited, doctrines are stated dogmatic-

[1] *Philosophie Positive*, t. iv, p. 176.

ally, and the most refined abstraction is produced, namely, the "Great Being" made up of the totality of beings of the past, present, and future, who contribute towards the perfecting of the universal order, and this "collective life of Society" is set up to be worshipped through a rigid ceremonial. It is not necessary to multiply instances of the retrogressive character of Comte's social and religious systems.

But while noting the change of method and protesting against the adoption of catholic organisation into a scheme for the renovation of society, we gladly admit there is much beauty in the golden thread of altruism that runs through the religion of Humanity. Before dismissing Comtism we may acknowledge that a brave attempt has been made, and not altogether an unsuccessful one, to deal with the great problems of life—social, intellectual, moral, and practical—by making a scientific use of the continuity of human life, and feel also that by its aid, indirectly given, religion can become one with the highest science about the world and about man, and arise from its study with a serious sense of the responsibility of being entrusted with great truths, and under the bracing influence of hope feel impelled to join in the noble struggle for social regeneration.

Before proceeding now to consider the influence of the new scientific philosophy on modern literature it seems desirable again to collect in one definition the different elements of Positivism as employed in the present paper. We have seen, then, that it is a method and a system of thought. It limits itself to observation of all phenomena, physical and mental,

with the object of discovering general principles and laws, that is the orderly and natural sequence of events. To discover these it employs chiefly the methods and rules of scientific induction, and also, where suitable, the process of mathematical deduction. It entirely subordinates the authority of individuals to the revelations of Nature, and regards these as the highest criterion of Truth. It is engaged in the actual investigation of all that *is*, moved by disinterested devotion to Truth, and is therefore completely free from arrogance, dogmatism, and intolerance. Its scepticism, as in the primary meaning of the word, simply denotes the state of mind during examination, consideration, and reflection,—that is, the negation of dogmatism.

The active antagonism popularly associated with disbelief is an added meaning given to it. It is important that the distinction should be understood. There is a scepticism shown both in religion and philosophy which is very different from scientific scepticism. In religion it is characterised simply by the attractiveness of opposition, in philosophy by a discouragement of speculation, while the scepticism of Positivism is simply a philosophical instrument. A further distinction may be drawn by observing that the first is associated with an exalted value of opinion, and the second attaches chief importance to Truth. The former is disinclined to arrive at any conclusion, the latter is honestly desirous of doing so.

Now when we seek to know how all this growth of scientific conception and method has affected literature, we perceive that its influence is exhibited

in two ways; in the removal of conditions adverse to its free development, and also in the practical application of positive method. The first result is shown in literature generally, the second only in special departments.

The student of the history of literature cannot fail to observe the gradual mental emancipation manifested in modern times. The sense of freedom, elevation, and expansion of mind, the clearer atmosphere in which all writers now work, though still imperfect, marks an immense advance on earlier times, when every direction towards which the inquiring human spirit turned was narrowed or entirely obstructed by subjective obstacles created by prejudice, conventional habits, authority, or superstition; and this new condition is brought about by the philosophic modes of thought, an education chiefly due to the positive method. Literature had everything to gain by renouncing the trammels of authority, by emancipating herself from the restrictions of patronage. And the spirit of the literature of to-day possesses a bracing, refreshing, invigorating power, previously almost unknown. It gathers to itself and boldly treats every current topic and every opinion, reflecting with the accuracy of a polished mirror all the glancing lights thrown by the lively activity of unfettered thought, and presenting a counterpart to the charm of the naturalist's world with its infinite variety of form and colour. The writers of to-day, who enjoy the inheritance of genius, should courageously preserve the freest independence of spirit and cultivate the widest range of sympathy.

The departments of literature which have been most profoundly influenced by the positive method of treatment are History, Social Politics, and General Research. While Auguste Comte, as has been said, was the first to suggest the science of Sociology, its construction and development are due to Mr. Herbert Spencer. In describing his brilliant series of works as an application of Positivism to Sociology, Psychology, and Ethics, I must repeat that there is no suggestion of indebtedness to Comte, beyond using the name he applied to modern scientific treatment.

We have long been accustomed to the beneficent results in the material sphere of the advance of Science. She has carried her torch into the dark unknown, illuminating new districts, revealing unsuspected truths, and laying new worlds bare. In the competent hands of Mr. Herbert Spencer this torch has been similarly carried into the dark and shoreless region of metaphysical speculation ; and by the application of his sound biological knowledge to the hitherto fruitless analysis of the mind, gave form and direction, and therefore assured progress to a fascinating and important subject.

When we now turn to a consideration of Positivism in the great department of History, and seek the first attempt to base the history of man upon the sciences of the external world, we must again go back beyond the time of Comte, and in the first half of the eighteenth century we find the works of Montesquieu, which contain unmistakable evidence of a genuine attempt to employ what has been called since his day the positive method. Mon-

tesquieu was the first to seek the causes of historical movements in a series of antecedent events instead of in the action of conspicuous individuals. He showed that what were popularly supposed to be causes were but the occasions on which the real causes act. Again, he was the first to show how the character of any given civilisation is modified by the action of the external world. But while giving Montesquieu the just credit of having initiated the true method, which in consequence of the imperfection of physical science he was himself unable to carry out satisfactorily, we must acknowledge that the most splendid attempt to raise history to a level with other branches of knowledge was made by a man deeply imbued with the positive spirit, namely, Henry Thomas Buckle.

In the progress of each branch of human knowledge it may be observed that the conceptions of truth which seemed to stand out so clearly when first perceived by the light of science have to give place to others on later and fuller examination; therefore we may be prepared to find in the perfecting of a science of history many of Buckle's conclusions, however precisely stated and logically evolved, have to be modified later on, when extended knowledge enables new thinkers to give truer interpretations.

Probably the most remarkable and successful of recent applications of positive methods to the study of the problems of civilisation is the work of Dr. J. B. Crozier. Here we observe a mind comparable in intellectual power to the great leaders in physical science, thoroughly disciplined by positive habits of

thought, richly stored with knowledge of men and institutions and books, fertile in suggestion, and especially gifted in perceiving generalisations and in giving them precise expression. The literary gifts of this great thinker are of such a high order that, in addition to the solid contributions to the sum of human conceptions which he has made, we may count a profound influence on literature in aiding the growth of that precision of language and accurate and clear thought pre-eminently characteristic of Positivism. It would be disregarding all considerations of proportion to attempt to give in the present paper, however brief, an outline of this last application of science to the interpretation of civilisation. Suffice it to say that, so far as history is considered as an instrument of knowledge, although justly regarded as of immense importance in accounting for the present and correcting the deception of appearances, it is nevertheless subordinated into commentary, illustration, and appendage merely, while supreme importance is given to Insight into the Present, and knowledge of the Laws of the Human Mind in its entirety as a concrete whole.

It is impossible to speak of the modern treatment of history without referring to those distinguished men who have so greatly added to our knowledge of the events of history and of the stages of development of social and political institutions. Such gifted writers as Gibbon, Hume, Grote, Macaulay, Freeman, Green, Lecky, Gardiner, &c., have placed us under a deep debt of gratitude; but valuable as their works are, they are rather books

of knowledge, distinguished by a high degree of literary merit, than striking examples of a scientific treatment of the problems of human life, and therefore are less suitable for our purpose than the few specially mentioned.

I must not attempt to give illustrations of the definite and interesting applications of positive method in literary criticism. It is indeed apparent and significant to all who have followed with attention contemporary thought both in England and in Germany; nor can I touch upon the equally striking evidence in every department of antiquarian research which has made Archæology as positive a science as any branch of Physics. While if we turn to a subject apparently so little suitable for the positive method as Æsthetics, we shall nevertheless detect in its literary treatment a similar development, especially if we trace it from the middle of the last century, when Baumgarten first made Æsthetics a definite system, through the works of Fichte and Hegel and, in this country, Burke,[10] Hogarth,[11] and Alison,[12] down to our own time, and the scientific works of Professor Bain and Mr. Herbert Spencer. In all these departments there is to be seen a gradual increase of method, of accuracy and precision, greater care, more searching investigation, and wider induction.

We have now to inquire, not only as to the extent to which Positivism has invaded literature, but what is likely to be its effect. Is it to be limited to

[10] *Treatise on the Sublime and the Beautiful.*
[11] *Analysis of Beauty.*
[12] *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste.*

special regions of literary activity, or is it a little leaven that will leaven the whole lump? And if so, will this diffusion of the scientific spirit tend to diminish works of imagination and be detrimental to art? In other words, is it to prove a gain or a loss?

This question touches upon an old apprehension as to the influence of scientific training. It is sometimes thought that science tends to harden the susceptibilities of the mind, and to give a distaste for art, but that is not so. Science never narrows our sympathies nor contracts our interests, but gives range and expansion to the human spirit. It is true there is a loss of unintelligent reverence and the poetry of ignorance. But although superstition and uneducated sentiment die out at the approach of science, they are replaced by a more intelligent wonder, a deeper reverence, a nobler poetry, and more exalted art. It is ignorance that separates Truth and Beauty, which are finally united by the highest science. Darwin's *Origin of Species* is not the less scientific because it stimulates the imagination and excites emotions of wonder and delight. Nor is the poetry of *King Lear* injured because that miracle of genius contains the most profound philosophy. But this notion of antagonism between art and science indicates probably a superficial view of one or both of them, and is best answered by the recommendation to obtain a thorough knowledge of the works of Francis Bacon and Goethe, in both of whom poetry and philosophy will be found closely united in a splendid manifestation of genius.

Whatever truth, then, there may be in the alleged

Decline of Art, deplored chiefly by those whose eyes are blinded to present effort, by gazing on the glories of old Greece, it cannot fairly be charged to the influence of Positivism.

When we turn from the special departments of literary activity and survey the entire field, we are at first inclined to agree that "in these days stories are, to all intents and purposes, the whole of literature," so large an area is occupied by works of the imagination, and these it might be thought lie outside the proper limits of positive method.

Dr. Momerie tells an amusing story of a Scotch student who was being examined for orders, and was asked, amongst other things, what he thought of good works. Being anxious to show his orthodoxy, he replied, "Perhaps, all things considered, a man might not be much the worse for a few of them." And occasionally one feels that the artist and writer would not be much the worse for a few elementary ideas of Science. I think it was the late Frank Buckland who wrote an interesting article on this subject, and gave some striking examples of ignorance of natural history collected from the picture galleries. And when in modern fiction we meet with the remarkable phenomenon of a solar eclipse lasting for two hours, and the still more astonishing phenomenon of a full moon on the night following, we again feel that science, without in any degree restricting art, might save it sometimes from being ridiculous.

The essence of art is idealisation, but the idealism of a great artist will be consistent with the laws of the world and the human mind. European art

in all its forms has in this respect exhibited a wide contrast to the extravagant fancy and unrestrained imagination of the Orientalist. But while this distinction has always existed between Asiatic and European art, the latter has further differentiated in recent times by the introduction of scientific conceptions,—that is to say, while the character of mental balance between the reason and the imagination has been hitherto preserved merely by the effect of a widely diffused general education, a distinctly conscious attempt has now been made in literature to base works of imagination on scientific ideas; for example, definitely to apply in the portrayal of character the doctrines of heredity and environment. This is seen in the so-called realistic school, both in the Scandinavian dramatists and in the "Rougon-Macquart" series of M. Zola.

But it is not by seizing upon one or two imperfectly established generalisations, and weaving them into drama or novel, that any solid advantage is to be gained. The influence of Positivism on general literature, as on æsthetics, is all indirect. In the first place, literature gains by the adoption of that fearlessness which belongs to Positivism. "We hear too much," said Buckle, "of the necessity of protecting and rewarding literature, and we hear too little of the necessity of that freedom and boldness in the absence of which the most splendid literature is altogether worthless." A certain number of existing writers, found chiefly but not entirely among our literary sisters, content themselves with this gift of the new philosophy, and finding much enjoyment in breaking through con-

ventionalism by treating a limited group of subjects with unaccustomed freedom, appear to neglect the constructive elements of Positivism.

One of these is seen in the high value attached to a full knowledge of facts before generalisations are made. Matthew Arnold, who of all men of letters was most distinguished by the positive habit and method of thought, was never tired of urging the practical importance of a wide experience in order to attain discriminative tact. And this lesson is of especial importance to those novelists who feel it to be their duty to educate as well as to amuse. In this age of precision the writer of an article or treatise upon a specific subject of law, theology, social or political reform, is, as a rule, accurate and fair, and any inaccuracy and unfairness, under the conditions of free criticism, are quickly observed and corrected; but "the novelist with a purpose," but not always with other qualifications, enters lightly upon the discussion of the most difficult problems, knowing that experts do not trouble to correct errors in an admitted work of fiction. The mischief which zeal combined with ignorance invariably occasions is not lessened by the circumstance that the book is read largely by those who have no special knowledge of the subject treated. The child-like tendency to believe a statement because it is made in an authoritative manner is unfortunately not limited to the age of childhood, and is a fruitful source of delusion.

A second influence, then, is to attach to knowledge an equal importance with boldness and independence. A third feature is the disinterested love

of Truth. To prize knowledge and truth above all else, and to make a personal search for them, are important characters of Positivism, and literature gains by such influences as these.

In M. Zola's *Le Roman expérimental*, which sets forth the principles of the new school, although he objects to be called the founder of a school, we find all these elements of Positivism, and the main characteristics of his work are in undoubted accord with its spirit,—the rejection of conventionalism, the stock-in-trade of inferior writers, the philosophic insight into the Present, the importance of a wide practical experience, the sole reliance upon real life to arouse interest, and absolute fearlessness in saying what he believes he ought to say. And the extraordinary knowledge, memory, and constructive ability of the great realist have enabled him to give large and vivid pictures of life to the world. And every one familiar with his works must see that he has attempted to give these views of life, not as seen in the play of one set of emotions only, but in many departments, and in each, with a copiousness of detail and prodigality of toil possible only to a giant of energy and invention.

But, while we readily admit that a genuine attempt has been made to base imagination upon science and to employ positive method, yet we cannot honestly say that the results so far give that "fulness of pleasure and cordial satisfaction" which works of consummate art never fail to excite. We must, therefore, conclude that positive virtues, like some others, when carried to excess, become vices. And we are forcibly reminded that in the

noblest literature there is much beyond and above the reach and scope of Positivism. The delight of poetry owes nothing to it, and the pure and flawless workmanship of the literary artist is as much beyond the gift of Positivism as genius itself.

To complete our argument, we must inquire if the admittedly great writers owe their success and position in any degree to what we now describe as the positive system and mode of thought. We must again remember that Positivism includes the application of scientific method to all phenomena without exception, and that the highest science is that all-round, far-reaching, and complete knowledge of the human mind revealed in the works of Shakespeare, Bacon, Goethe, Emerson, and Carlyle. This knowledge, although the rapidity of genius often inclines us to regard it as intuitive, is really attained by keen observation and profound reflection; so that this intimate acquaintance with all the laws of the human mind, which impresses us as something almost divine in the works of the great masters, is reached by the same principles of induction whereby all other laws have been discovered.

I must bring my remarks to a close. Employing the term Positivism as a convenient name for scientific philosophy, I have endeavoured to give an explanation of its growth, its spirit, and its scope. I have further attempted to show that the positive method, which was first applied with brilliant success to the study of the processes of nature in the material world, is now in full employment in the higher world of idea as embodied in literature.

The imperfections in this demonstration, inseparable from an attempt to cover a wide area in a limited time, as well as those arising from insufficient knowledge, will, I hope, be counterbalanced by the interest and suggestiveness of the subject itself.

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THE MISSION OF THE MUSES.

BY ROBERT BURBANK HOLT, F.R.S.L.

[Read February 27th, 1895.]

THE Muses, as commonly delineated, are nine very nice young ladies, in Greek costumes, all posing in appropriate attitudes, and each displaying some emblem which distinguishes her from the rest, and serves to designate her vocation.

Of course, no one supposes that this amiable sisterhood ever were tangible personages who took part in the common concerns of everyday earth-life; but for all that we cannot divest ourselves of the notion that they have been, nay, still are, very real presences among us—beings who have always exercised a powerful influence on the thoughts, feelings, and actions of men.

It will, therefore, not be a waste of time if we endeavour to understand what old symbologists meant by the Muses, and then seek to discover what has been their true mission.

The first noteworthy thing is the number of these damsels. Now in symbology, when any number is used, the synthesis of its ciphers is always reckoned as an additional and superior "one;" consequently the nine Muses and their leader, Apollo, make a decade, and so form the unit for a new and higher scale of numeration. From

this it may fairly be inferred that the number of the Muses typifies the elevation of humanity—the giving to man a higher start-point, from which he can commence a fresh, a fuller, and a nobler evolution.

When we analyse the vocations of the Muses we find that only one, Terpsichore, concerns herself with physical development; and that even she confines her attention to dancing, which has been well defined as the poetry of motion.

Science, too, has but a single exponent, Urania, who devotes herself to astronomy, or the harmony of the heavens.

For the rest, Clio presides over history; Euterpe over music; Thalia over pastoral and comic poetry; Melpomene over tragedy; Erato over lyric, tender, and amorous poetry; Polyhymnia over singing and rhetoric, and Calliope over eloquence and heroic poetry. The literary Muses are consequently seven in number, and I need hardly remind you what a prominent place seven has in the present order of mundane existence.

At first it may seem strange that no Muse is assigned to what we term sacred poetry, but this seeming oversight can be satisfactorily accounted for. The best and wisest of the ancients were essentially pantheistic in the highest sense of the term. They did not regard sun, moon, stone, or tree as different and personal gods, but they recognised the universal indwelling of deity; so probably we shall not be very far wrong if we regard Apollo, the synthesis of the Muses, as an aspect of the divine "One," the All-in-all, who gives us the key-note of a heavenly harmony in which all forms

of earthly music are but minims, crotchets, quavers, and semiquavers, blending to swell the pæan of universal love.

The next thing that we must take into account is the sex of the Muses. In symbolism male is synonymous with positive, female with negative; but then odd numbers are always male, and even numbers female. So in the number and sex of the Muses we get a type of the divine Hermaphrodite, the ever-present duality in Nature, the active and passive powers from which all things proceed.

These matters, properly expounded, satisfactorily explain a considerable number of so-called sacred mysteries, but which in reality are only physical facts discreetly symbolised. Such subjects, however, cannot be gone into at present.

If we study the pedigree of the Muses we find they are the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne; Jupiter being the son of Saturn, whose parents were Cœlus and Terra, which are commonly translated Heaven and Earth, but which in their higher signification mean Spirit and Matter.

The father of the Muses, then, is the third Logos, the mundane creator, a correspondent of the Hindu Brahma and the Hebrew Jehovah.

Mnemosyne was a daughter of Cœlus and Terra, and consequently the sister of Jupiter. Her name signifies memory, and this will presently be shown to have a special appropriateness for the mother of the Muses.

Apollo was a son of Jupiter, his mother being Latona, the daughter of Saturn.

We get here, therefore, a dual Trinity—Cœlus-

Terra-Jupiter, and Jupiter-Latona-Apollo. This system has its correspondent in every great religion of the world.

And now, passing away from mythology, let us try to grasp the ideas which are embodied in these symbolical ladies, and so to realise them in our own consciousnesses.

A little reflection will convince you that the *idea* of a thing must always precede even its subjective manifestation, and also that an idea can originate only in a need.

As you all know, the term Man signifies a Thinker, and evidently there can be no thinker without thought. Now thought is impossible without a subject to think about; consequently it must have, at any rate, a subjective antecedent.

To meet this need a thought-germ or idea comes out of infinitude. When this idea is absorbed by or conceived in our consciousness, it can be evolved by cogitation and become a form according to its kind.

Speaking generally, the process appears to have been this. At a certain stage of his evolution, the "thinker" became conscious that in him there was a "being" to whom his animal form was only a subordinate accessory; a "being" who required appropriate sustenance, but to whom physical food was uncongenial, consequently a special pabulum had to be provided for it.

Suitable conditions having been obtained, its form evolved *pari passu* with the animal frame from a primal germ, which, traced to its ultimate, was the idea of man conceived in creative consciousness. Or perhaps we might say the expe-

rience acquired by universal consciousness differentiates into special forms, each of which matures as a thought-germ, and can be evolved by cogitation on a higher plane of being.

Now the idea of a "thinker" can evolve on countless lines of intelligence, but those which concern us are only the special differentiations of ideation which we cognize as prototypes of the liberal arts. The ancients perceived that each of these arts originated in a need that was vitalised in intelligent consciousness, and which, as an effect, was unthinkable without the antecedence of an efficient cause. They therefore logically inferred that there must be a special creative Intelligence which produced and presided over each intellectual need which germinated in human consciousness. Thus, at a certain stage of the thinker's evolution, the need to record important events and the deeds of illustrious heroes became an effective impulse.

To realise this desire man's faculty of memory was differentiated, and the historic specialisation of it was personified as Clio.

When the need of harmonious combinations of sounds appeared, and it was found that the concord of etheric vibrations awoke fuller and deeper emotions than resulted from prosaic recitations of history, men naturally desired to recall those pleasant experiences; so memory was again differentiated, and the harmonious specialisation of it was personified as Euterpe.

It would be tedious to repeat this analysis, but take any of the sacred nine, and you will have no difficulty in accounting for her existence in the

manner I have indicated. Each is the personification of a mode of memory, specialised to supply a need which had been conceived in the consciousness of man, and consequently she was very properly regarded as a daughter of Mnemosyne.[1]

The evolution of these ideals has drawn humanity onward and upward, ever revealing higher and holier aspirations as the true lover of the beautiful has attained to that which on a lower level seemed to him the ultimate of hope. Very shadowy do the Muses appear to the hard-headed toilers of to-day, but very real have they proved themselves in the world's history, moulding the minds of men by maturing crude ideas, and so providing new germs for the "thinker" to evolve.

Another thing to be noted is the constant association of the Muses with poetry; poetry not limited to verbal eccentricities, but taken in its highest and fullest meaning,—that of thought, clothing a true idea in an ever-beautiful form. Taking it in this sense, we get history as the poetry of action, sculpture as the poetry of form, painting as the poetry of colour, music as the poetry of sound, dancing as the poetry of motion, astronomy as the poetry of the universe. This constant manifestation of truth by beauty I hold to be the mission of the Muses, and their agent is the "thinker," both in his individual and collective capacities.

But while we say this it should never be for-

[1] In symbology every god or goddess was a personified force, and the differentiations of that force were regarded as his or her children. The mother of the Muses being a personification of the force we term memory, what can her daughters be but differentiations of that force, *i. e.* modes of memory?

gotten that both physically and mentally we are only links in the chain of Divine evolution (a chain which, descending from Omnipotence, reaches to the lowest and feeblest personality), and that each true man must bear his part in enabling the feeblest of his fellows to climb towards the infinite above him.

It would be very interesting to study every phase of poetry, but that is impossible in the time which is available, so I will follow the example of the ancients, who, being writers, associated the Muses specially with literature; and in doing so I shall take my illustrations mostly from metrical compositions in our mother tongue.

According to the records, five of these fair ones devoted themselves to clothing ideas in suitable words; Clio presides over history, Thalia over pastoral and comic versification. This appears to be the natural order of literary evolution, and is in exact correspondence with the needs of a primitive people.

By the ordinance of Nature all men at all times depend for their existence on the products of the soil, and in the early days of a society, when neither manufactures nor commerce have been organised, every one must devote himself to agriculture or to hunting. Now though farming is unquestionably the most natural, healthy, and useful occupation, it is essentially a monotonous one, and an agriculturist having but few mental resources, he can only wonder at things which are incomprehensible to him.

He will listen patiently to stories of every-day

life, and he can understand domestic incidents; but if you want really to interest him, the comic element must be freely introduced. You can excite him to a devotional frenzy or rouse him to a patriotic fury, but these moods will have only a brief duration, and he will gradually subside into his normal apathy unless, as in the case of the old miracle plays and modern salvationism, you present everything, even sacred symbols, to him in a motley garb, and satisfy his craving for buffoonery.

Lament it as you will, the man whose daily life is a dull drudgery must laugh in his leisure hours, or lose the little spark of intelligence that Nature has allotted to him. The ancients recognised this, and very wisely gave Thalia a prominent place in their intellectual hierarchy.

But every phase of life has its dark as well as its bright side, and horrors have a strange fascination for all of us; consequently the intellectual evolution of man would not be symmetrical if no provision were made for the expression of his tragic sympathies. . . . Of course, among a rude people nothing but horrors realistically depicted would awaken their understanding. It is only when the evolution of godliness has substituted love for brutal lust, heroism for savage bloodthirstiness, and the recognition of right for the tyranny of power, that the higher strains of poetry can be evoked, and a mental conflict culminating in an appropriate catastrophe, such as we find in Othello or Hamlet, can dominate the manliness of men.

To this stage, when woman is not regarded merely as a desirable possession, but as the in-

spirer and rewarder of our noblest passions, tender and amorous poetry may be appropriately assigned; and if Erato does sometimes become a little too exacting, her influence is so refining, and there is such a fascination in her caprices, that the sternest of us are ever ready to forgive her.

I have defined poetry as "thought clothing a true idea in an ever-beautiful form:" in its literary aspect, then, it should not be a tawdry conglomeration of superlatives or a mere combination of luscious tones, a verbal syllabub, "at best most musically dull." Still less should it emphasise the nudity of nature, appeal only to man's animal instinct, or pander to his brutal passions. A poet must have a keen intuition of truth, be ever ready to absorb a sublime idea, to evolve it in his consciousness, and finally to present it to the intelligent universe clothed in thoughts that are instinct with his own personality, and expressed in words that are appropriate, concise, perspicuous, and musical.

His Eidolon must not be stultified by conventional forms, for the object of conventionalism is to freeze man's intellect, to petrify his thoughts, to extinguish their vitality, and so to prevent their becoming the germ-bearers of a still nobler ideation.

With such a system neither the Muses nor their votaries can have anything in common; and it is for this reason that when society becomes too articulated poetry loses its grandeur and virility, and a poet ceases to be the prophet of his race.

On the other hand, in the early stages of an intellectual era, when poets are not yet masters of

their craft, and fear to trust their "prentice hands" to embody their consciousness of the beautiful, they are invariably plagiarists, and paraphrase is commonly resorted to. Thus, in countries where a dominant church interdicted originality and plucked the pinions of genius, the office of a bard degenerated into chopping up the text of Scripture, and then patching the fragments of it into stated lengths with superfluous adjectives, according to curious and complicated rules.

The following is an example taken from the writings of Cædmon, as given by Sharon Turner:

"To us it is much right
That we the Ruler of the firmament,
The Glory-King of Hosts
With words should praise,
With minds should love:
He is in power abundant,
High Head of all creations,
Almighty Lord!
There was not to Him ever beginning
Nor origin made,
Nor end cometh,
Eternal Lord."

Now, making every allowance for losses through translation, what is such composition but devising complicate verbiage to distort ideas that have already been perfectly expressed? In all these lines is there a single new idea, or a phrase that is not trite and diluted?

Or take his Satan's soliloquy:

"Why should I contend?
I cannot have

Any creature my superior!
I may with my hands
So many wonders work!
And I must have great power
To acquire a more God-like stool,
Higher in the heavens!
Yet why should I
Sue for His grace
Or bend to Him
With any obedience?
I may be
A god as he is:
Stand by me,
Strong companions,
Who will not deceive me
In this contention."

Such a Satan has nothing grand about him. What is he but a vulgar ruffian, with no thought beyond self-aggrandisement?

True, the work is praiseworthy as the production of an illiterate cowherd; but when we remember how admirably the same subject has been treated by Milton we cannot but feel that a student must be either very eccentric in his taste or be sadly in want of an occupation if he turns from the mature scholarship of 'Paradise Lost' to spell out the crudities of Cædmon.

There is, however, one reputed Anglo-Saxon, but more probably Scandinavian composition which has distinct literary merit. 'Beowulf' is a true and notable poem; its incidents are characteristic and dramatic; its diction forcible if rude and verbose. In it there is a distinct evolution of ideas, and they pass before us as thought-forms, grand in their

barbaric self-assertion. There is no toning of their lineaments to conventional inanity, but each character represents an ideal man as conceived by a master-mind of the day. For instance, we read—

"There was a more grim spirit called Greudel,
Great was the mark of his steps;
He that ruleth the moors,
The fen, and the fastness
Of the Eifel race.
* * * * *
Coming to the hall of Hothgar by night,
He found there within
The assembly of the Ethelings
Sleeping after the feast,
Knowing no sorrow.
This wan-sceaft of men,
This creature unhealthful,
Grim and greedy,
Soon was ready,
Reeking and fierce;
And he took away in their rest
Thirty theyns.
Then he departed,
Satisfied with plunder,
To return home
From that slaughter."

This is a graphic description of the men, manners, and beliefs of the times, and the whole poem is "an intellectual treasure, written in the vernacular dialect, which awakens the popular mind, and induces men to read and think for themselves," and consequently it is a work that assists in carrying out the mission of the Muses.

But it is when we turn to the great Elizabethan writers that we find this mission most fully under-

stood and furthered with the most intelligent audacity. These men never swerved from their allegiance to the Muses, and instead of the parrot-like repetition of orthodox platitudes which characterises the Anglo-Saxon word-stringers, they went straight to the sacred fount, drank deeply of its living waters, absorbed the grand ideas which eternally vibrate in its ether, and then re-evolved them in new and more beautiful forms, that men might know what a glorious thing life would be if all of us could realise a poet's consciousness of it.

If anyone disputes my contention, let him point out a line in Spenser or Shakespeare which does not embody a sublime idea in a more beautiful form than any he can adduce from all the Anglo-Saxon paraphrase which has escaped a merited oblivion. No doubt these works are very valuable to philologists, but they never should be paraded as classic compositions; they are distinct retrogressions from preceding excellence, and in many cases display the superstitious dread of uttering a Divine name which is still characteristic of savages.

In considering the manifestation of truth by beauty we must not overlook the medium in which ideas are embodied by the literary thinker. Dean Trench very prettily calls words "fossil poetry," but on the whole it would seem more correct to regard them as the residuum of poetic phrases in which true ideas once lived, moved, and had their being, but which, through the exigencies of speech and the attrition of abbreviation, have been divested of all superfluous matter, and now, as thought-crystals, serve to enrich the crowns of our modern

mind-makers, and to awe the thoughtless by flashing on them new rays of eternal verity from every fresh facet that the Muses can cut upon them.

There is no use in seeking the origin of speech, nor need we stop to appraise the respective values of the Pooh-pooh and Bow-wow theories; it is enough to know that in all ages, and wherever the "thinker" has been found, he has always had a vocabulary at command, and has possessed the art of so combining words as to make them the vehicle of his thoughts. We observe, too, that directly those thoughts transcend the bare necessities of existence his phrases at first "mean not, but only bungle round a meaning;" and that, as he tries again and again to give precision to the idea which his consciousness has intuited, redundant words and letters are gradually elided, and his memory summarises whole series of speculations, till at last sentences are reduced to words, and then, as Max Müller tells us, independent words are reduced to mere dust by the constant wear and tear of speech, and finally survive only as terminations ('Science of Language,' vi, p. 48).

This seems to be the method by which the Muses evolve truth through condensing the expression of it till ultimately the verbal germ of verity, purged from all dross and freed from all entanglement, is translated to a higher sphere, where a sublimer thinker receives it as an intuition, and continues its evolution in a yet Diviner form.

If this hypothesis be correct, we should naturally expect to find literary poetry becoming more definite in expression and fuller of crystallised ideas as

the mental powers of the thinker become more and more developed, and his vehicle of expression approaches nearer to perfection. Social conditions, too, must be taken into account; and when we remember that it was not till 1406 that farmers and mechanics who did not devote their children to the Church were allowed to send them to school, there is little wonder that in England a higher consciousness of the beauty of intelligent being, attainable by proper evolution of the thought-power latent in men, was previously a privilege monopolised by the few. When, in addition to mere limitation, the ideas which are germs of truth matured by the experience of humanity can be received only into consciousnesses sterilised by a dogmatism which insists on the infallibility of hereditary hypotheses, the future is strangled by the past, and the function of the thinker is no more.

Happily the destiny of man is identified with Divine progression, and the fanatic reiterators of obsolete formularies find it impossible to arrest the flow of truth by brandishing the badges of their credulity or by muttering the curses of their malevolence. And so in due time the sacred undercurrent asserted its supremacy, and, bursting the barriers which impeded it, swept onward triumphantly, sparkling in the sunlight, and mocking the dismay of manikins who would fetter it with fantastic fables.

We all feel a sentimental regret for old faiths and perished institutions, but it is impossible to resuscitate the past. So many new ideas have fructified in our understandings, that what was

earnestness with our forefathers is but frivolity with us, however much simulated enthusiasm we may see fit to expend upon it. Rushlights and torches were excellent in their day; but while electric lighting is available, what sane man would advocate our reverting to them?

Except, then, as students of philology, why should we unearth Cædmon's paraphrases when John Milton, dealing with the same subject, has presented to us his matured conceptions clothed in words that make our spirits vibrate in sympathy with manhood, and fill us with reverence for Deity?

Who can look upon a fair landscape without a gush of memory compelling him to feel—

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then—
Unspeakable!"

And does he not make us experience a weird sympathy with the embodiment of proud, intelligent self-reliance, who in the first bitterness of his despair exclaims—

"Evil! be thou my good! by thee, at least
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,
As this new world and man ere long shall know"?

This, to us, is the perfected beauty of language; in fact, as Weisse very justly observes, "English is now adequate to express any conceptions of which the human mind is capable." But here, as elsewhere, there is no finality; the "thinker" has not attained, and never will attain, the limit of his possibilities; consequently we have no right to

assume that the English of to-day will suffice for Englishmen a thousand years hence,—nay, if we may reason from the experience of the past, "as sciences advance, new terms and new meanings of existing words will be added to our vocabulary:" for one part of the mission of the Muses is "to evolve language, to strengthen and to simplify it;" and though, as Grim says, "modern English has gained in spirituality what it may have lost in Anglo-Saxon inflections," still in some respects it is capable of vast improvement. For instance, we might well elide all mute letters, have consistent pronunciations, restrict each word to one meaning, and supply the noun, verb, or adjective which in many cases is necessary to complete a grammatical series. The fifty extracts quoted by Weisse contain 9554 words. Of these, 7272, or 76 per cent., are repetitions, while 4693 are "particles;" and he fairly argues that "when we realise such facts we must confess that even English, the choicest and most elastic of modern idioms, is not as telegraphic and concise as it might be, and is yet capable of improvement as to repetitions and particles, to say nothing of harmony between the written and the spoken word."

We may be well assured that the Muses, who have done so much for us in the past, will not fail us in the future. How grandly they have hitherto carried out their mission is well exemplified by the gems of poetry with which their modern votaries have enriched our literature. Take, for example, Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard:'

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness—and to me."

Here every line is a perfect picture; every word is the epitome of a human experience, the key-note with which memory awakens limitless associations; every idea is illustrated by appropriate imagery, and clothed in a verbal form of such surpassing beauty that in reading it the harshest voice instinctively becomes harmonious.

Then we have Burns singing of the mountain daisy:

"Wee modest crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour!
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem!
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem."

Are these not musical words, beautiful in their tender simplicity? and how they bring us into sympathy with Coleridge when he sings—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who pitied us,
He made, He loveth all"!

If you want descriptive poetry, what can be finer than Keats's 'Eve of Saint Agnes,' which begins—

"Saint Agnes' Eve, ay, bitter chill it was;
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare leaped trembling o'er the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold"?

Why, every word conjures up not a mere spectre,

but a palpable being, instinct with vitality. How truly "such thing of beauty is a joy for ever"!

> "Its loveliness increases, it can never
> Pass into nothingness."

For imaginative poetry what can surpass some of Shelley's visions in 'The Cloud'? for instance—

> "The orbèd maiden
> With white fire laden,
> Whom mortals call the moon,
> Glides glimmering o'er
> My fleece-like floor,
> By the midnight breezes strewn;
> And wherever the beat
> Of her unseen feet,
> Which only the angels hear,
> May have broken the woof
> Of my tent's thin roof,
> The stars peep behind her and peer;
> And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
> Like a swarm of golden bees,
> When I widen the rent
> In my wind-built tent,
> Till calm rivers and lakes and seas,
> Like strips of the sky
> Fallen through from on high,
> Are paved with the moon and with these."

Why, he almost transforms us into angels endowed with the faculty of hearing the pit-pat of the moon as she treads the "fleece-like floor" that a passing cloud has created for her.

As a contrast, if you want anything horrible, take an extract from Byron's 'Siege of Corinth,' where Alp, "who is known by his white arm bare," is roaming over the battle-field by moonlight:

"And he saw the lean dogs before the wall
O'er the dead holding their carnival;
Growling and gorging o'er carcass and limb,
They were too busy to bark at him.
From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh
As ye peel a fig when the fruit is fresh;
And their white teeth crunched o'er the whiter skull
As it slipped from their jaws when their edge grew dull;
And they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead
When they scarcely could rise from the spot where they fed."

If you want patriotic poetry, what can be better than Macaulay's picture of a free people?

"Then none were for a party, but all were for the State;
Then the rich man helped the poor man, and the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned, then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers in the brave days of old."

As an example of manly self-assertion we have the Rev. R. S. Hawker's celebrated ballad:

"Out spake the captain brave and bold,
A gallant wight was he;
Though London's tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawney free,
We'll cross the Tamar hand in hand,
The Exe shall be no stay—
Go side by side from strand to strand,
And who shall bid us nay?
And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawney die?
There's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why."

My object in giving these quotations is to show

that though our age has not produced a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Spenser, still the average standard of literary poetry has been considerably raised, and I fancy that all who "cannot make love for antiquity's sake" will be inclined to agree with me. Of course I have omitted the mere twitterers in verse, and have selected songsters of repute as fittest to compare with the bards who were esteemed in the sixteenth century, and whose works are not yet quite forgotten.

If you desire a test, translate a Saxon, an Elizabethan, and a modern poem into prose, and you will generally find that the ideas in the first two can thus be expressed much more concisely; while poems by Gray, Keats, or Shelley require a larger number of words to give a prose rendering of them. Surely this shows that modern poetry is richer in thought and fuller of fancy than any that has preceded it; but for all that we have no poet of the highest class. Tennyson, the man of modern thought; Browning, the rugged and obscure; and Swinburne, the melodious carnalist, count their idolaters by the thousand; but whether any of their embodied ideas have sufficient vitality to survive much beyond the present generation is yet unproven.

To me Bailey's 'Festus,' with all its faults, seems a far grander poem than any of these writers have produced.

> "Death does his work
> In secret and in joy intense, untold;
> As though an earthquake smacked its mumbling lips
> O'er some thick-peopled city,"

is as fine a simile as any in our language.

In another place Festus says—

"Oh! I was glad when something in me said,
Come, let us worship beauty! And I bowed
And went about to seek a shrine; but found
None that my soul, when seeing, said enough to;
Many I met with where I put up prayers,
And had them more than answered.
* * * * * *
At last came love: not whence I sought nor thought it;
As on a ruined and bewildered wight
Rises the roof he meant to have lost for ever,
On came the living vessel of all love;
Terrible in its beauty as a serpent;
Rode down upon me like a ship full sail,
And bearing me before it kept me up,
Spite of the drowning speed at which we drave
On, on, until we sank both. Was not this love?"

Lucifer:

Why, how can I tell? I am not in love;
But I have ofttimes heard mine angels call
Most piteously on their lost loves in heaven;
And, as I suffer, I have seen them come,
Seen star-like faces peep between the clouds,
And hell became a tolerable torment.
Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty,
And by that love they are redeemable;
For in love and beauty they acknowledge good,
And good is God—the great Necessity."

This may not be the highest class of poetry, but surely it is very little below that standard.

Bailey's conception, too, of a high Intelligence, devoted to evil, yet perfectly truthful and ultimately redeemable by its power to love, is as original as it is sublime. Indeed, it appears to be a decided

advance even on Milton's personification of Satan. Other characters in this work are equally noteworthy.

Why we have now no poet of the first order can only be conjectured. Possibly it may be that our age has matured the mentality of its manhood; that most men have become specialists, and are so absorbed in particulars that universals hardly interest them. Attention to details is regarded as of more importance than grandeur of outline, and so poets have become miniature painters instead of ideal world-weavers; while niceties of grammar are more esteemed than vividness of diction, and servility to fashion counts more than sympathy with nature.

This is the dark foreground of the picture, patent to every one; but beyond it we can see that the Muses have reached the end of another decade, and are about to recommence their evolution of ideas on a yet higher and wider scale. The old conceptions of the origin, object, and destiny of Kosmos have been exploded by scientific observation and scholastic criticism. A causeless Cause of all things is still felt to be a logical necessity, but how to embody the Intelligence which ensouls this necessity without outraging the truth-love of man's inner consciousness is a problem that has yet to be solved by humanity.

When, ages hence, the key-note, which is now but faintly sounded by the Muses, shall be evolved into a pæan, grander and fuller than any that have preceded it, can we doubt that singers will appear who will be worthy to be entrusted with its

sublimest melodies, or that their vocalisation of them will be a perfection of poetry that the "thinker" of to-day is utterly unable to imagine?

For that "good time coming" we can only work and wait, remembering that—

"Our hope is eternal progression,
With charity fruitful in all;
For time never knew retrogression,
And none e'en a thought can recall.

"But o'er us, around us, and in us
Abideth the giver of might,
Who tenderly teaching would win us
To trust that the true is the right.

"So sink we to slumber unfearing,
Assured that our Father is nigh;
And wake up to-morrow revering,
Or sleep on unquestioning why."

KING ARTHUR AND SAINT GEORGE: THE SCOTTISH ARCHIVES, THE WELSH ARCHIVES, THE ARMORICAN ARCHIVES, THE SAXON ARCHIVES, THE HINDU ARCHIVES.

BY DR. PHENÉ, LL.D., F.S.A., V.P.R.S.L.

[Read March 27th, 1895.]

I PROPOSE to adopt a different course from that usually pursued in the treatment of this subject.

Authors, so far, have taken one or other of the groups of legends localised in Armorica, the west of England and Wales, and Scotland, and in confining themselves to any such locality have, of course, taken the bias attached to it.

The course now pursued is that of comparison of the legends of these various localities with each other, a means by which parallelism confirms or refutes certain features.

Going further, I have confronted the grand political opponent of King Arthur, viz. St. George, with the British king, and here antagonistic parallelism becomes evident.

This being so, and St. George being of distinct Oriental origin, it appeared not improbable that, with the known early intercourse of the west of Britain with Asia and the great influx of Indo-European words and metaphors, traditions subsequently applied to King Arthur were also of

Eastern origin. Pursuing this by investigating the Hindu traditions and historic epics, distinct parallelism appeared in them on comparison with each class of local traditions of the West. It is in this sense that the subject will now be laid before you.

When the chivalrous King of England, Edward III, instituted the princely Order of the Garter, he did but give expression to an intense current of feeling that pervaded the more generous and enlightened classes all over Europe: Almost all orders, it must be borne in mind, are the result of a feeling or desire, rather than a bait to excite any such effect. Once established with the full approbation of those who are interested in them, emulation naturally follows, both amongst the immediately constituted members and a host of candidates hoping to reap the honours.

The Order of the Garter was the badge of an outburst of feeling, having its source in a desire for freedom of mind and body, and which found expression in the term chivalry. The powers to be overcome were terrible, and the propagandists of the new doctrine carried their customs to an extreme, and buoyed up their hopes with an ideality only capable of being understood by their incessant risks and the wild excitation necessary for carrying them through almost insurmountable difficulties.

The romance of poetry was brought to bear, alike to stimulate and to reward, and the impossible was not only professed to be easy, but described as being always accomplished by every true knight. Hence ensued the most violent exaggerations and the most preposterous recitals of events. Hungering

and thirsting after laudation as their only wage, the flower of chivalry seldom reached mature manhood, and hardly ever old age. Prominent amongst its more valuable features was the furtherance of religion, as a reason for the morality it ostensibly advocated; and with these facts before us we may perhaps look with less severity at the readiness with which the guardians of the faith introduced, or in the first instance perhaps permitted, the introduction of miracles and wonders, in a theatre in which they themselves were constantly playing a most prominent part, such stimulant often proving the afflatus which carried success where the prospect seemed hopeless.

Time will not permit, nor is it necessary to the argument, that we examine questions concerning the event which caused the *title* of the order, and whether it were the Countess of Salisbury, or whether, as some have suggested, that a party of Richard I's knights were distinguished in the fight against Cyprus by a thong tied round one of their knees by that king; one or other would be the mere external accident which gave vent to the latent feeling. As I shall not refer to Richard I again, I may as well say here that it is recorded that the banner of England which he took to the East was a dragon, but the banner he used on his return was St. George killing the dragon. It is clear the dragon banner was offensive to the Greek Christians.

It is not improbable, however, from the tradition of the Cyprian event, that a badge round the knee was used to indicate special confraternity in any enterprise requiring peculiar daring or courage, and as a

sign of homage to the tutelary power invoked, as distinguished from the badge on the arm of a knight, which was indicative of individual service to his lady. If this be so, there is a complete significance in the expression *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, which it seems to me otherwise to lack, and the handing the garter to the Countess of Salisbury by the king was adroitly turned into a complimentary admission into the legion of honour and knighthood, and the expression used to deprecate any objection on the ground of her not being a knight nor of the warlike sex—a position brought graphically before us in Spenser's heroines, and historically in the Amazons.

This is the more probable because the age in which the order was founded was one of female heroism. On the Continent the wife of Charles of Blois was an experienced military commander. Charles of Blois was personally opposed by the Countess of Mountfort, who took him prisoner at the Castle of Rochelle de Rien in Brittany, to which he had laid siege. At the same time, Philippa, wife of Edward III, who was engaged at Calais, raised on her own responsibility an army of 12,000 men, hurried to the north, and engaged David Bruce with his army of 50,000, gaining a complete victory, and securing as prisoners in the Tower of London David Bruce, the Earls of Fife, Sutherland, Monteith, Carric, Douglas, and others, and then personally announced the news to the king at Calais, claiming as her reward an act of mercy, the lives of Eustace St. Pierre and the five other warriors whom Edward had condemned to death. Not that valour

was wanting in the men. The King of France was only not slain at Cresсy by being forcibly dragged against his will from the field, wounded as he was. The old and blind King of Bohemia took part in the fight, the reins of his horse being held by a knight on either side of him. He was slain, and his badge and motto were adopted by the Prince of Wales. It was, in short, an age of military emulation in which the sexes vied with each other, and in which the Black Prince and Queen Philippa carried off the prizes of victory.

Whatever the direct incident might have been, it is certain that the order was no sooner instituted than it was enthusiastically greeted by the knights of every country. Philip de Valois, King of France, responded, and the renown occasioned by the high and noble bearing of the Knights of the Order of St. George spread far and wide, and the Emperors of Russia, the Dukes of Mantua in Italy, and the Counts Mansfield in Germany sooner or later adopted that saint as the patron of their country or family interests.

In this country St. George is associated with St. Michael, a curious combination, which, although its meaning and origin are, I believe, both in obscure darkness in the minds of the authorities of the Heralds' College, is distinctly recognisable in the customs of past ages, to which I propose now to draw your attention.

St. George being the more modern of the two as the saint, with whom he is associated in the last order, is clearly a resuscitation; and as I propose to trace the subject back into the past, and thus try to

unravel some of the tangled threads which connect it with the present, we will, if you please, take a slight glance at the history of St. George first. I shall not waste a word on Gibbon's St. George, the occupant of the Episcopal throne of Alexandria. Whether, indeed, he was the same person with the St. George we know so much more familiarly, or totally distinct from him, as he chronologically appears to have been, does not even affect the question so far as I propose to examine it; for what I have to do with is an account which, in its actual record, must necessarily be a fable, but a fable which, like most others, covers real events, and was the expression of powerful feeling.

St. George of Cappadocia is known from the great event which historical mythology records of his overcoming the Dragon. The story is a pretty one, and may bear, perhaps, slightly sketching, even in a paper of necessary brevity. It is at first puzzling to find him the patron saint of a country under the Latin Church, as he appears to have been the great patron of the Greek Church, in which he is called the Great Martyr, but this difficulty vanishes as we investigate. He is reputed to have been born in Cappadocia of noble Christian parents, to have flourished in the reign of Diocletian, and to have held the post of tribune in the army. On his way to join his legion he reached a city in Libya according to some, in Syria according to others. A monstrous dragon, a tenant of a neighbouring marsh or lake—it is curious that we hardly ever, if ever, find an account of a dragon without water—ravaged the district, and to propitiate him the people,

who had taken refuge within the walls of the city, gave him daily two sheep, and subsequently two children, chosen by lot.

The lot one day fell on Cleodolinda, the only daughter of the king. The latter tried every argument to save his child, who was extremely beautiful and worthy, without avail, and after eight days she was arrayed in her royal robes, led out of the city, and the gates closed behind her. She walked steadily, but in tears, over the bones of former victims in the direction of the dragon's haunt, when a knight in armour mounted on a noble steed appeared, questioned her as to her tears, and determined to bring the matter to an issue in her favour. This he, *of course*, succeeded in, and severely wounding the dragon with his spear, then binding him with the girdle of the princess (and here it becomes evident that ladies wore very strong girdles, or dragons were easily led in those days), induced the tethered monster to follow himself and the princess to the gates of the city. The inhabitants were, it is said, greatly terrified even at the subdued and bound dragon, though he followed the knight and lady like a dog. St. George then promised that if all the people in the city would be baptised he would kill the monster before their eyes. This was agreed to, and the dragon's head was cut off, and St. George received great κῦδος; hence the emblem seen alike on Russian cannon, on the breasts of English nobles, and on our gold coins. While the tradition is clearly a history of the triumph of Christianity over paganism, whether in the heroism with which he bore the torments that followed very

soon after this event in consequence of his trampling upon the edict of Diocletian against the Christians, or, as is not improbable, his actually testing the power of some serpent or reptile deity, as in the record of Bel and the Dragon, and proving to the unhappy pagans that they were sacrificing their sons and daughters to devils, brought them all over to the religion of the Cross. This appears to me the most probable, as he is reported to have prayed in resistance to being forced to join in pagan sacrifice, on which thunder and lightning came from heaven and destroyed the temple and the priests and the idols.

In my paper read before the congress of the British Archæological Association at York in August, 1889, I showed reasons for assuming that St. George, who, as to his dragon, was probably mythical, was really a representative of Constantine the Great, the date, conditions, history, and all details being parallel.

It is curious that we find St. George in Latin Italy without the dragon, as when he is represented as patron saint of Venice; and with the exception of a representation of him by Correggio he is mostly represented in Italian pictures without the dragon. In the principal of these pictures he stands by a throne on which is the Virgin Mary; there is no dragon, and this is soon accounted for, as subsequent representations place the dragon beneath the feet of the Virgin herself. From this we may at least infer that the emblem was considered one of very great importance, and its severance from St. George conveys to us a most interesting phase in history,

and one of the grand features of the difference between the Greek and Latin Churches. The Latin Church, in fact, ignored St. George, and erased him from the calendar.

It is probable that the greatness of this personage arose from his being, as there seems some reason to suppose, the first militant Christian,—not the first Christian soldier, but the first soldier Christian; and standing alone for a time in that character he would, of course, be represented as encountering single-handed the dragon of superstition, the visible idol deity of the pagans, with which Satan had fascinated the eyes of men—the exact position of Constantine.

If we may assume this, he would be found to be the originator of the militant feature in the Church, and as such would necessarily be honoured by the East and West. It is certain that he was reverenced in the East at a very remote date, one of the first churches Constantine erected after his own conversion being in honour of this saint. This new feature would in a most sudden and almost miraculous manner cause an enormous numerical and an immensely wealthy accession to the Christian body; nor could there be any valid reason for rejecting it, as the new-comers embraced their profession with enthusiasm, and in some cases even eclipsed the ecclesiastics in austerity and morals. But this new element, which, under Providence, accomplished the supremacy of Christianity in Europe, having fulfilled its object, began to separate itself from a religious position, and while paying to the latter every respect, merged back into its own normal features, and here a fresh historical position arose.

Christianity, which had released the mind from the terrors of paganism, and given to it an almost pristine freedom, began now to assume power over the body and temporal affairs. This was necessarily repugnant to the military element or knighthood; and when the latter released itself it asserted the liberty of the body,—in other words, it sided with and re-created a power, that of the civil magistrate, which had been obliterated with the cessation of Roman military authority—a position it has ever since preserved as being the noble bond of union between the people and the Crown: for a long time, indeed, the two went hand in hand together, and the partition was gradually effected. The Church struggled to preserve the *statum rerum*, and instituted military orders—the Templars, Knights of Malta, and others, which became very formidable bodies, and which it was hoped would stand pre-eminent in a military sense. But these very bodies—her military strongholds, if I may so express it—were more injurious to her than less shackled military powers, and became schismatic and even sceptical, in consequence of which and their undefined authority they had to be dissolved.

The Order of the Knights Templars was dissolved, their property confiscated, and the knights tortured to death in the most shocking way on the grand charge of "ophiolatria," or serpent-worship, a figure of a dragon being asserted to be their idol. Even assuming that the charge was a false one, yet it is clear that such a charge showed the knowledge of serpent-worship as a possible thing; so that so late as the period of the Templars serpent-worship

must have been known and understood, and formed a schism, as it did with the Ophites amongst the early Christians. The Templars met with most leniency in Britain, and it is by no means improbable that this arose from the dragon being a British badge,—even the worship may have been remotely retained, as the passing through the fire still is in the secluded valleys of the Highlands; or sympathy may have arisen from the feeling that retention of the dragon badge was not sufficient to imply the worship of it. On the other hand, the Templars were made up from the most ancient families in Europe, and some of these might only nominally have become Christians, and perhaps so even for the purpose of joining this renowned body, and might have carried their old and unreformed religion with them. The distance of time is slight between the Templars and ourselves, and the inference is that serpent-worship came down to very recent times in Europe, though not as an openly acknowledged religion.

As the dissolution of unity between the sacerdotal and knightly powers approached, there arose a good deal of confusion; ecclesiastics were often better soldiers than priests, while soldiers were often better Christians than the ecclesiastics.

Still for a long time there were mutual obligation and dependence; for when the lawless and profane plundered the people, and captured and imprisoned virtuous women, the knights of chivalry released them—an act which would have been worse than useless if such persons were, in those rough times, to be thrown again upon the clemency of other law-

less marauders, instead of being received in a hospitable refuge as they were in the nearest Christian domicile.

It was one thing to release half a dozen imprisoned damsels, another to provide them with safe and honorable resting-places.

Behind all this scenic effect and pageantry, however, was a question that agitated each party to the quick, viz. which should sway the sceptre through *regal* influence; and here the alternations became violent, and often murderous, as in the case of Thomas à Becket.

We may, I think, venture to assume from the preceding remarks that a great deal of our present freedom, and hence our civilisation, proceeded first from the union with, and subsequently the severance of, the military from the ecclesiastical element—in short, from chivalry; and this should be clearly kept in view, as it throws a great deal of light upon preceding events—events, indeed, which *produced* these results, and which, it seems to me, can be better understood by thus approaching them through their results than otherwise. Indeed, the course I am pursuing is one of steady retrospection, as a means of arriving at a clearer understanding of some of those matters now clouded in the mists of time; and I propose to examine the subject in that way for the purpose of trying to open some of those old thoroughfares of thought, long obstructed by the débris of historical events. Instead of beginning at a point which is, as a rule, always hurried over by historians, as one little understood, and from which they proceed to known facts, I propose to

proceed from known facts to those less understood, in order to see if they can be made clearer by that means. In taking this course I do not propose to search about for minor events in remote places, or to trust to any accidental circumstances to construct a theory, but to take only the grandest and most noble positions, and to trace the very cream of chivalry back into the past, along the highway of knighthood.

It will be admitted that the chivalric was purely a combative element, and also that it was in some way exclusively Arthurian. There appears evidence, indeed, that in the very age historically ascribed to Arthur, St. George was a known and revered personage, *i. e.* by the Anglo-Saxons, who it is by no means improbable had, while still pagans, their information of this celebrated person through Central Europe; whereas the Christianity of the Britons appears to have been much anterior, and to have pervaded the north and west of Britain in particular. But through this channel he was also known, and one of the banners said to have been carried before King Arthur himself was an embroidered figure of St. George.

If so, we can easily understand that with the supremacy of the Christianised Saxons the credit and fame of George as a Christian knight and hero simply would be used to obliterate that of Arthur, or at least to cause it to be quite localised. It does not appear that he was prominently brought forward; but, on the other hand, they rather quietly than noisily set Arthur's renown aside, and would be content at merely naming one of whom they

probably knew but little as a more ancient and renowned champion.

We find something of this even in Spenser's 'Red Cross Knight,' who "on his breast a bloodie cross he bore," who is *first* brought on the scene.

This sop given to the Saxon Cerberus, Spenser, who courted the favour of our great female Tudor, the glorious Queen Elizabeth, puts St. George altogether at the mercy of Arthur. The red cross knight is absolutely in the den of the dragon, conquered and in slavery, when Arthur, whose shield emulates the sun, slays the dragon and releases him, otherwise the story is the same (p. 39, v. 44; p. 38, v. 31; p. 42, v. 20).* Spenser was clearly drawing his ideas from an Egyptian source of the good and bad serpent deities, or from the contest of the Pictish and Gaelic dragons.

Donatello's statue of St. George at Florence represents him with the shield, on which the cross is engraven and placed in front of him.† And, in short, we can readily understand that the preservation of the reputation of Arthur would not have been considered a sacred duty by the Saxons; for, irrespective of the humiliation they are said to have received from the historical Arthur, it has been the custom of all conquering and dominant nations to suppress the honorable reputation of the deities, demi-gods, or heroes of those whom they subdued, a custom thoroughly in vogue in those early times. To give an example of this custom in Britain, I may quote

* Page 39, v. 44, Una relates her grief; page 38, v. 31, Arthur as Pendragon; page 42, v. 20, Arthur with his solar shield.

† Just agreeing with Spenser's idea.

the studied omission, as taken notice of by Mr. Thomas Innes,* by Scottish writers of the laudable hospitality extended by Kinoth, King of the Picts, to Alcred, King of Northumberland, in the year 774; and even the obliteration of his very name from the royal lists—not, as I have shown elsewhere, a solitary case. I think, therefore, we may trace in this country a species of rivalry between Arthur and St. George, which resulted in the supremacy of the latter as the patron saint.

But George, a mere man, evidently wanted support to outweigh his mysterious opponent, so a spiritual saint was brought in to overbear the necromantic reputation of Merlin and Arthur combined; and only those who have turned attention to the extreme tenacity with which the popular mind clings to the supernatural, and in particular to the *bad* supernatural, if I may so express it, which it fears, rather than to the descriptions of purity, which it not only does not dread, but with which it is ashamed to compare itself, and therefore in a sense shrinks from, can realise that the new power was, perforce, to be one of no ordinary reputation; nay, more, that there were characteristics and features which he must be possessed of to make him the proper person for the occasion. We begin to see here a political significance, and the religious supremacy of the saint over the dragon of paganism is mixed up with, if not replaced by, the supremacy over Pendragon, which, it would appear, was the emblem of the Britons and the special standard and device of King Arthur.

* Innes, p. 113.

It was the more difficult because Arthur, or the historical Arthur, at least, waged war as a Christian knight against the Saxons as *pagans;* and was, moreover, of irreproachable character in knightly honour and morals. As such an opponent could not be readily unseated, it is evident that the most politic measure was to throw doubt and mystery about his very existence, as, indeed, during his life was done about his origin, by those who, envious of his influence and goodness, sought and finally succeeded in overcoming him, though the attempt was fatal to his adversary.

That the British standard was a dragon in very ancient times is indicated in Drayton's 'Poly-Olbion:'*

"And from the top of Brith, so high and wondrous steep,
Where Dinas Emris stood, showed where the serpents fought,
The *White* that tore the *Red;* from whence the prophet wrought
The Briton's sad decay then shortly to ensue."

In this we appear to have the two standards of the Saxons and Cymry or other branches of the Celts; at all events, internecine Celtic strife or outward opposition. The White may, I think, be identified with the Gael or the Saxons from the following.

Tytler, in his 'History of Scotland,' writes thus in describing the Scotch paraphernalia:—"There were carried before the kings and nobles into battle rich banners, upon which the figures of a white horse, of a raven, or of a fighting warrior were

* See Tytler's 'Hist. of Scotland' as to the English dragon standard.

curiously wrought in gold, and not unfrequently decorated with jewels. In the Battle of the Standard (1138, David I) the royal Scottish banner was embroidered with the figure of a dragon, around which rallying point, when the day was going against them, the flower of the Scottish army crowded in defence of their sovereign."*

The raven of course is Scandinavian, the dragon Pictish, and the white horse would be generally set down to the Saxons. I consider this Gaelic also, because the Saxons were not horsemen; with the exception of their leaders, the Saxon warriors stand as infantry between the equine ancient Britons and Romans, and the Norman knights. True, the Saxons revered the white horse, but so did the Britons; and the preponderance is in favour of the latter, not only from their being horsemen, but also because, in the coins given by Camden, there are forty British with the horse and ten with dragons, and not one Saxon with either.

The Cymry extended as far north as to include Loch Lomond, and being the same as the Welsh, and the people of Cornwall, Devon, and part of Somerset, would probably have had the same device. The late Mr. George Chambers, author of "Caledonia," thought so, and even had an engraving made of what he considered the original ensign of Scotland, viz. a dragon, as I was informed by Dr. Laing, of the Signet Library in Edinburgh, who promised me, if he possibly could, to obtain a copy for me; but his own search in the Signet

* Tytler's 'Hist. of Scotland,' vol. ii, p. 423, ed. 1829.

Library and mine in the Advocates' Library have been unsuccessful, though he assured me he had several copies in some one of his books. Be this as it may, it is admitted that, as compared with England, Southern Scotland was occupied by the same people, has still the same Arthurian traditions, and lays claim to the special Arthurian localities bearing nearly the same names in the north and south; and this being so, it seems impossible to recognise it as Arthurland without recognising Arthur's emblem the dragon, although that part of the story seems less defined in the north in *tradition* than in the south. But though tradition is silent (*i. e.* if it be possible to divest Arthur of his dragons), yet in symbols the north is very prominent. While it is true we have no St. George, we have a host of northern knights represented in his exact position and action, as on the various seals before you. But more, royalty assumes its supremacy over the dragon, not through any saint or representative, but in the Crown itself, on the great seals of Scotland, those from Alexander III to Robert II being extremely demonstrative.

I must here express my thanks to that learned heraldic writer and artist, Mr. Henry Laing, of Edinburgh, who has kindly made these seals for me for your inspection, and which I have had enlarged on the diagrams.

Description of Seals.

The first royal Scotch seal we have on record is that of Duncan II, A.D. 1094; it is of imperfect preservation, and, as might be expected from its

date, crude in art; but it is at least an emblem of knighthood.

That of Edgar, four years later, represents the monarch sitting or legislating, and in this we find two indications which fast ripen into very remarkable symbols. Edgar was established king of the whole north country by his Saxon uncle, Edgar Atheling; he reigned undisturbed over his Celtic and Teutonic subjects, and his seal bears emblems which, as elucidated by those of his successors, indicate the Celtic dragon by the triple claw and by the round balls, the probably still retained emblem of the former Teutonic sun-worship; while superior to both are the *fleur-de-lis*—cross—sceptre, and the sword of conquest which introduced it.

Alexander I, A.D. 1107, is the first who shows on his seal the warrior knight *and* the legislating king. So far the banner has no device, unless the double and triple-pointed streamers indicate the dragon's tail, or the mouth and tongue. This is by no means imaginary, as the ensign Draconarius was used by the Romans in common with the eagle; and the dragon was the emblem of many nations conquered by them, Parthians, Dacians, and many others. It appears as such on Trajan's column, and in an ancient delineation resembles almost exactly the northern banner, the representation of which as an ordinary flag is, I think, a modern art error;* the fluttering of these dracontic points in the wind being a matter for notice, as they are graphically described in such language by Ammianus Marcellinus.

* Montfaucon, vol. iv, pl. xiv.

The round balls in the seal of Edgar now unmistakably represent the sun on each side of the monarch, and the influence in his reign was Teutonic.

This we may infer from David I, A.D. 1124, who adopted the same seal, and who passed his youth at the Court of England. Under his rule, Mr. Skene says, "the Celtic element became one to be controlled and kept down, and any attempt to vindicate ancient Celtic rights and privileges to be suppressed as rebellion against the Crown." But this must mean after his defeat by England in the "Battle of the Standard." Succeeded by his grandson, Malcolm IV, a minor, surnamed the "maiden," the suppressed Celtic element burst forth, and all the force of Ergadia, under Somerled, was brought to bear against the young king newly crowned, at Scone, in A.D. 1153. With the exception of the Earl of Fife, who, however, was connected with the older Celtic constitution, his great adherents turned against him. These he defeated, invading Galloway thrice, and made peace with Somerled, who was finally slain in a second attack upon him. He conciliated both sides after this, or at least attempted to do so, and restoring Donald, the son of Malcolm Macbeth, one of his prisoners, to freedom, gave him the earldom of Ross, but gave the lands of the earldom of Moray which Donald claimed to Norman barons. This trafficking with both procured him the character of weakness notwithstanding his successes. His symbols are immensely characteristic, for while he retained the same seal as in the two preceding reigns, with its Teutonic significance, his disposition to conciliate the Celts is given in as

graphic an illustration of serpent alliance and surroundings as the most prominent of the Egyptian, or of the Hindu symbols.

In 1165 William the Lion succeeded his brother Malcolm on the throne, and forthwith appeared a most extraordinary document. It is a document on the line of royal succession, and the whole list of Pictish kings previously recognised is studiedly omitted. This plain insult declared the policy of the new king to his northern subjects; while in the south the influence of England was as completely disregarded, the whole policy being to force into prominence the royal line of the Gaelic race, the pedigree of William being given through a long list of mythic Irish kings—the people, indeed, most closely allied to the nation of Arthur, and pursuing the same politico-religious course. The genealogy is traced up to Scota, daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt. Twenty-two years afterwards a second chronicle appeared, in which the Pictish kings are restored, but in this case, as subsequent in date to the kings of Dalriada, producing almost the same effect, namely, the primacy of the Gaelic race. Meanwhile, however, great events had taken place.

It is only necessary to look at the seal of William the Lion to see all this feeling clearly portrayed. Its stern severity, divested of every emblem, shows distinctly a breaking away from all alliances, and a determination to rule only with the sword. The reverse is quite as expressive; painfully rigid without a single ornament, and not even a device on the shield, it is emphatic as the words "no quarter." He invaded England, but was taken prisoner, and

was released on surrendering the independence of his kingdom. It is not my intention to enter into the fluctuations and disputes this act and the restoration of that independence gave rise to; but the object of the second chronicle to which I have referred was to show an antiquity in the race of Scottish kings which should place them too far off to admit the argument of primacy of unity in British rule claimed by England, and by which England claimed supremacy. Nor does it appear to have been without effect, as England, two years after the document appeared, restored to Scotland its independence for a fine.

This was endeavoured to be made impressive on the accession of Alexander III, who, with his predecessor Alexander II, assumed the lion as a badge, and from that moment used the most powerfully expressive symbols to show that the Pictish, Celtic element was crushed.

Alexander III introduces a beautifully enriched seal, which brings before us a new feature, and almost raises up the counterpart of St. George and the Dragon.

We have already seen that the Scottish royal descent was traced in imagination to Scota, daughter of the King of Egypt, but the tradition of Pharaoh's daughter being pursued by the dragon is prevalent throughout the Highlands,—in other words, the contest of the Picts with the Scots, the Picts still retaining their national emblem, which appears to have been derived from the East or Egypt before being used by the Scots. The Gnostics also retained the serpent emblem. And now that the Picts were

to be represented as crushed, the Scottish king sits on his regal chair with each foot upon a dragon,—curiously enough, or studiedly as the case may be, the precise position of Horus, the son of Osiris and Isis, who has under his feet two crocodiles as dragons. John Balliol assumes the sceptre as his only emblem, but takes the badge of the lion on his knightly shield; as he threw off his allegiance to England, he of course needed the whole Celtic support, and we find no serpent or dragon *subjugation* under his feet.

Bruce, too martial to seek assistance, placed very modestly two little snakes under his feet, apparently for merely keeping up a precedent; and lest the Celtic Picts should feel aggrieved he raised the dragons to surround his shield. He then attacked and defeated the English, and feeling his full power, atoned for laxity on that point by the most florid exhibition of the subjugation of the Pictish element, his very throne consisting of subjugated dragons. For, his brother taking the throne of Ireland, it became necessary to show the Scottish line direct from there without Pictish alliance.

His son, David II, confirmed this symbolism. Edward Balliol drove David from the throne. To do this he would of course seek the friendship of David's *least* friendly subjects, and we find his seal perfectly free from any such device.

Robert Stewart, in a most beautiful seal, restored it; but here for the first time it appears probably as a heraldic ornament, for although the debased dragons are unmistakable, he introduces the serpent

in his inscription on the reverse, and from this date, 1390, it disappears altogether.

It seems impossible that, as with every rise and fall of the Pictish influence, the dragon appears and disappears, to conclude that the dragon was accidental, or did not represent that influence. Hence I think we may fairly assume that, in common with some other northern nations, the pagan Pictish device was a dragon or serpent, and that the suppressing it by the Christian Gaelic princes was an operation entirely of the Arthurian class. It is clear that it was no accident, but a custom of the times, for Edward I, who tyrannised dreadfully in Scottish matters, treated the Scotch lion in the same way on his seal.

Mr. Thomas Innes and others recount the various authorities who assert that the Picts were so called from painting themselves over with pictures of *various animals*, and it seems to me that amongst these the dragon would be prominent, as the serpent was with the North American Indians.

From the manipulation, suppression, and destruction of documents between the Scots and Picts, and the Scots and English, it is extremely difficult to prove many positions that, however, are reasonably arrived at, but the valuable monuments preserved by John of Fordun help us to often fair conclusions.

Although it hardly concerns my special subject, I must in justice mention the symbolism of the Stewarts, which, while perhaps of a less heroic caste, indicated a wiser and juster policy. Their symbolism, prior to Mary, is wholly indicative of

paternal government, steadfastness, and durability; and here political symbolism ceases, as in this family English and Scottish and Pictish interests were combined, concurrent with their avoidance of the suppressed dragon. The Tudors conformably revived it, the great seal of Elizabeth showing the Welsh dragon, which is now burlesqued into the unicorn.

In the age of Mary symbolism was carried to an extent of fancy which divested it of its previous meaning, and combined Arthurian, Phœnician, Celtic, Teutonic, and Greek and Roman classical emblems, with either a very fluctuating or, perhaps, no political significance whatever. At this period the Celtic dragon is given on the seal of Mary as a unicorn.

Not only did the national opposition of Celt and Saxon exist after the Christianising of the latter, but the differences of churches, though of the same general faith, distinguished and divided Christian Britain, the Saxons deriving their Christianity from Italy, the Cymry from an apparently Oriental source, conveyed to Ireland at some remote and not very clearly defined period. That the Irish Christians were those who introduced the new religion into Britain appears from the fact of frequent and direct intercourse between the Cymry of Wales, South-western England, and Southern Scotland, as the Scotch, *i. e.* the Irish Gael, occupied the western shores of the coast of Wales.* It appears to me that the original Christianity of the Irish Scots, which they conveyed to North Britain, was of the

* 'Arthurian Localities,' p. 21.

same type as that which subsequently became consolidated in a less pure form as the Greek Church, and that it proceeded direct from Asia Minor or Egypt, or both.

Indeed, we find that in a very early settlement of Christians at Glastonbury, where St. Patrick figures prominently, it was Egyptian. In such a case we may be sure it would bring Egyptian symbolism with it, and if so it would at first find fruitful ground, and everything in early Irish Christianity is highly symbolical of dragon and serpent worship, or of its subjugation.

I cannot doubt that there was an actual and historical King Arthur, and that it was this historical personage, who figured somewhere about the period assigned to him in his wars with the Saxons, that was prominently brought forward in the restoration of the "Round Table" about the time of the Norman conquest, and resuscitated in the famous Order of the Garter, although in this case the name of George took the place of Arthur, as more welcome to the English; and I think the reasoning of Mr. Skene and of Mr. John Stuart Glennie, as to such a warlike prince fighting his battles in what is now Southern Scotland, along the line of the Roman wall, quite sufficient for their purpose; and I go with the latter in his impression that the King Arthur of poetry was a brightly coloured picture of a *pre*-mediæval personage and corresponding events, and am quite willing to be convinced, nay, upon other grounds than any yet shown, or than any which I shall adduce to-night, to prove the probability of the north having been the cradle of Arthurian story,

and I only differ from them because I go still further than they do.

I cannot consider that all the events refer to one person. While, indeed, we have a legend in Skye which carries such tradition even farther north, I cannot think that all that has been said and written of King Arthur in the south is either, on the one hand, pure invention, or, on the other, misappropriation. Nor do I see how the plain but blunt and honest Cymric leader, as Mr. Glennie describes him, could have left his kingdom in Britain, and yet figured so far south as we find him doing on the Continent. I think the matter is capable of explanation thus. The name of Arthur was a name of renown and of considerable antiquity. In the struggles of the new religion with paganism deadly animosity must have been frequently aroused, and a chief or prince who became a convert would not unfrequently find himself antagonistic to his neighbours, but often also to his own people and to his blood relations, who would undoubtedly try to remove him. In such a case it would become necessary for him to take the field and to advocate his new religion by the sword; and I think it by no means improbable that there was an order or confraternity of such princes, whose distinctive names, while retained by their own *clans*, were merged in the Arthurian or Christian chivalry into which they were admitted. All was done under the name of King Arthur, who was invoked as St. George later on, or any other patron saint of a people engaged in a religious war, and that Arthur was to the Christian Briton as complete a cover as Brahma or Buddha to the

Indians, and was invoked to avoid bringing the more *sacred name into common use.* By this means the apparent ubiquity of Arthur and his somewhat uncertain era are both accounted for.

This may perhaps appear clearer if we look up some points not hitherto considered, for in all such histories we have only certain prominent features or outlines.

I have already mentioned a remarkable tradition in Skye, and that takes us to a very remote quarter, but one in the high road from the land shown by Mr. Skene and others to have been occupied by the Cymry—the Arthurian nation. Now if we go to Southern England, that is Glastonbury, the supposed place of Arthur's burial according to the traditions of the south, or if we go to France, the supposed place of Arthur's burial according to the traditions of Armorica, we find in each a prominent mound,—St. Michael's Mount in the one case, Glastonbury Tor in the other. Near each is a celebrated island, which bears in both cases the same name, that of Avalon, in France Aiguilon, where, again, in each case Arthur is said to have been buried. But the Tor at Glastonbury is dedicated to St. Michael, so that we have in each case St. Michael's Mount and the island of Avalon.

Moreover, rightly or wrongly (and I am not now going to enter into that question), we have at Carnac, near Mount St. Michael, a vast serpentine arrangement of stones, which is esteemed by some to have been a serpent deity; while on Glastonbury Tor we have what has never yet been, I believe, drawn attention to, a vast serpentine causeway, in

the form of a most perfect reptile. St. Michael, the representative of the true faith, is *par excellence* the subduer of the serpent and his worship, and in each of these places occupies, as it were, the very head of the serpent. There can be no question as to the stones at Carnac having been connected with religious rites, and the figure of the serpent is to be found rudely carved on several stones in their vicinity. I venture, therefore, to assume that here was a god of the ancient Celtic people. The serpent on the Tor must be seen between Street and Glastonbury to be understood. For comparatively small mounts nothing can be much more impressive and imposing than these two hills, the latter especially for processions. That at Glastonbury is so striking that, with the peculiar topographical features of Palestine, and the closely agreeing ones of Scotland in the vicinity of ancient places of interment, &c., in my remembrance, I felt certain on seeing it that it was in ancient times an object of worship. Without dwelling on the fact of tradition informing us that the Beltain fires once burned on its summit, I looked about for evidences of a different kind. I traversed the whole district—a very extensive one, and from all points this impressive mount is the one great feature: the vast camps of Cadbury or Camelot, Compton Dundon, Maesbury, Brent Knoll, and others enclose it in a *cordon* of protecting forts; while along the old road known as the Roman road to Old Sarum, but which was originally an undoubted British way, are serpentine arrangements of sepulchral burrows looking down upon the mound bearing this vast serpentine causeway. Cadbury or

Camelot is noted for the natural serpentine forms in its hilly vicinity, which latter approach very much to the living moraine in the present time. The word is Celtic, and indicative of windings:

"Let Camel of her course and curious windings boast."

But the great wood known as Selwood, to the east of Glastonbury, has something remarkably important in its name. Various meanings have been given to the name, too well known for me to repeat them here; but so certain did I feel that they only expressed some modern meanings which the Roman and the Saxon had turned into obliterations of the original, that I did not rest till I had found a local meaning for the great wood. Dropping the s, which appears to me to have arisen from the possessive case, Els-wood, afterwards for ease called Selwood, I find the El in the local ancient dialect is equivalent to angel, and in the Syriac and Hebrew to "god." It is found with some slight local variations in the various Celtic dialects. Hence the wood of the god.

In the neighbouring county of Dorset is a vast sculptured figure, 180 feet high, of great antiquity, often referred to in the neighbourhood and by antiquaries acquainted with the locality by the title of El or Eli, which, with Helstone or Elstone further west in Cornwall, appears to me reasonable evidence. Here, then, was the wood of the god, hence the god.

Now in Scotland all these features appear to be wanting; but they are not so. In the direct line from the Loch Lomond of the Cymry to Skye, with its remarkable legend, is a loch which bears the

same name, popularly called Loch Nell, as variously translated as Selwood. Dr. Richmond, who has been kindly aiding me in my researches, gave me the old Gaelic as Loch na aill, again the loch of the angel or god. Close by this is a gigantic serpentine mound, and leading to it a serpentine stone avenue, combining, therefore, the features of both Carnac and Glastonbury. In the head of this serpent mound is a sepulchral chamber, formed of vast blocks of granite; and between this and Loch Lomond lies Loch Awe, and in it an island celebrated for the berries or apples which grow there, a precise equivalent to Avalon (the isle of apples), alike in France and South Britain. The island was traditionally guarded by a huge serpent or dragon, slain by Fruoc. The Gaelic poem, well translated by Mr. Hamerton, relates this, and how the knight in his endeavour to win a lady slays the dragon, and dies from the encounter himself. The sepulchral serpent mound is, it appears to me, the grave of this hero, and towering above all are the vast cones of that sublime mountain Cruachan. Here, then, are the same precise features in France, Scotland, and Southern England, all in Celtic localities; this alone was wanting to complete the Arthurian features in Scotland.

The evidence points to all such localities as places of great pagan occupation and worship; and as it is impossible to suppose that all the British or Celtic people were *uniformly* converted to the Christian faith—that is, not all at the same period, as indeed the history of mankind tends to prove the great natural longing for ceremonies of the

pagan style of worship, and the fierce encounters and desperate bloodshed where the opposite religions came in contact—I am constrained to think that there must have been a season of terrible religious internecine warfare in the British nation. The desperate and bloody struggle on the isle of Mona between the Romans and leaders of the Celtic religion proves how severely they were disposed to contest this point; and although they no longer openly opposed the Roman military power or the Roman pagan deities, they were not, as I think it will be admitted that no people ever yet were, *converted* by the sword. Passive such may be, tacitly they may behold or even join in the enforced and obligatory worship; but it would be at best like the follower bowing in the house of Rimmon, and not as a matter of conviction.

If this be so, we have then two great periods and conditions to account for, that of semi-Celtic, semi-Roman paganism, and the period from the introduction of Christianity into Ireland and West Britain (which appears to have been of very early date, and which clings to all the churches of the west and north still), up to the time when the Saxons became themselves permanently Christian. During these periods, so long as the Britons offered no opposition of force to the Roman government and no insult to their gods, the Britons would certainly have been unmolested in the *quiet* and private celebration of any religious rites, especially in the remote districts which are indicated by Arthurian localities. Nay, many Romans would have joined them from a similarity if not identity of

worship of some of their deities, as, indeed, we find was the case.

There is abundant evidence of the worship of Mithras, which includes both sun and serpent worship, by the Romans in Britain, and still more of worship to the gods of the *locality*, and therefore to the ancient gods of the country; and it seems probable that in these Celt and Roman would have joined. It is certain that we find many sacred British remains unmolested where the Romans have left evidence of location. The Romans occupied and endeavoured to denationalise the strongholds and military resorts of the Britons, and only attacked the Druids because of their inflaming military opposition. And it is not probable that a polytheistic nation would object to the worship of gods other than their own, but rather, in the case of the Romans, that they would amalgamate the new deities in their own pantheontic list, more especially where they bore a close resemblance, if not identity, as the sun, the serpent, and deities having attributes so closely allied that Cæsar could name their deities after the Roman gods as Mercury, Apollo, &c., purely from the similarity of their functions and that over which they presided.

A paper of this brevity allows no scope for quotations, and I have endeavoured by illustration through diagrams to supply much that quotations effect.

A celebrated monument found at York, and still preserved there, gives the whole ceremony of Mithras stabbing the bull, with the usual attendant serpent and other emblems; a portion of a sculptured Mithras and bull has been found at Chester, and

Mithraic monuments at many other places, amongst others in Cambeck Fort in Cumberland.

On diagram 4, I have given a Roman altar found at Tynemouth, and now at Newcastle, on which are evidences of serpent and sun worship. But the word *Cambeck* induces me to draw your attention to the prominent introduction of this word in all Arthurian places.

Now Cam, Cambus, Camus, Kaimes, &c., mean crooked, winding, sinuous,—in short, serpentine; and we have the most striking evidences of the selection of Arthurian localities from such natural features or the creation of such artificial forms in those localities as several of my diagrams exhibit.

It appears to me, then, that the first princes and chiefs who embraced Christianity in the west and north, both in France and Britain, enforced the new religion on their non-consenting subjects and even neighbouring clans by the sword, and particularly at those places where the old worship was conducted; that they banded together for this purpose, or pursued the enforcement of their new doctrine independently, as a species of religious knight-errantry, under a title generally recognised as indicative of valour, honour, and chastity,—in short, a high code of morality. That there were probably "Round Tables" of a higher and lower degree; the first composed of princes of similar rank, who only seldom met, such being necessarily secret societies, the knowledge of which appears to have been handed down to the date of the Order of the Garter by tradition, and appearing again in 1356 in something like the same form, viz. the Germanic constitution

known as the "Golden Bull," by which seven electors nominated the Emperor, and which still crops up in the occasional unity of the crowned heads of Europe. The second belonging to each prince as the head, with a confraternity of his own knights and nobles to surround it; and though at first secret, cropping up again in times of emergency in the reigns of Ina, King of the West Saxons, Offa, King of the Mercians, Ethelbert, and others, till Alfred, the Arthur of his day, ordained the meeting twice in the year, in words like Arthur's own, that the members "should keep themselves from sin, and receive or aid the right;" hence the palatinates of England and our two Houses of Parliament. The places selected for meeting would, no doubt, often be the scenes of their successes at the pagan places of worship; hence those places, once devoted to the Beltine fires and sun-worship, would be named after the introducer or enforcer of the new religion, and would perpetuate the fame of Arthur and his Round Table, and become popularly described as the table itself.

Evidences accumulate as we proceed with the investigation, and the limits of a single paper are not sufficient to record them; but it is important that they should be noted as far as possible by the observer, as from constant removal and destruction of relics they are becoming continually fainter. Of these, some of the most remarkable indicate a custom the evidences of which are not yet obliterated in Rome, though they are nearly so in Britain. The great highway south from Rome, the highway towards the sun at his height, which to a sun-

worshipping people must have been a *via sacra*, is lined even to this day with the great tombs—I had almost said tomb temples—of the dead. Mr. Thomas Wright informs us that the road leading out from the west side of London, which he describes as "the grand route to the west of Britain," had on each side the sepulchral monuments of the great; this was apparently a pretty general custom amongst the pagans, and we have something very similar in Oriental sun-worshipping nations. The south and the west would be the most appropriate directions for such a purpose: the one especially with a people using the rites of cremation, a tendering of the dust of the beloved to him who had claimed the spirit, and offered to him on his highest throne, *i. e.* at his greatest elevation; the other indicative of his having departed with the spirit into the darkness of the west.

The great western road would either directly or by one of its branches have led the traveller to Old Sarum, in the neighbourhood of the great sun and serpent temples of Stonehenge and Avebury. Its continuation, the road from Old Sarum up to Weston-super-Mare, is still traceable, and is marked on the Ordnance maps. Along this road, as I have already stated, are the remains of the sepulchral monuments, which, like those on the Via Appia and Via Latina, near Rome, lined the course of the living through the tombs of the dead, we find a number of beautifully serpentine arrangements of early British barrows, as their contents, the variegated glass beads so like the Egyptian, clearly show. Those still remaining—and some have been

removed even last year (six out of a beautiful group of seven)—all point to most remarkable objects,—the White Horse and its vast camp at Westbury, the great Glastonbury Tor, and the impressive serpentine passage between the Cheddar cliffs.

Cheddar, it appears, is the same as Cadre, applied to Cadre Idris in Wales, and indicates the chair or seat of sublimity. The Cheddar Pass might be termed, and would no doubt be in the eyes of the nature-worshipper, a vast natural intaglio sculpture of a serpent in length, from the great serpentine arrangement of barrows at Black Down, which it nearly reaches by a beautifully green winding gorge after the road is left, through which runs a clear stream, which mysteriously disappears and reappears at the serpent's mouth at Cheddar; it would measure about the extent of the great stone avenue at Carnac in Brittany. This disappearing and again reappearing river would to the sun or nature worshipper realise the river or ocean of *night*, by which Arthur was, as mentioned further on, conveyed in his wounded, death-like state to the isle of Avalon, agreeing exactly with the Egyptian boat of the sun, sailing back to the place of rising—*inverted*, as though sailing round the globe at the antipodes, opening a grand question of how nearly they approached the knowledge of the earth being a sphere, and the dark valley in which, in Hesiod's poems, the dragon received the sun in the Hesperides. The evident reference to the non-setting or midnight sun of the north must have come through Scythian traditions.

Here nature deals in the most fanciful and horrible, and yet graphic likeness of the human figure and countenance, to say nothing of every animal resemblance in the stalactite caverns, one only of the latter of which I introduce. Here were natural caves fitted for Mithraic worship, with nature's sculptures to adorn them. Here the most vast and terrible forms to be propitiated. Here the miraculous and disappearing and again rising river, which in olden days, before the Roman invasion was a locality, plainly proved by the bone caves in the Mendips to have been one occupied by earliest settlers, probably of the Celtic race. In the vicinity, as in Brittany and in Northern Argyllshire, are vast monuments of a prehistoric people, whose similar monuments I have found extending down to Auvergne in Central France. These, in short, were the great pagan strongholds, to be overcome and reduced by the new religionists, the great seats of sun and serpent worship, the good and evil deities of the pagan nature-worshippers.

One more point. The great Arthurian battles, whether in the north or in the south, are given as *twelve*. Nothing is more probable than that the sun-worshippers, who we find were highly astronomical, had distinct ceremonies for each month in the year, as the new moon feasts of the East seem to parallel. The worship had to be put down root and branch, piece by piece, festival by festival, and that would give us just twelve such battles,—in short, an overthrow of each special ceremony. I find that Arthur, after receding southward in, let us say, *the winter solstice* —for the name of the great militant regenerator

would soon cover alike all his actions and the events; in short, he would be identified with what he was mixed up in, whether for or against,—after receding to the south or south-west—Armorica—he returns and wages war against his enemies. He rises, may I say? at the extreme east of Britain, Richborough in Kent, pursues his course westward to Winchester, fights and pursues all the way to Cornwall, where in a great struggle he is mortally wounded—may I say sets? and is conveyed mysteriously and in darkness again *eastward* through the great lake to Avalon, where he is buried in secrecy, but with the certainty of his rising again duly prophesied. Northward, *i. e.* in Scotland, he pursues an opposite course, and his conquests are nearly consecutive from west to east; but it will be remembered that traditions, the farther we go north, are governed by the great luminary. There he is triumphant in reducing his obscuration, and in a certain latitude overcoming it altogether on his course from west to east, *i. e.* at night; and no doubt this was the line of ceremony, if I may so express it, adopted from the Clyde to the Forth.

All the great Celtic monuments when they are examined indicate the east and west, or *vice versâ*. The island of Arran is divided in that way, so are Knapdale and Kantyre, Ardnamurchan, &c.

In the very elaborate and carefully studied work just published by Dr. P. Hately Waddell (to whom I am indebted for a recognition of my own somewhat arduous researches), entitled 'Ossian and the Clyde,' the progress of the Fingalian conquests lies in the same direction towards the Forth; and

without going into the question of the authenticity of the poems, which is ably argued out by Dr. Waddell, I may say that I have no more doubt about an actual Ossian than I have of an actual Arthur; nay, more, from his being described* as witnessing the religious rites of the Scandinavian gods, Brumo and Loda, with contempt, and *defying* their machinations *with the sword*, I am constrained to look on the Fingals and their descendant Ossian as the first of those bearing the banner of a new religion, though as yet very indefinitely understood, who, without adopting the Arthurian title, which was probably not at that date assumed, attempted to put down the old pagan worship by the sword. Time will not permit me to point out the curious relations mentioned by Mr. J. Stewart Glennie between the Arthurian and Fingalian traditions, the latter being applicable to Ireland; but I know from personal examination that in the vicinity of the latter are vast and terrible natural appearances, as of the human form, like those my diagrams show in Cheddar and Auvergne.

But Ireland recalls the story of St. Patrick and the serpents or dragons which he overcame; these were evidently serpent-worshippers. As I have shown elsewhere, the dragon of St. George or St. Michael was the dragon of the pagan religion; knighthood and chivalry were as old or older than history; witness the combats between Roman warriors and knights on horseback with the lance, the exact parallels of modern encounter.

The combat between Aruns, a son of Tarquin,

* Waddell, p. 342.

and the consul, L. Junius Brutus, in which both as armed knights ran each other through with the lance, reads like a modern tournament encounter; as also that of Herminius and Mamilius. Metino, the Latin general, in his challenge to the Roman knights, attacked and slain by the youthful Titus Manlius, sounds like the story of David and Goliath.

And modern chivalry was merely a revival; Alexander's youthful fame arose from the management of an unruly horse, and the centaurs and Amazons take us far back to no sham tournaments.

These, however, are modern stories; the real Amazons were Indian. We may go back to more historical persons of easier identity, as when fair Helen describes to aged Priam her natural brother Castor as "*the skilful knight on horse.*" Or even to the Aryan, perhaps Scythian-Celtic conquests in India, described in the Mahá-Bhárata, in which is an account of a chariot tournament which brings before us the ancient British prowess with the chariot, and the dazzling scenes of Ilium. In the great war of Bhárat, in the Indian poem, Arjuna, clad in golden mail, achieves wonders with sword, bow, and chariot. We have here also the same serpent-worship and attendant features that is found still in India, and was so prominent among the Greeks and Celtic people. The features in the accounts of Krishna and Apollo are very similar, and my opinion is that the original mystic Arthur is an Oriental,—indeed, is figured in 'Arjuna' with his high code of chivalry. He dies in the same way when, after the destruction of his great enemy Duryodhana,

who had insulted his wife Draupadi, he is going to Mount Meru after the decline of his power.

Cæsar describes the condition of the Britons in words that would almost equally have suited the people of Rome in its early days; there were two classes only, the upper being divided into just what we have been considering, the priesthood and knights—precisely the two characteristics of a church militant seen in St. George and Arthur. We have referred to the personal encounters of the Roman knights; such encounters sometimes took place between the Romans and knights of other armies, and amongst others the Gauls. The Gauls were the older nation, and it seems probable that they introduced the custom.

The Gallic warriors of Britain were masters in horsemanship, and could only have maintained their warlike equine adroitness by continual practice, while the custom in all warlike nations of combats between chiefs leads to the conclusion that knightly encounters were early events in this country.

That the Arthurian or ancient British code of moral chivalry was much admired, both by the Normans and English, there can be no doubt, from the estimation in which the round table was held at the Conquest and the institution of the Order of the Garter. But it is manifest that there were obstacles to its nominal introduction, although its high principles were as evidently acted on.

Finally, St. George and his dragon is but an artistic ideality of the triumph of skill over a pagan barbarian in its military aspect, as shown on diagram 6, being a device repeatedly found on Roman

monuments in Britain, though most unfairly applied to British knights, while in its religious aspect it is certainly the triumph of truth over error.

Of the Mahá-Bhárata.

History is conveyed to us through poetry. The grand poems of India take us, indeed, far into the past. They are themselves but a collection of oral traditions of evidently great previous antiquity; and the poems themselves, or at least the dates of their heroes—as Rama, for instance—were supposed by Sir William Jones to have existed upwards of 2000 years before our era, though placed by other writers at from 1000 to 2000 years.

The events in the poems of the Poet Laureate and in those of the Mahá-Bhárata will be seen by a slight reference to be very similar. The latter and the Rámáyana carry us back to just such an age as Arthur is represented to be trying to restore—where all was virtue, and therefore full of joy, and where abundance reigned as a consequence. (See extract, Canto 6, "The King," and vol. i, Mahá-Bhárata.)

The whole history of Arjuna is a counterpart of that of Arthur. If, as I have assumed, Arthur, either in name or person, was a figure of an ardent enforcer of the worship of a pure religion, and in the name of his deity of a high code of morals, we find Arjuna described as the friend and kinsman of the god Krishna, whose identity with Apollo, the sun-god, has already been mentioned. Arjuna is described as "fitted in every way for high deeds."

Then, again, the position of supremacy of a

superior, a relative of Arjuna's, was effected by the latter. A perfectly "white horse," which is distinctly identified with the sun, is set to run its course; no restraint is put upon it, but it is left to run its own course, and all must follow where it goes. In every country where it goes the people and their rulers must give adoration, or be coerced by the terrible darts of Arjuna. The journey lasts for a year, and leads to hitherto unknown regions and people. The adventures are *twelve*, in each case the same in number. Popular expression seems to have connected the true Arthur with the sun, although that is a position really pertaining to the mystical Arthur. The historical Arthur or Arthurs, it seems to me, endeavoured to *overcome* this worship; but assuming the earlier position, it is clear that his queen would have represented the moon. It was the infidelity of Guinivere that caused his disasters, and in result his wound by his relative Modred. But we find a son of Arjuna, after swearing fealty, in open rebellion, the two fight personally, as in the case of Arthur and Modred, and the son severs Arjuna's *head* from his body with a *crescent-shaped arrow*, but the sun-god Krishna foretells that all will be right in the end. Then follows the distress and wailing of the women, Chitrángadá and Ulúpi:* so like the following.

" . . . . And from them rose
A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come since the making of the world."

* See pp. 410, 411, and index, 'Hist. of India,' Wheeler.

But Ulúpi, remembering that the *serpents* possessed a jewel which would restore Arjuna to life, sent off to the *lower world* for it. Here a great *serpent* nation is discovered. After consultation the jewel is not given; hosts are led into the nether world, and the serpent Raja coerced, and at the request of Krishna he consents to apply the charm to Arjuna. It restores him to life, "healed of all his wounds:"

". . . . I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if, indeed, I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion,
* * * * *
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So far the course of the white horse, which had a saffron-coloured tail and a black spot on its right ear, and on the forehead of which was a gold plate inscribed with the royal name of him whose supremacy Arjuna enforced, had been towards the *south*—may I say the *winter solstice?* Now, however, he proceeds northwards, and all the Rajas submit, and join Arjuna with their armies; and it passed the northern mountain, and reached the sea, and "entered it," and then again rose out of the sea after an interval. It still pursued its course northwards, passing along the mountain Sumaru. Here a glorious triumph awaits it: the enemy of Arjuna, and of him whom he represents, falls dead before it, but a "new life" is given him, and henceforth he adores Krishna and follows Arjuna; and Arjuna, with a magnificent retinue, comes to the city of him whose service he has been enforcing. And Krishna, the sun-god, goes forth to meet him, and then the great sacrifice

of the white horse, the Aswamedha, was celebrated.

The worship of the white horse had reached to the far isle of Britain—why should not the fame of its great follower, Arjuna, have come with it? The Greeks identified it with the cherubim, as in Hesiod's "Theogony in Eden." This all appears Indo-European; the whole story seems to have come over with the Indo-European languages, and the very course of its travel can be traced. The reverence for the white horse appears in almost all the Aryan faiths, and almost always associated with (either for or against) the serpent; while very similar impersonations abound in the early Latin and Etruscan mythologies of pre-Roman Italy, whose presiding serpent deity my friend Mr. Newman has graphically outlined. The superstition infected the apostate kings of Judah, who erected horses to the sun in the temple, which Josiah removed with other pagan idols.*

In the serpent city we find one serpent, Seshanaga, having a thousand heads—the origin, it appears to me, of *Pen*dragon; while the mystic magician Merlin is found in Vyása, the raiser of that wondrous vision on the banks of the Ganges, where all the dead slain in the great war of the Mahá-Bhárata were restored to the loving eyes of parents, children, spouses, and friends, the "leaders" in full armour seated in their chariots, and ascending out of the waters with all their armies arrayed as they were on the first day of the Mahá-Bhárata. All appeared in great glory and

* 2 Kings xi, 23.

splendour, and more beautiful than when they were alive; and all came with their own horses and chariots and banners and arms. And every one was in perfect friendship with the others, for enmity had departed from among them. Here appears to me certainly the triumph of the non-setting sun of the north.

Here was the esoteric condition which the later mysteries vainly strove to emulate!

But does the matter rest there?

Is chronology or mundane latitude a bound for such thoughts?

Do we not feel with Keats on this point, that we are—

> "Like some watcher of the skies,
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific with a wild surmise,
> *Silent,* upon a peak in Darien"?

Where is the naked barbarian from which it is argued we have emerged, and gradually heaped up civilisation? where the crude ideas and low superstition from which this wonderful thing which we are has *eliminated* and *fabricated to itself, as its mental wants demanded,* a highly cultivated and civilised religion? Are such ideas—and they are the most *ancient* we can find—low and barbarous, or even crude and undefined? Are they not all mind, all soul, all poetry? These early poems are as unburdened with the paraphernalia of artistic religion as they are with the gross idolatry of the idol-making savage.

The happy age they take us back to is not one of

naked savagery, but of a prosperity we vainly strive after—a civilisation we shall never attain; where the very artisans—for there was no listless idleness—were clad in pure garments, and decorated with ornaments of pure gold and jewels; where every man was true to his neighbour, and every spouse faithful and honest. Art is indeed spoken of, and of a high class,—resplendent armour, gorgeous apparel, magnificent chariots, but spoken of in a higher tone after being sublimated—after sinking below and then rising from the great waters; no laboured philosophy of metempsychosis in those early days, but a simple sinking into and rising again from the dark waters in resplendent light.

Do we not see in this a close approach to that purity from which man fell, and a promise of a redemption—a very counterpart, in short, of the Hebrew, but poetically rendered? There is simplicity, I grant, but it is the simplicity of absence from guile,—in other words, simple as purity itself.

There is one point, however, that differs from the Hebrew—namely, the pure garments and golden ornaments of every grade; but in the Indian poems this is evidently derived from the traditions of the brilliancy of the seraphic hosts, whose dazzling grandeur and sublime appearance could only be described in earthly language as brilliancy of armour, golden jewels, and shining raiment; hence the seraph, and the fiery serpent of the serpent-worshippers become identical. It was such a man who intercepted Joshua—such glistening raiment that was seen in the Transfiguration. This was the brilliancy which, like a flaming sword, could

no longer be looked on by eyes of the fallen ones.

No doubt there was a historical Arjuna, as there was a historical Arthur; but these were the mere blocks of marble, the mere lay figures, the mechanical canvas, as, in a higher sense, was the sun, on which, as a sort of artificial memory, the keepers of the oral faith hung and arranged their sublime traditions, and which from that moment lost half their beauty by their association with historical and degenerate personages. The primal poems, with their armour and weapons, their chariots and their knighthood, spoke of the battle of life, the battle of virtue against vice, the hope of a sure reward, and a restoration to glory under one great and single conquering arm.

The pale horse is identified with the moon, and here a subtlety arises between solar worship and sabian worship, which the limits of this paper do not allow me to enter upon. In the ninth strophe of the 117th hymn of the first book of the Rig-vedas the *mystic horse kills the monster serpent*—a legend which, while it recalls to our minds the figure of the most important promise, certainly could not have more graphic illustrations than those shown on my diagrams of the monuments of Somersetshire,—supported, indeed, by a similar graphic illustration in Berkshire, where the white horse is represented as rushing in fiery haste in the direction of the distant serpent temple of Avebury in Wiltshire.

The terms being *wounded* and *dying* are, in the Mahá-Bhárata, unmistakably applied to the setting

and passing away into darkness both of the sun and the moon, as under the form of two brothers enamoured of a beautiful nymph (Aurora) they fight so long and desperately that both perish miserably, and die in the night. And the Râmâyana refers to the descended sun as *passing from the western to the eastern ocean*, in the ocean *of night*, in the grotto, or in the *darkness*—the precise course taken by Arthur, who was then enclosed in the grotto or cave of Avalon.

"So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan,
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs."

NOTES UPON PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MARY STUART DURING HER CAPTIVITY IN ENGLAND, 1569—1571.

BY HERBERT J. REID, ESQ., F.S.A., LIBRARIAN R.S.L.

[Read June 26th, 1895.]

VOLUME upon volume has been written respecting the unfortunate Mary Stuart (for whatever views one may hold respecting her, either as a woman or as a queen, unfortunate, both in her life and in her death, all will at the present day allow she was), and at first sight it would almost seem as if there was nothing more to be said or written respecting her.

Her life and actions have ever been fruitful subjects for criticism and controversy. Moralists, political adherents and adversaries, partisans of the Church of Rome and of the Reformed Church, have all of them disputed and wrangled respecting her every action, almost her every thought; and to such an extent have her biographers and critics gone, that a fair-sized volume would scarcely contain even the titles of their various works.

There is nevertheless, and always has been, a certain mysterious charm and attraction connected with and surrounding the name of Mary Stuart and her vicissitudes of fortune; and, while some doubt has been expressed as to the possession of the

ravishing beauty attributed to her, few persons will be prepared to deny her the possession of an irresistible but indescribable power of fascination or attraction, enabling her to win and to hold to her cause many staunch adherents, even to the close of her chequered and most unhappy career.

But it is not of Mary that I have to deal in this paper, but rather with certain intrigues in connection with her affairs, with letters and other documents thereto relating, together with proceedings in reference to her proposed marriage with the Duke of Norfolk.

Carefully packed away with many old and musty papers among the Archives of the Royal Society of Literature, it was one day my good fortune to light upon a clue to these matters, and I believe the documents I propose to quote have never yet been translated or printed. The memorandum which was my clue stated that Sir Cuthbert Sharpe, an eminent literary archæologist, somewhere about 1846 (but this date is doubtful) having ascertained the existence of certain Marian documents among the archives in the National Collection at Brussels, commissioned one of the custodians, M. Francisque Michel, to make excerpts therefrom, and that these had been presented by Sir Cuthbert Sharpe to the British Museum. This last statement I find upon inquiry to be an error. I have, however, been in communication with the principal librarian at Brussels, and he has most generously and courteously furnished me with considerable information; and, with extracts from the original documents, together with transcripts from other documents to

which I have been able to obtain access, I shall now endeavour to make a little more clear certain incidents in the life of Mary Stuart which may possibly interest, even if they do not tend to corroborate statements long in dispute, or even held to be erroneous or false. As in translation it would frequently be difficult, and certainly wearisome, to render into our English language the diplomatic forms and courtly phrases of the period, with all their stilted and ceremonial style, I have endeavoured merely to extract from lengthy official documents their evident intention and meanings, and to give the pith of the communication only, whenever possible.

The MSS. relating to Mary Stuart consist mainly of copies of the correspondence between, and reports made by, the notorious Ferdinand of Toledo, Duke of Alva, to his royal master Philip II of Spain; but incidentally one lights upon, from time to time, curious remarks respecting the condition of both England and Scotland at this interesting period. The series commences with notes supplied upon the verbal information of an Englishman named Pascal, who professes to have been injured by Sir William Cecil; smarting under his wrongs, he is anxious to avenge them, or, in other words, turn traitor, and supply such information as he could obtain to Spain. His statements, however, appear to have met with but scant recognition, presumably on account of their small importance. Next we come to reports made to their employer, the Duke of Alva, by two of his Scottish agents, or spies. The date of the earliest of these

documents seems to be March, 1569, but supplementary reports carry on the treasonable story for fully a twelvemonth more. These reports appear to be the originals, copies having been made and transmitted to the Spanish King by the Duke of Alva, accompanied by full descriptions of those furnishing them, together with critical and sometimes caustic remarks, by no means too complimentary to the authors.

At this date the Duke of Alva was Governor of Flanders, and it was in this capacity and as representing the King of Spain that he received the before-mentioned reports, carefully criticising them all before transmitting his copies with comments, and frequently with subtle advice, to his royal master. From them we gather also that the general opinion of his agents (and of many others) was that designs, not upon Scotland alone, but upon England also, had long been entertained by the French King, and that whatever promises had been attributed to him, he had no real intention of assisting Mary, as was somewhat widely believed, excepting in so far as would tend to serve his own ends and promote his designs, the more preferable measure being to favour and encourage the proposal for the marriage of Elizabeth with the Duke of Anjou. Upon the other hand, it is assumed that Elizabeth was at this time contemplating with all sincerity a suggestion for the marriage of her favourite the Earl of Leicester with Queen Mary, an old project mooted as far back as 1563. Now, however, while Leicester may have really aspired to Mary's hand, the Duke of Norfolk having been brought forward by the

Roman Catholics, he is constrained to withdraw and abandon his claim, entering with seeming, but only seeming zeal, into Norfolk's plans to gain the Scottish Queen. Briefly, such were the opinions placed before the Duke of Alva, for the after perusal and consideration of the King of Spain, by his various agents in 1569.

Early in 1570 the Regent Murray was assassinated, being succeeded by the Earl of Lennox, he to be in his turn murdered the year after. Scotland is then represented by Alva's agents to be in utter confusion, as indeed that country was. They relate that the Lords Huntly and Maxwell are at the head of Mary's party, all her supporters clamouring for the sudden descent of a Spanish force: and we learn that so firmly was the expectation of foreign aid in this direction maintained, that grave discussions had been held as to which port would be the most suitable at which to debark the Spanish forces. Huntly, then at Aberdeen, the agents allege—and it will presently be shown their allegations were true—recommended the port of Montrose for the purpose, but his recommendation met with but scant consideration or support, for it was in the mind of a numerous contingent of Mary's adherents that the stout castle of Dumbarton being held by her, a preferable policy would be to occupy the Clyde upon which Dumbarton Castle stood, and also the Forth. A landing could therefore be readily effected at any time without difficulty.

The private agents in Scotland of the Duke of Alva next proceed to describe the customs and habits of the lower classes of the population in-

habiting such portions of the northern parts of the country into which they had dared or been enabled to penetrate. Their description is brief, possibly accurate enough, but certainly uncomplimentary; maybe they were prejudiced, or judged only from a distance. The people, they related, were savages for the most part, dwelling high up in the mountains, yielding service to none, save to their own chieftains, unto whom they were bound to give ten days' free but armed service when summoned by them to the field; their lower limbs were bare, but the body covered with coats of mail descending to the knees, while for all weapons they had but hand-bows and two-handed swords; lastly, they were "infected in religion," whatever that may imply,—possibly it meant of the Reformed faith. These people, said the agents, were of rough exterior and habit, jealous of foreigners, and by no means over-anxious for a too numerous force to co-operate with them, for, while they were by no means oblivious of the need for such aid, they were of opinion that pecuniary assistance was a far greater necessity, and this they most earnestly implored. Possibly as a result of these reports, and also in pursuance of the policy laid down both by the King of Spain and the Duke of Alva, the troops at one time half promised, and so eagerly looked for by many of Mary's adherents, were never sent, the only assistance given being a sum of 10,000 crowns sent by the Spanish King for distribution among the people, a subsidy he acknowledges having made in a communication to Queen Mary, to which I shall later on have to refer. Such was the con-

tribution of the crafty King who was playing fast and loose with both sides; a bribe of 10,000 crowns for distribution among the poorer adherents who were, if any rising was attempted, to be the victims as they already were the puppets of those desirous of effecting their varied political, selfish, or ambitious schemes, all of them dependent upon the centre figure, Queen Mary.

We now come to a letter written from Madrid by Philip II to the Duke of Alva, dated January, 1571. The King acknowledges the several reports transmitted to him, but urges great caution upon the Duke. He must act with due deliberation and temporise, setting forth among other reasons for these directions his conviction that Lord Seton, Mary's representative, was unworthy of trust so far as his relations with Spain were concerned, for he credited him with being actually in the pay of the French King. Further, hints King Philip II, too close an intimacy existed betwixt Lord Seton and the Countess of Northumberland, the nature of which, however, does not transpire. It would seem somewhat strange, and needless as strange, to urge caution upon the cruel and wily Duke of Alva, who, it will be seen shortly, makes a similar recommendation to the King, his master.

At this time the question of the succession to the English throne was being hotly debated in Parliament, and rumours, say the trusted agents of the Duke of Alva, were being industriously spread throughout England as to possible dangers that might ensue should Elizabeth die, and a rising in Mary's favour take place, or should she effect her

escape; and in connection with this last, Lord Dacre, an intimate friend of Lord Seton, is alleged to be most active in fanning the flame in Northumberland. But Alva, ever on the alert, despises these rumours, and sends despatches to Spain, to the effect that for Mary to escape from England would be well-nigh impossible. Such an undertaking, he tells his royal master, would be beset by almost if not quite insuperable difficulties, and such a notion is not to be for a single moment entertained. All the same, it should not be overlooked that Matthias, King of Hungary, Queen Mary of England, nay, even Elizabeth, present ruler of that land, came to their thrones while under ward, and he was of opinion that Mary would have a far better chance of succeeding to the throne of England, even while a prisoner in that country, than if she were at liberty in a foreign land—wherefore, caution! The artful policy of the Duke is exposed in his brief recommendation to the Spanish monarch which concludes this communication: "In answer to English despatches, avoid a rupture with Elizabeth and England, yet do not drive Mary to despair,"—the sense if not the text of the instructions previously received by him from King Philip —"Temporise, act with deliberation."

At this time most sedulous inquiries were being prosecuted in order, if possible, to ascertain in what direction were affected the nobility and leading personages towards the rival Queens, and these not alone by the Spanish agents, but by both parties in England and in Scotland. The report of the Earl of Huntly on the state of Scotland is met

with among this set of documents, and contains many curious and interesting particulars, in divers passages corroborating the statements made to the Duke of Alva by his spies already cited. Huntly reports as follows:

State of Parties.

The Earls of Chatelherault, (Orkney), Huntly, Atholl, Cassilis, Argyle, Crawford, and Sutherland. "For Mary."

Lennox, the younger Angus, Glencairn, Morton, Mar, and Buchan; but the latter, it is said, "by marriage only," a comment I am unable to account for. These "for the rebels."

The neutrals, continues Huntly, are—Errol, Rothes, Montrose, Menteith (Monthey), Mareschal, Montgomery (Mungumri), and Caithness.

"Lords upon the Queen's side"—Hume (at present), Ogilvie, Boyd, Fleming, Livingstone, Maxwell, Herries, Drummond, Hay, Somerville, Seton, Lovat (at present), Creichton (a ward), Oliphant, and Elphinstone.

"For the rebels"—Ruthven, Ochiltree, Semple (a prisoner), Methven (Muffane), Cathcart, Lindsay, Glamys, and St. John of Dundee.

Indifferent or partially disposed towards the rebels—Carlisle (?), Gray, Saltoun, Borthwick (Borthilk), (Soirbois,) Inchkeith (Enerinceith), Sinclair (Syncle). Some of these names are so indifferently spelt as to be almost past recognition; others seem to have been written phonetically.

Saving two bishops only, Caithness and Orkney, says the Earl of Huntly, all are for the Queen,

Abbots and Priors pretty evenly divided. As regards fortified places, Edinburgh Castle is held for and at present declares for the Queen, and in any event will in no way assist the rebels; Dumbarton Castle is loyally hers, but Stirling is held by and for the rebels. He alludes to no other castles or strongholds, and it may be assumed with sufficient safety that they were maintained in the cause their respective owners declared for. The towns, continues the Earl's statement, for the most part were favorably affected towards the rebels, and disposed to aid them, but two only were walled and of appreciable strength, viz. Edinburgh and St. John's (St. Johnston's, Dundee). On the contrary, the borders or frontiers were well affected towards the Queen, this being attributable in the main to their resentment at numerous injuries inflicted upon them by the English.

Huntly now proposes that, in aid of the proposed rising, Spain would do well in sending money to replenish the almost if not quite empty treasury, and secure men for the campaign. Spain is also invited to send at the very least three or four thousand men, whereof 1000 reyters or horsemen, together with not less than 1500 hackbutiers, or arquebusiers, the remainder pikemen. For arms and equipages should also be furnished 1500 hacquebouses, 3000 pikes with 1000 corslets; of artillery six cannon and their gear, as bastards and field pieces; and, to complete the tale of this modest demand for aid in the proposed rising of the people coupled with an invasion of Scotland by Spain, a large supply of "powder of all sorts" is requested,

accompanied by the Earl's frank admission, "There is none in Scotland."

Huntly's selection of Montrose, as related by the spies, is here plainly set forth by himself before the Duke of Alva, and described as a most eligible port for the Spanish debarcation. Borthwick Brae he advises should be occupied, for Lord de Cray (Gray) would readily yield it on request; and while the statement is made that the English would be well nigh powerless beyond the Forth, the confidence of Mary's adherents is exhibited in the calculation that 10,000 Scots would join with the Spanish forces and carry all before them. These 10,000 men, it may be assumed, are represented by that number referred to later on by Huntly, who continues, that when the Spanish forces had once landed, all the industrious classes would readily give their adhesion to the Queen's party, while for himself he was prepared to furnish 10,000 men, horse and foot, chiefly armed with pikes and "animis"—a word I have been unable to ascertain the meaning of,—the only suggestion I have to offer is that it may have been another description of pike.

Very little artillery or ammunition is in his possession, adds Huntly, who offers a multitude of suggestions respecting the conduct of the expedition, which are now of little interest. While the system of espionage I have already noticed was being pursued in Scotland, together with Huntly's negotiations, England was fraught also with projects and intrigues, Mary's party in the latter country advocating her restoration to freedom upon certain conditions I need not repeat here, saving

the suggestion of her divorce from Bothwell and marriage with an English noble. As before related, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, was suggested as likely best to fulfil the necessary requirements calculated to give assurance for future peaceful rule. Mary assented both to the divorce and subsequent marriage, "for the good of her country."

The documents from which I quote, having been prepared between 1569 and 1571, that is during the lifetime of the Duke of Norfolk, are found to contradict the statements of many later writers respecting the religion professed by the Duke. Udall, who wrote the "Life and Death of Mary Queen of Scots" published in 1624, that is nearly forty years after her execution, and more than fifty after that of the Duke of Norfolk, states that he was brought up in the Protestant religion. Hume is somewhat more cautious, implying this without making the actual statement, as has been frequently attributed to him. What Hume says is this: the Duke of Norfolk's grandfather and father were leaders of the Catholics, but he had been educated among the Reformers, and was sincerely devoted to their principles. Our contemporary MS., however, emphatically states that he held the Romish faith, and as a contemporary statement this should be received with considerable weight in favour of its acceptation, being made without prejudice, and when readily to be verified or contradicted. "The Duke of Norfolk," it precisely states, "was bred and educated in the Catholic religion under a holy and virtuous person, one

Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, where he was well instructed in the same; his principal friends and advisers, and especially his servants, are of the Catholic religion." These facts, indeed, are set forth as the causes for the hostility of the Protestants and more especially of the Puritans towards him and his proposed marriage. Elizabeth's own reasons for objecting to it are well known, and in order to frustrate the proposed scheme if possible, the correspondence between Mary and Norfolk was carefully watched for with a view to its examination and suppression. Yet many letters unquestionably escaped the ordeal and reached their destination. Mary, we are told, wrote in cipher; Norfolk, doubtless, would do the same; but Udall mentions that his correspondence was conveyed in ale bottles—a somewhat risky method unless a cipher was employed also. Mary's appeal to the "Pope and all Christian princes" certainly reached its destination,—it is mentioned in our MSS., as is also the fact of the Duke of Alva instructing an envoy, the Sieur Hallwyn de Swenningham, sent on a mission to England respecting a seizure of ships, to offer the mediation of the Spanish King in settling the differences between Elizabeth and Mary should the former make reference to the subject. The mode of settlement contemplated is not, however, set forth.

The MSS. now introduce upon the scene Rudolphi the Florentine, who, says Udall most quaintly, "had used much trafficke and merchandise at London fifteen yeares." This person is said to have conducted the correspondence between the

English Catholic nobility and the Papal Court, and to have been in high favour with Pius V, the Pope whose celebrated Bull, Sentence Declaratorie, or excommunication against Queen Elizabeth, it will be remembered was nailed by one Felton upon the Bishop of London's door in the night-time, and for which treasonable act he was executed.

With all his credit at Rome, Rudolphi does not appear to have been thoroughly trusted elsewhere, nor his character held above suspicion, as will be seen shortly. On the present occasion he was journeying towards Rome, although later on Philip II writes as if in daily expectation of his appearance at Madrid—possibly the bearer of a missive from the Pope to the Spanish King,—for he seems to have been greatly occupied in carrying despatches or reports to various Courts.

In May, 1571, then, he appears, according to the MSS., before the Duke of Alva at Brussels, disclosing to him on behalf, as he says, of the Duke of Norfolk, particulars of a plot alleged to have been conceived by Queen Mary and the Duke, together with a complete list of names, and particulars relating to the parties to the said plot, their titles and descriptions. The list is a remarkable one, and by whomsoever prepared shows a considerable familiarity with the opinions held by many of the persons named; it also seems to bear the stamp of veracity, and to be of great apparent accuracy so far as individuals are concerned; but on critical examination is found to relate rather to circumstances dating from the spring of 1569 than to May, 1571, the date of Rudolphi's appearance at Brussels, as

also of the report of his statements then made to the Duke of Alva, and by him transmitted to the King and Council of Spain.

Alva's despatches accompanying these, clearly indicate that he gave but little credit to the revelations of this self-declared messenger from the Duke of Norfolk, nor indeed to the doubtful conspiracy of the latter. The list produced by Rudolphi comprised the names of no less than sixty-three powerful nobles, forty-one pledged to the alleged conspiracy, with seventeen neutral and but five hostile. He makes no statement as to whether all of these had been entrusted with full details of this conspiracy, but the particulars he laid before the Duke of Alva were these:

That the marriage of Mary with the Duke of Norfolk was to be secretly solemnised, after which the Duke proposed with the assistance of his friends, of whom he reckoned many in different quarters of England, to seize the person of the Queen of England and the Tower of London, and at the same time to set the Queen of Scotland at liberty. How the marriage of two persons in custody at different places was to be secretly effected he omits to state. Rudolphi himself admits that the Duke was a prisoner in ward, and describes him as having no fear, even with the failure of the previous attempt of the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland as a warning. This being represented to the Duke, continues the Florentine, he replied with caution, that his party expected so well to manage their affairs that there should be no failure, as had happened to those Earls in consequence of

their own mistaken measures. . . . That as for being in ward, he could escape whenever he chose; and that he had not yet had his liberty given to him, because the Queen did not wish for him to be present at the meeting of the Estates, which is called "le Parlemen."

Also, that it was now seen the enterprise could not be successfully executed without the support and assistance of some powerful prince, with the sanction of our Father the Pope; and they therefore sought the King of Spain as the only person of greatness, power, and love, and zeal for the holy religion, and with just cause of resentment against the Queen of England, to whom they could look for the help they desired. This was his (Rudolphi's) mission to the Pope and the King, and also to make advances to the Ambassador of Portugal. He further endeavoured to pique the Spanish interests by speaking of the King of France's promise to send a thousand soldiers and 4000 crowns a month into Scotland to succour the Queen.

Alva interrogating him as to the power possessed by the Duke of Norfolk, and what he wished the king to do, he replied that the Duke of Norfolk would be strong enough in his country to sustain for forty days against all those who might try to injure him in England, while waiting for the Spanish co-operation; that he wanted 6000 harquebusiers under some good leader; that he had ports enough in his own country to receive them, and which were opposite to Holland; that his country was one of the most fertile in all the kingdom; and that he gave the names of his adherents with the par-

ticulars of their feelings towards the cause; adding that the Queen of England would find herself so stayed, or hemmed in on all sides, that she would not know which way to turn.

An alarm on the side of Ireland is also suggested, if with but only 1000 men; and in after portions of the correspondence the Earl of Ormond is mentioned as a partisan of Mary's in that part of the kingdom. July or August is named as a fitting time, and the voyage of the Duke of Medina as a good cover for embarking the troops without exciting suspicion.

The Duke of Alva's speculations on this communication are curious and interesting. He suspects the messenger, and the nation to which he belongs; calls him a free talker, blabbing too much; likes the plan, but does not see his way to its successful issue; if it failed the King of Spain would be committed, and Elizabeth would move heaven and earth to revenge herself; she would marry the Duke of Anjou and throw herself into the arms of France, and then they would have England, France, and Germany as foes. In fact, it was the old political game of fast and loose; encourage the attempt, but avoid committing yourself.

The King's answer to this despatch dated the 14th of June acknowledges the importance of the negotiation and the necessity for keeping it secret on account of the danger to which its discovery would expose Queen Mary, the Duke of Norfolk, and others. And his Majesty adds:

"It was by you a very prudent consideration that matters with the Queen of England being in

the state they are at present, *it would not be convenient to us to make any movement*, which it is also my intention should not be done; but should it happen that such a case as you mention should take place, either the *natural death or other* of the said Queen, or her being in custody, it would appear to me as it does to you, that without farther consulting me, *the opportunity should not be lost*, as you well state. Though, however, considering the person of the said Rudolphi, and the nation to which he belongs, and the manner of his proceeding, and the other circumstances of the whole of his business (or negotiation), I do not, in truth, as you also well say, know what credit to give him in it, and whether there be not duplicity in it; but time will make us wise, and I think what you addressed to Rome is very right; and in conformity with your advice I thought it advisable to send away Cobham as soon as possible, and he is already gone, that he might not be here when the said Rudolphi may possibly arrive, which is expected from day to day. And it will be well that from time to time you give me an account of the success of the said negotiations, as you have hitherto been, very properly, used to do."

On the 8th of the following July (1571) the Duke sends a farther report to Madrid, which serves more and more to expose the wily diplomacy with which it was sought to entangle the unfortunate Mary. He describes the charge he gave to one named *Huntley** to inform her that, if she had not, as she wished, an open and constant correspondence

* An evident error in copying: it must be Hamilton.

with him, it was not owing to his not having her affairs in mind or his want of good inclinations towards her, but to her way of proceeding and the means she had taken with the Ministers whom she had lately employed as well in Flanders as elsewhere, and which he had not judged as tending to her advantage. He had therefore been obliged to be very circumspect, and could not advise freely with them. Yet he had assisted her by giving them the money as she had so willed it, "by satisfying those who made claims on her and otherwise, in what he was able without entering into matters in which these agents might have made ill profit to her disadvantage, before he had the means of disabusing her, and representing to her the inconveniences which might flow from her seeking support and not giving way to the measures in which her Ministers were endeavouring to engage her, of which the success might be such as not to leave her an hour's repose during the rest of her life. That it was important for her to understand that some who spoke fine words and promised much did not do it for the love of her, but for their own private objects." Then follow a repetition of the old assurances that the King of Spain contemplated no private interests, and only desired a peaceable arrangement, a restoration of quiet and good neighbourhood, that she might marry whom she pleased, &c. &c., always without prejudice to the Catholic religion.

It seems that Hamilton having conveyed this message to the prisoner, she sent back a holograph missive, in which she justified her sending Seton

(the party at whom Alva directed his suspicions), and offering to be guided in any alterations of such trusts by the Duke's advice. But sorely does the poor lady complain that, inasmuch as he (Alva) had not been willing to *do anything against her*, she felt greatly obliged to him; that often the right side might require aid, *innocence its advocate*, together with a proper interpretation of good intentions. She also acknowledges and thanks him for the money disbursed, without which her affairs would have been in danger of being lost. She appears to have seen clearly that the Spanish policy was to hold her in a degree of dependence, supply some pecuniary wants, promise contingent succour, so as to keep her from urging other powers to befriend her, and not to commit Spain in the quarrel until the game was quite, or all but, sure. To humour even this cold and calculating conduct she says, as Alva repeats, "that she sought aid for her country of Scotland from all Christian princes—that she would make complaint to all, but that she only made offers to One particularly if He pleased to accept them." She again repeats the leading points at issue, and pledges herself to be ruled by the opinions of the King of Spain, but entreats for *speedy succour* as absolutely necessary for the cause of God, her own, and her friends.

In return Alva justifies his mode of conduct; that his reservation with Seton was on account of his intimacy with the French Ambassador, speaking of him personally in terms of regard as zealous in her service, promising to be kind to

Hamilton and all others who are loyally employed and faithful to her.

The last of the documents I need quote contains a list of some of the friends to Mary's projected escape. They are as follows: Nortons, Mackenfields, Tempests, Swinburn, and Ratcliff, Leonard Dacre, brother of Lord Dacre, taking the leading part in this design, while Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Stanley, sons of the Earl of Derby, Sir Thomas Gerard, Mr. Rolstone, and other gentlemen went hand and heart with him. Hence, say the agents, the increased rigour now exercised towards the Queen and her servants.

Thus practically conclude the despatches and reports of the Duke of Alva to the King and Council of Spain. Rudolphi's plot came to nothing, Norfolk perished upon the scaffold, where fifteen years later he was followed by the Queen of Scots, victims almost as much, or more, as instigators of the conspiracies and party passions that terminated so sadly and so fatally for both.

It will be noticed that in this paper I not infrequently allude to already well-authenticated and absolutely historical events. Being in possession of fragmentary notes only, yet deeming them of sufficient novelty to warrant me in presenting them for consideration, I found myself constrained to employ a few historical links in order to complete the chain, and render my account somewhat more intelligible.

I have in conclusion to repeat, that this account is based principally upon the authority of transcripts from original documents found by myself among the

Archives of the Royal Society of Literature, so that whatever may be my individual impression respecting their authenticity, it is obviously impossible for me to guarantee the same without having previously submitted the original MSS. to a crucial examination; this, up to the present time, I have not been able to do.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE LITERARY STYLE OF ENGLISH LAWYERS.

BY E. W. BRABROOK, ESQ., F.S.A., PRES.A.I., V.P.R.S.L.

[Read June 26th, 1895.]

THE perfection of literary style is that which is unconscious. Where a writer uses every expression in a fixed and determinate sense, seeks to arrange every member of his sentences in its strict logical order, avoids every figurative illustration or meretricious embellishment of his statements, goes straight to his point, and says what he has to say in the briefest and most direct terms, he ought to arrive unconsciously at the perfection of style. Just as a building in which every stone is in its right place, and every member of the structure subserves an evident purpose, and carries out that purpose in the best and most direct manner, is the perfection of architectural style, and pleases the cultivated and judicious eye more than one which is overloaded with ornament and crowded with laboured and purposeless decoration, so is it with literature. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. In legal documents, conveyances, statutes, text-books, judgments, and the like we shall not find, and shall not expect to find, any eloquence or beauty of style that is not of this unconscious character. In legal arguments

and addresses to juries, especially in cases where appeals to the passions of mankind are involved, we shall find, as we expect to find, that laboured eloquence and that planned and calculated rhetoric which succeed in their object of impressing the minds of those to whom they are addressed, but do not create lasting monuments of literary beauty.

The profession of the law has always, from the nature of things, called to its front ranks the cleverest men of the time. If the leaders of the Bar have not always or, perhaps, ever been the greatest and most profoundly learned of the lawyers of their day, they have been at least men skilled in dialectic, able to shoulder their way to the front in the conflicts of life, ready of utterance, and possessed of all the arts of persuasion and the qualities that give a man influence over his fellows. By the side of these leaders there have been the men, probably of more learning, who have been engaged in their chambers in the quiet work of settling documents upon which large interests are to depend, and to whose labours we are to look for examples of that unconscious perfection of style of which I have spoken. Shall we find them? and if not, why not? That is the problem which I propose briefly to submit to the Society to-night.

The first observation to be made is that in this respect there has been a distinct decadence and deterioration as time has gone on. The ancient deeds, such as may be found in Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus Ævi Saxonici*, were far more brief and to the point than the modern conveyances. The Palæographical Society has distributed among its

members fac-similes of some of these, which I may cite as specimens. A charter of the year 759, Add. Ch. 19789 in the British Museum, grants land in Onford, in the county of Worcester, from the three reguli of the Wiccas, to Abbot Headda. The size of this important conveyance is exactly 7 inches by 6. Even in these dimensions it is not altogether free from redundancy. It begins with a pious exordium: "In nomine Domini Nostri Jesu Christi Salvatoris." It then states the religious consideration moving the three brothers, with the permission of King Offa, to make the grant. "Nihil intulimus in hunc mundum verum nec auferre quid possumus idcirco terrenis ac caducis æterna et cœlestis patriæ præmia mercanda sunt quapropter cum licentiâ et permissione piissimi regis Offan Merciorum, nos tres germani uno patre editi Eanberht atque Uhctred, necnon et Aldred pretio redemptionis animæ nostræ non ignorantes in futuro prodesse. Si quid Christi membris libenter impendimus." Then follow the words of donation: "Donavimus tibi Headda abbati terram juris nostri decem cassatorum æt onnan forda confiniæ tamen ejusdem terræ ab australi plaga Wisleag, ab occidente Rindburna, a septentrionale Meosgelegeo, ab oriente vero Onnanduun cum campis sylvis pratis pascuis cum omnibus ad se pertinentibus." In these last words creeps out a trace of the vice of enumeration, of which the modern lawyer is so guilty. Then come clauses corresponding to the covenants for quiet enjoyment and warranties of title with which we are familiar, and a still more awful sanction: "Quod si quis præsumserit in magno

vel in modico inrumpere, sit separatus ab omni societate Christianorum et in examine districti justique judicis præsumtionis suæ pænam incurrat." Then follow the testification and the date. The deed is signed with the sign of the holy cross by Offa, King of the Mercians, by the three reguli who are the grantors, by Milred the bishop, by three abbots and five other witnesses. Another grant, more towards the close of the eighth century, by Offa himself to Æthelmund of land in Westbury, is comprised within the space of 5 inches by 4½. The religious preamble somewhat differs from that in the former case, and is preceded by a cross and the chi-rho: "In nomine summi Tonantis qui est Deus benedictus in sæcula, Amen. Regibus potentibus et hujus sæculi divitibus cum fallacibus istius lugubri mundi substantiis quæ omnia sicut umbra evanescunt, æternæ vitæ præmia mercanda sunt. Quapropter ego Offa rex a rege regnum constitutus terram lv cassatorum in provincia Hwicciorum ubi nominatur Westburg, prope flumen qui dicitur Aben, Æthelmundo fideli meo ministro pro ereptione animæ meæ in libertatem perpetuam sub hac conditione libens concedo, ita ut ab omni tributo parvo vel majore publicalium rerum et a cunctis operibus vel regis vel principis sit in perpetuum libera, præter expeditionalibus causis et pontum structionum et arcium munimentum quod omni populo necesse est ab eo opere nullum excussatum esse. Scripta est autem hæc libertatis cartula ab universo concilio synodali in loco celeberrimo qui nuncupatur Clobeshoas. Quorum signa et nomina infra tenentur." That is the whole of

the deed, and I have ventured to quote it at length because it appears to me to be a strong case in support of what I have said as to the literary charm of brevity and directness, and a striking contrast to the lengthy deeds now employed for the conveyance of much less important properties.

The same observation applies to the statutes of the realm. Originally all the laws enacted at a single Parliament were comprised under one statute, having several heads or chapters. Each chapter was rarely longer than a single section of a modern Act of Parliament, and the whole statute was shorter than many single Acts of Parliament now are. The expression is still retained, for where two sessions of Parliament occur in a single year, the enactments of the first are distinguished as Statute 1, and those of the second as Statute 2; but in ordinary language, when we speak of a statute, we refer to a single Act, and not to all the Acts of a session. Take, for an example of an early enactment, that of the 23rd Edw. I.:—"Concerning prisoners which break prison, our Lord the King willeth and commandeth that none from henceforth that breaketh prison shall have judgment of life or member for breaking of prison only, except the cause for which he was taken and imprisoned did require such judgment, if he had been convicted thereupon according to the law and custom of the realm, albeit in times past it hath been used otherwise." Here is a merciful amendment of the law,—called for, no doubt, by excellent reasons, expressed in apt and terse language in the year 1296. After 530 years the legislature was moved to make further

provision, and it enacted "that every person convicted of any felony for which no punishment hath been or hereafter may be specially provided shall be *deemed* to be punishable under this Act; and shall be liable, at the discretion of the Court, to be transported beyond the seas for the term of seven years, or to be imprisoned for any term not exceeding two years; and if a male, to be once, twice, or thrice publicly or privately whipped, if the Court shall so think fit, in addition to such imprisonment." The English of this enactment is on a par with its humanity and justice; and it would do one good to see the draftsman once, twice, or thrice publicly or privately whipped. By 1857 transportation had to be abolished, and this was effected by an Act still more tortuous and involved in its language. The literary structure of Acts of Parliament has gradually become worse and worse. Of late there has been a slight change for the better; though the best efforts of the draftsman are often defeated by the amendments proposed by amateur legislators in the passage of a Bill through the two Houses.

What are the causes of this decadence of style in legal documents? One cause, as we think, lies in the peculiarity of the English system of case law. A set of facts is presented to the decision of the judges. The case is carried to the Court of Appeal. The Court decides that upon those facts the right lies with one party or the other. That decision is binding on all Courts of first instance. A case arises in which the facts are similar, but not the same. The judge of first instance is of opinion

that the application to such facts of the previous decision of the Court of Appeal would produce injustice. He therefore applies his mind to distinguish the facts in the case before him from those in the decided case, and to deduce from that distinction a difference in principle which will enable him to satisfy his judicial conscience without directly infringing the decision by which he is bound. As facts are innumerable and principles few, this leads to an ever-growing nicety and complexity of definition, to the adoption of forced and artificial meanings of words, and to a gradual corruption of style. Another and perhaps more potent cause lies in the system by which the framers of legal documents used to be, and still sometimes are, remunerated in proportion to the length of the documents they draw. To this is due the constant repetition of such a phrase as "his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns," and a hundred other extensions of the several members of a sentence which are wholly unnecessary, and have not even the redeeming feature of vain decorations that in some eyes they may be beautiful. Even the authors of these appalling documents are not able to fall in love with their work, though they sometimes claim for it the credit of infinite skill.

The language in which lawyers formerly wrote had also had its effects upon their style. The work called Britton is the first treatise on English law written in French, the language of the Court, which afterwards degenerated into the curious language known as Norman French or Law French. It was written late in the thirteenth century.

I quote a sentence from Mr. F. M. Nichols's translation, bearing on the question of "Breach of Prison," which has been already before us. The book is written in the name of King Edward I:—"We will that a prison be accounted a place limited by us within certain bounds for the keeping of the bodies of men, which bounds we forbid on pain of death anyone to pass with a felonious intent of escaping; and if anyone having such intent is taken, and is attainted of compassing that felonious intent, let him receive judgment of death" (si voloms nous qe il eyt jugement de la mort).

Littleton, whose treatise on Tenures was written in the reign of Edward IV, late in the fifteenth century, wrote in French, but the language had already begun to suffer deterioration. His work forms the foundation of the great work of Lord Coke, who gives an excellent reason for this degeneration of our law French. He says, "True it is that our books of reports and statutes in ancient times were written in such French as in those times was commonly spoken and written by the French themselves; but this kind of French that our author hath used is most commonly written and read and very rarely spoken, and therefore cannot be either pure or well pronounced." With the conservatism natural to him, however, Coke urges that "the change thereof (having been so long customed) should be without any profit, but not without great danger and difficulty; for so many ancient terms and words drawn from that legal French are grown to be *vocabula artis*, vocables of art, so apt and significant to express the true

sense of the laws, and are so woven in the laws themselves, as it is in a manner impossible to change them, neither ought legal terms to be changed." French accordingly remained the language of the Courts of law, and got more and more hopelessly corrupt till the time of the Commonwealth, when the adoption of the English language in pleadings in the Courts was one of a vast number of wholesome reforms introduced into the practice of the law.

With the Restoration, however, all the old abuses sprang up again, and had a new lease of life, but fortunately (in this case at least) not a long one. The people who had tasted the blessings of legal reform were not likely to allow their joy at having their most religious and gracious King Charles II among them again to blind them to the benefits his illustrious predecessor had won for them. If there is one place more than another where a statue of Cromwell would be a fitting ornament, it is the High Court of Justice.

Here is a specimen, from Siderfin's reports, of the monstrous jargon which this blessed Restoration galvanised into a brief semblance of life. It is a description of the proceedings when fourteen serjeants were created in the year 1660. "Touts ceux le tierce jour de cest Terme count in le Inner Temple Hall (pur ceo que les Chiefe Justices fueront de ceste meason) et de ceo lieu ils fueront accompany al Common Bank (lou le Chancellor et touts les Justices et Barons fueront adonque seant en cest Court) ove plusors de touts les Inns de Court et Chancery la vaant devant eux, circa 200 servants

en party coloured liveries, et tous les Officers des Courts et les Butlers des Societies en party coloured gowns, et puis le gent', et immediatement devant les novel serjeants la vaeront trois chivalers en party coloured gowns, videlicet, Sir-Carew, marshall de leur feast, Sir Francis Clarke, steward, et Sir John Maynard, controuler."

There is much to admire in the patriotic eloquence of the great lawyers of the past. A fine example of this is given in the treatise of Sir John Fortescue, Chief Justice, written in English about 1475, 'On the Governance of England.' "There beth two kinds of kingdoms, of the which that one is a lordship called in Latin dominium regale, and that other is called dominium politicum et regale. And they diversen in that the first king may rule his people by such laws as he makyth himself, and therefore he may set upon them tayles and other impositions, such as he wol hymself, without their assent. The second king may not rule his people by other laws than such as they assenten unto, and therefore he may set upon them non impositions without their own assent." After describing, by the example of France, the oppression by the king, and poverty and weakness of the people, which are the fruits of jus regale, he says: "yf the realme of Englande, which is an Ile, and therefore may not lightly get succour of other lands, were ruled under such a law and under such a prince, it would then be a prey to all other nations that would conquer, rob, or devour it. . . But, blessed be God, this land is ruled under a better law, and therefore the people thereof be not in such penury, nor thereby hurt in their persons,

but they beth welthe, and have all things necessary to the sustenance of nature. Wherefore they ben myghty and able to resist the adversaries of this realme, and to beete other reaumes that do or wolde do them wrong. Lo, this is the fruit of jus politicum et regale, under which we live."

As a specimen of Lord Coke's literary style, I may quote his epilogue upon the completion of his Institutes: "Whilst we were in hand with these four parts of the Institutes, we often having occasion to go into the city, and from thence into the country, did in some sort envy the state of the honest plowman and other mechanics; for the one when he was at his work would merrily sing, and the plowman whistle some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded and succeeded; but he that takes upon him to write doth captivate all the faculties and powers both of his mind and body, and must be only intentive to that which he collecteth, without any expression of joy or cheerfulness, whilst he is in his work."

Coke's great contemporary, Bacon, wrote a small treatise on the maxims of the law (which was not published till after his death), and left some other legal manuscripts. In the introduction to his famous reading at Gray's Inn on the Statute of Uses, he describes it as "a law whereupon the inheritances of this realm are tossed at this day as upon a sea, in such sort that it is hard to say which bark will sink, and which will get to the haven; that is to say, what assurances will stand good and what will not. Neither is this any lack or default in the pilots, the grave and learned judges; but the tides and currents

of received errors and unwarranted and abusive experience have been so strong as they were not able to keep a right course according to the law."

The writer who has, in the most eminent degree, wedded to the severe study of the law the graces of literary style is undoubtedly Sir William Blackstone, whose appointment as Vinerian Professor at Oxford in 1758 led to the delivery of those famous lectures on the laws of England which are the foundation of his celebrated Commentaries. He, like most of the earlier lawyers, waxed eloquent in his admiration of the common law as the perfection of reason. "What is not reason is not law; and it hath been an ancient observation in the laws of England, that whenever a standing rule of law, of which the reason perhaps could not be remembered or discerned, hath been wantonly broken in upon by statutes or new resolutions, the wisdom of the rule hath in the end appeared from the inconveniences that have followed the innovation." Both he, and Coke before him, however, were sensible of the mischiefs that arise, as I have endeavoured to show, from our system of legislation. "The common law of England" (he says) "has fared like other venerable edifices of antiquity, which rash and unexperienced workmen have ventured to new dress and refine, with all the rage of modern improvement. Hence frequently its symmetry has been destroyed, its proportions distorted, and its majestic simplicity exchanged for specious embellishments and fantastic novelties. For, to say the truth, almost all the perplexed questions, almost all the niceties, intricacies and delays (which have sometimes disgraced

the English as well as other courts of justice) owe their original, not to the common law itself, but to innovations that have been made in it by Acts of Parliament 'overladen (as Sir Edward Coke expresses it) with provisoes and additions, and many times on a sudden penned or corrected by men of none or very little judgment in law.' This great and well-experienced judge declares that in all his time he never knew two questions made upon rights merely depending upon the common law; and warmly laments the confusion introduced by ill-judging and unlearned legislators. 'But if,' he subjoins, 'Acts of Parliament were, after the old fashion, penned by such only as perfectly knew what the common law was before the making of any Act of Parliament concerning that matter, as also how far forth former statutes had provided remedy for former mischiefs and defects discovered by experience; then should very few questions in law arise, and the learned should not so often and so much perplex their heads to make atonement and peace, by construction of law, between insensible and disagreeing words, sentences, and provisoes, as they now do.'"

The last branch of legal literature, that embodied in the judgments of the Courts, consists of the carefully prepared sentences of able and profound thinkers, and ought to afford us choice specimens of literary style; but these are not so abundant as might be expected. The system of case law, to which I have already referred, tends to deprive the judges of many opportunities of basing their judgments on broad and general declarations of principle, and leads them to apply their intellects to those

nice distinctions between case and case which rather minister occasion for ingenious dialectic than for dignified and impressive eloquence. Some of our great lawyers have, however, risen by the force of their genius above these difficulties, and have left us judgments which are memorable for literary skill as well as for sound reason.

In very early times judgments were preceded by statements of the facts and reasons upon which they were founded, as we may see from the excellent work of Sir F. Pollock and Professor Maitland, on the 'History of the Law before the time of Edward the First.' Those learned authors remark with justice on the permanence of the work of the men of Bracton's time, who (as they say) were penning writs that would run in the name of kingless commonwealths on the other side of the Atlantic:—they were making right and wrong for us and our children.

In the old year-books the judgments are recorded in brief and technical language, and give us few indications of the literary style of the judges. In 12 Edward III, "Spigurnel found that an infant of ten years of age killed his companion and concealed him, and he caused him to be hanged, because, by the concealment, he showed that he knew how to distinguish between evil and good (qil savoit distinguer et mal de bien). And so malice makes up for age (et ideo malitia supplet ætatem)." You will observe the curious transition from Norman-French to Latin. The judges of that day were addicted to interposing anecdotes from the bench more or less pertinent to the cases before them, and the

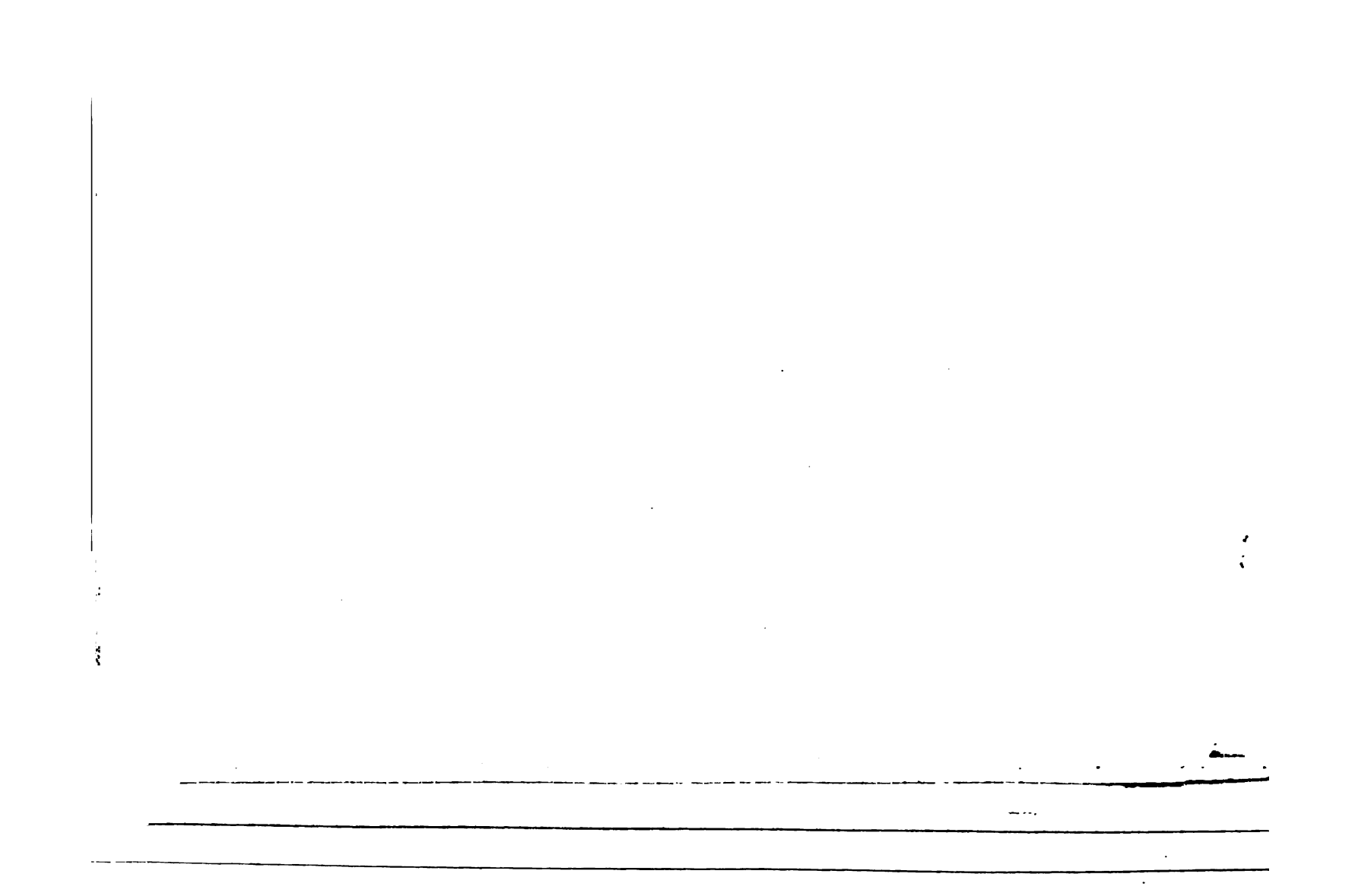
reporters not unfrequently record these. In a case where the plaintiff was alleged to be an outlaw, "Scot related how a man once brought an assize before justices at York, and the tenants pleaded that he was outlawed for a felony, and had, by forgetfulness, left his charter (of pardon) at his inn, and he was immediately arraigned; and because the Chancery was at York, he vouched the record of his charter in the Chancery; and if he had not been at York he would have gone on pilgrimage to Guaresmire." If we accept Mr. Pike's identification of this place with Knaresmire or Knavesmire, the place of execution at York, this is the judge's merry way of putting it that the man would have been hanged. "A grim kind of pleasantry," says Mr. Pike, "but quite intelligible and quite in accordance with the spirit of the age." Judges, or their reporters it may be, have always been famous for putting their meaning in plain and blunt language, as when Sir Heneage Finch, in the case of Sir Francis Hollis *v.* Sir Robert Carr, in 1676, said, "If a man covenants to do a thing that is not in his power, this Court will lay him by the heels" (Freeman's reports). On the other hand, some judgments are full of dignity, as, for example, that of Wilmot, C. J., in the case of Collins *v.* Blantern, 2 Wils. 341:

"This is a contract to tempt a man to transgress the law, to do that which is injurious to the community; it is void by the common law; and the reason why the common law says such contracts are void is for the public good; you shall not stipulate for iniquity. All writers upon our law agree in this—no polluted hand shall touch the pure fountains of justice."

I conclude with a specimen of a modern judgment which leaves nothing to be desired in point of perspicuity and clearness:

"One knows historically that from the earliest period when the Mortmain Acts were passed, various ingenious devices by learned persons were invented for the purpose of evading them. Money was left for the purpose of building a school, for example. It was money; and the object, that of building a school, was a very wholesome object, and a very proper one. Nevertheless the Courts saw through it, and as one cannot build a school without land, they held that to be within the Mortmain Act. I need not go through the long series of cases with which one is familiar, and the various ingenious devices that have been used from time to time to turn money, which it was always lawful to leave, into land, but in the year 1888 the Legislature consolidated the law on that subject. . . . [After explaining the provisions of the Act of 1888, the learned judge proceeded:] Then came the Act of 1891, which seems to me to have inverted the whole condition of things. The state of the law and the current of decisions had practically said, 'Do what you like, adopt whatever ingenious device you like, but if the money you are going to leave is to be turned into land, it shall be within the Mortmain Act.' In 1891 the Legislature appears to have determined to get rid of all these difficulties, and to allow persons to devise lands as they pleased for charitable purposes, but more effectually to get rid of the real objection, namely, the inalienability of land given to charity, by providing that while any one may make such a disposition as he pleases, when he has done it the land shall within twelve months be turned into personalty. . . . By that law it seems to me that all the argument directed against holding land in mortmain is gone. If that provision is properly administered, there is no holding of the land in a dead hand at all."

This is an extract from the judgment of the noble President of this Society in the case of *Forbes* v. *Hume*, delivered on the 22nd of January, 1895.



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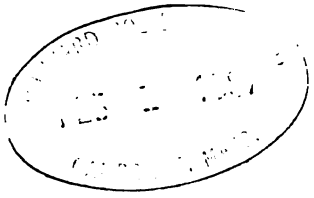

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POETRY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD HALSBURY, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, PRESIDENT R.S.L.

[Read November 27th, 1895.]

At the opening of our session, when we are at a time when 500 years ago the father of English poetry composed some, at least, if not the most celebrated of his works, I have thought we might have a little conversation upon the subject of poetry generally. I should have, perhaps, suggested that we might speak of our meeting as a symposium, but I fear it lacks the essential element which makes that designation appropriate.

Now I do not propose to detain you by discussing what poetry is. The courtesy of one of our members, whom I take this opportunity of thanking, has enabled me to see how this matter has been treated before in this Society, though I was not aware that the ground had been occupied when I undertook to read a paper upon the subject; but having had the advantage of reading Mr. Washington Moon's paper, I do not think that our lines cross each other, for I see that the greater part of his paper is original poetry of his own, and I certainly cannot emulate him in that respect in anything I shall say to-night.

If I were called upon to say what poetry is, I am afraid I should paraphrase the reported definition of an archdeacon, who was said to be a person who discharged archidiaconal functions; so I should describe a poet as a person who composed poetry, and poetry to be the composition of a poet.

The boundaries of thought involved in or circumscribed by a single word may sometimes be expressed in intelligible speech where the thought itself, being complex, may be resolved into its elements; but where the word represents what the logicians call a *summum genus*, it is incapable of definition. The attempt to define becomes a more or less accurate description, and as such gives accidents, attributes, &c., instead of differentiæ.

Mr. Locke has taught us that simple ideas are not capable of definition.

Scientific definition is out of the question, as we have seen, but if we abandon that attempt shall we all agree even in mere description? Will there be no differences of view as to what in fact is poetry, although we may agree that it is impossible to analyse it, and express in language its several elements?

Let me take what stands at the head of such an inquiry: must poetry be in verse?

Wordsworth complained of Gray that he sought to widen the space of separation between prose and metrical composition; and Wordsworth himself wrote that there neither is nor can be any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the

resemblance between poetry and painting, and accordingly we call them sisters; but where shall we find the bonds of connection sufficiently strong to typify the connection between prose and metrical composition?

Sir Philip Sidney and John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, alike refer to metre of whatever kind as but the ornament and clothing of the poet's work, the essence being the thought; and Aristotle confirms this judgment. We are at no loss for an illustration. The Hebrew prophets were poets also; and notwithstanding the learned labours of the Rev. Thomas Boys, we know not what their metre was. But hear what Fénélon says of them:

"L'Écriture surpasse en naïveté, en vivacité, en grandeur, tous les écrivains de Rome et de la Grèce. Jamais Homère même n'a approché de la sublimité de Moïse dans ses cantiques. . . . Jamais nulle ode Grecque ou Latine n'a pu atteindre à la hauteur des Psaumes. . . . Jamais Homère ni aucun autre poète n'a égalé Isaïe peignant la majesté de Dieu. . . . Tantôt ce prophète à toute la douceur et toute la tendresse d'une éclogue, dans les riantes peintures qu'il fait de la paix; tantôt il s'élève jusqu'à laisser tout au-dessous de lui. Mais qu'y a-t-il, dans l'antiquité profane, de comparable au tendre Jérémie déplorant les maux de son peuple; ou à Nahum, voyant de loin, en esprit, tomber la superbe Ninive sous les efforts d'une armée innombrable? On croit voir cette armée, on croit entendre le bruit des armes et des chariots; tout est dépeint d'une manière vive qui saisit l'imagination; il laisse Homère loin derrière lui. . . . Enfin, il y a autant de différence entre les poètes profanes et les prophètes qu'il y en a entre le véritable enthousiasme et le faux."—*Sur l'Éloq. de la Chaire*, Dial. III.

Sir Philip Sidney repudiates the idea that poetry is to be distinguished from prose.

He says that the greatest part of poets have apparrelled their poetical inventions in that cumbrous kind of writing which is called verse—being but an ornament, but no cause to poetry, since there have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets.

After giving the examples of Xenophon and Heliodorus as poets who wrote in prose which I speak, says he, to show that it is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet, no more than a long gown maketh an advocate, who, though he pleaded in armour, should be an advocate and no soldier.

"But it is this feigning of notable images of virtues, vices, or what else with delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a poet by.

"Although, indeed, the senate of poets have chosen verse as their fittest raiment, meaning as in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to go beyond them, not speaking table-talk fashion, or like men in a dream, words as they chanceable fall from the mouth, but placing each syllable of each word by just proportion according to the dignity of the subject.

"Now, therefore, it shall not be amiss just to weigh this latter sort of poetry by his works and then by his parts, and if in neither of these anatomies he be condemnable I hope we shall receive a more favorable sentence.

"The poet is indeed the right popular philosopher,

whereof 'Æsop's Fables' gives good proof, whose pretty allegories, stealing under the formal tales of beasts, make many more beastly than beasts, begin to hear the sound of virtue from these dumb speakers."

The analysis of the poetic faculty itself, if it were possible, which I doubt, would belong rather to the region of metaphysics, and is conversant with what Sir William Hamilton calls the representative or reproductive mental faculty, and which we popularly know by the name of Imagination. Mr. Ruskin, indeed, has subdivided it into two kinds of imagination, though I think he has now abandoned his distinction between the fancy and the imagination—a faculty which, by the way, Bishop Butler describes as restless and mischievous, but which Professor Tyndall has made the handmaid of science. Whatever it is, Pascal gives us a description of its operations and its powers which discloses sufficiently its influence on poetry.

"This mighty power," he says, "this perpetual antagonist of Reason, which delights to show its ascendency by bringing her under its control and dominion, has created a second nature in man. It has its joys and its sorrows; its health, its sickness; its wealth, its poverty.

"It compels reason, in spite of itself, to believe, to doubt, to deny; it suspends the exercise of the senses, and imputes to them again an artificial acuteness. It has its follies and its wisdom; and the most perverse thing of all is that it fills with a complacency more full and complete even than that which reason can supply."

Plato, in the 'Ion,' explains that the source of poetry is a certain divine influence, which not only enables the poet to write, but makes the poem communicate his poetic power to his audience. He compares the operation to magnetised rings of iron, each person in turn receiving from the poet the influence, and each communicating part of the spirit which he has received; and so, inspiring as well as inspired, the poet is in a state from which reason is entirely banished, since as long as he professes anything of what is called reason he is utterly unable to produce poetry or to ratiocinate. For the authors of those great poems, says he, which we admire do not attain excellence through any rules of any art, but they utter their beautiful melodies of verse in a state of inspiration, and, as it were, possessed by a spirit not their own.

Thus the composers of lyrical poetry created these admired songs of theirs in a state of divine insanity, like the Corybantes, who lose all control of their reason in the enthusiasm of the sacred dance, and during this supernatural paroxysm are excited to the rhythm of harmony, which they communicate to men. Like the Bacchantes, who, when possessed of the god, draw honey and milk from the rivers, which when they come to their senses they find nothing but simple water. For the souls of the poets, as poets tell us, have this peculiar ministration in the world.

They do not compose according to any art which they have acquired, but from the impulse of the divinity within them; for did they know any rule of criticism according to which they could com-

pose beautiful verses upon one subject, they would be able to exert the same faculty with respect to all or any other.

He then proceeds to point out, as Hamlet does of the players who are so affected by the woes of Hecuba, that notwithstanding the woes are feigned, and known by the actor himself to be fictitious, the recital of them melts the reciter to tears as though the calamities were veritable, and draws the inference that these transcendent poems are not human as the work of men, but divine as coming from God.

So Cicero says, "Sæpe audivi poetam bonum neminem sine inflammatione animorum existere posse."

I am not sure that M. Lamartine does not describe something of the divine furore when he speaks of his own poetic moods:

"Ces impressions étaient-elles joie ou tristesse, douleur ou souffrance, nul ne pourrait le dire; elles participaient de tous les sentiments à la fois; c'était de l'amour et de la religion, des pressentiments de la vie future délicieux et tristes comme elle, des extases et des découragements, des horizons de lumière, de la joie et des larmes, de l'avenir et du désespoir. C'était la nature parlant par ses mille voix au cœur encore vierge de l'homme, mais enfin c'était la Poésie."

Proceeding, then, by our method of exhaustion, the musical element may also be dismissed. It is part of the clothing, as one writer describes it, or part of the seasoning, as it is put by another.

In spoken language of course the human voice, with its unknown and mysterious effect upon the

feelings, will add a new power to the poetic creation; but sound after all, with whatever skill musically it may be produced, is sound, and cannot supply the place of poetical thought. Mr. Monro, in his treatise on Greek music, tells us:

"The beauty and even the persuasive effects of a voice depend, as we are more or less aware, in the first place upon the pitch or key in which it is set, and in the second place upon subtle variations of pitch, which give emphasis, or light and shade.

* * * * * *

"The tendency of music that is based upon harmony is to treat the voice as one of a number of instruments, and accordingly to curtail the use of it as the great source of dramatic and emotional effect. The consequence is twofold. On the one hand we lose sight of the direct influence exerted by sound of certain degrees of pitch on the human sensibility, and thus ultimately on character. On the other hand, the music becomes an independent creation. It may still be a vehicle of the deepest feeling; but it no longer seeks the aid of language, or reaches its aim through the channels by which language influences the mind of man."

It is said that vocal music ought to imitate the natural language of the human feelings and passions rather than the warblings of canary birds, which singers affect to mimic with their quiverings and loudest cadences. Nor is this, as it appears to me, the only commentary which may be made upon the sacrifice of meaning to sound.

The melody of the note is so gratifying to the musician's ear that it becomes perfectly independent of the meaning of the word. The repetition of the same sentence over and over again, conspicuously in anthems, produces to the ear absorbed in the

enjoyment of the mere sound no disagreeable impression, the sense is drowned; but to one listening with the spirit of one who follows the meaning of the word, the repetition of the word, or sometimes of half a word, becomes burdensome and ridiculous, and, dealing with sacred words, even profane.

It is difficult to prescribe limits to the power of poetry, whether we adopt the theory of Plato and speak of it as the madness divinely granted, or perhaps inflicted, or adopt our own familiar nomenclature and call it genius.

In a certain sense it is possible for genius to gild with the glow of its own splendour the commonest of objects, but it is possible also for the topic to degrade the genius.

I dare say you remember the nasty man described by Theophrastus, who entertains you with a description of the rejected contents of his stomach; and there are some of our prose poets who irresistibly remind us of the nasty man in question; but apart from this extremity of perverted industry, the confusion of versification with poetry has made many a composition known as a poem whose only title to it was that it was either rhymed or would scan in some metre or another.

I remember once a very learned friend of mine addressing an equally learned judge, who had laid a trap for the judge in question by pronouncing a Latin word with a short syllable, though it is generally long. As he expected, the learned judge immediately caught him up, and he, prepared for the interruption, quoted a line from one of the Latin

poets justifying his pronunciation. "Yes, Mr. ——," said the learned judge, "but that is poetry, and you are prosy." And poets may be prosy too.

I doubt very much if, but for the reverence for great antiquity, Hesiod would be regarded as an exciting poet, or Aratus, or even Manilius; while Lucretius, though writing also on natural phenomena, and even a drier philosophy, bursts upon the astonished reader with such sublime force that he cannot fail to recognise the true inspiration. And Lord Byron tells us that even a ship laid up in dock is a grand and a poetical sight. "Even an old boat, keel upwards, wrecked upon the barren sand, is a 'poetical' object (and Wordsworth, who made a poem about a washing tub and a blind boy, may tell you so as well as I); whilst a long extent of sand and unbroken water without the boat would be as like dull prose as any pamphlet lately published." What makes the poetry in the image of the marble waste of Tadmor? or Grainger's 'Ode to Solitude,' so much admired by Johnson? Is it the "marble" or the "waste," the artificial or the natural object? The waste is like all other "wastes," but the marble of Palmyra makes the poetry of the passage as of the place.

One who was himself a poet has told us a few of the simple elements which induce in the poet himself the true poetic effect.

He perceives it in the songs of birds; in the harp of Æolus; in the sighing of the night wind; in the repining voice of the forest; in the surf that complains to the shore; in the fresh breath of the woods; in the scent of the violet; in the voluptuous

perfume of the hyacinth; in the suggestive odour that comes to him at eventide from far distant undiscovered islands, over dim oceans, illimitable and unexplored.

He owns it in all noble thoughts, in all unworldly motives, in all holy impulses; in all generous, chivalrous, and self-sacrificing deeds. He feels it in the beauty of woman; in the grace of her step; in the lustre of her eye; in the melody of her voice; in her soft laughter; in her sigh; in the harmony of the rustling of her robes. He deeply feels it in her winning endearments; in her beaming enthusiasms; in her gentle charities; in her meek and devotional endurances; but above all—ah! far above all—he kneels to it; he worships it in the faith, in the purity, in the strength, in the altogether divine majesty of her love.

Aristotle has been attacked because he described poetry as an imitation, but Professor Butcher, in his most learned work, has explained in what sense Aristotle, whom it is easier to mistranslate, and therefore misrepresent, than to refute, used that term; and Aristotle tells us that poetry fulfils a higher function than history. The objects of Aristotle's imitation are human character, emotion, and action.

And Sir Philip Sidney, in commenting on Aristotle's word μίμησις, translates it as presenting, contemplating, or figuring facts,—to speak metaphorically, a speaking picture.

If, then, we dismiss all these things which we have gradually taken from our description; if we are

satisfied that prose may be poetry, we come at last to the imitations of human kind in action,—not that by this is meant their acts only, but their thoughts, passions, lives, and feelings—all that goes to make up what we comprehensively describe as human life, and are left with what we popularly call the plot as the residuum when we have got rid of all else. The story, the invention, the drama, the thing created, which, like another sort of invention, may be either a new invention altogether, or else a new combination of old elements. Who will deny to Sir Walter Scott's novels the designation of poems?

We have, perhaps, made a step in advance when we feel that metre, rhyme, melody, harmonious sounds of various kinds, may not be essential to poetry, and yet all these things may add grace and beauty to poetry; but it is but the clothing or ornament of poetry, to use Sir Philip Sidney's figure, and all these things may exist without poetry, and poetry may exist without them.

If we accept all the fiction of our time as poetry, what a ceaseless stream is ever flowing from a thousand presses! Hippocrene is composed of printer's ink, and the Muses should be represented by those useful attendants upon the printer who have an ill-omened name. It is wonderful to contemplate the mere catalogue of the works which appeal to us in Mr. Mudie's list every week. The taste for such compositions is increasing day by day, and it is a very unpoetic, but perfectly sound economic axiom, that a supply will follow a demand, but the taste of them has been in some instances as

different from the true poetic spirit as the language has been from the purity of our mother tongue.

The novel with a purpose, political or theological, may, in a sense, claim the title of a prose poem, as I have attempted to describe it; but it requires the genius of Dryden or Dante to make poems out of such material which shall breathe the real poetic spirit; they are generally very prosy, and appeal neither to the reason nor the imagination.

They do not appeal to the reason, since the reasoning, such as it is, is all on one side, and the puppet who is made to talk on the side opposed to the writer's views in politics or religion, is made to give himself away in the most transparent manner. It does not appeal to the imagination, since making the speakers appear in the dress of lover and maid will not relieve the dialogue from the dulness of being the forgotten and worthless relics (forgotten because they are worthless) of heresies which disturbed the early Church or the reproduction of a three days' discussion between Father Tom Maguire and the Rev. Tresham Gregg.

But apart from the different forms in which the poetic inspiration displays itself, and the questions which cluster round each of them, there are some propositions which seem common to them all, and conspicuously that the poet will reject what is low, base, and degrading, above all what is merely disgusting. It is impossible not to observe that a depraved taste has introduced and fostered principles on this subject which all masters of the art have scrupulously avoided. In respect of some of these it is impossible to give illustrations. I

should offend against the very rule I am enforcing if I should drag into the light some of the foulness which is to be found in some modern compositions in rank luxuriance.

But I may take an illustration from Sir Walter Scott's 'Waverley,' of what that great poet has *not* done. You may remember that at the last interview between Waverley and Fergus McIvor, while actuated by the brave disregard of his own impending sufferings, he entreats Waverley not to be present at his execution, intimating that what is to come "might kill a living friend to look upon."

True to his art, Sir Walter makes Waverley only know that all is over by the clamour of those returning from the execution.

Now had this incident been dealt with by a writer of the school to which I am referring, he would have eagerly seized upon the savage and loathsome particulars of an execution for high treason, and the reader might, in such a case, think himself lucky if he escaped a minute description of the internal economy of the human frame, and the effect upon the nerves of a victim when they were mangled by the operations of an executioner's knife.

Horace, when he suggested that Medea should not be permitted by the poet to slay her children in the presence of the people, would certainly never have thought it necessary to proscribe minute descriptions of disgusting objects or the introduction, for either physical or mental analysis, of matters which, to decently constituted minds, could but excite feelings of horror and shame.

What I have now said may, perhaps, be sup-

ported upon the lowest grounds of cultivated taste, but in some respects it leads up to a discussion of a wider and more difficult determination,—namely, whether the office of the poet is that of preacher and prophet, or mere narrator and songster. One does not wonder that in ancient times such a question should have been long debated and left without any authoritative solution. But it is more surprising that in the light of a purer philosophy, and a revelation that has taught the responsibility of man for every idle—that is every profitless—word, that it should be left doubtful whether the great, the boundless influence of poetry, either in prose or verse, should be without serious responsibility for its teaching.

In times when men could only grope and feel after truth there was yet among them a sense that something higher and better than the animal or mental nature had yet to be revealed. Who can read Cicero's passionate exclamation,—

"O preclarum diem cum ad illud divinum animorum consilium,
Coetum que profiscar cumque ex hac turba et colluvione discedam,"

without feeling how deep and abiding must have been the conviction that this life, with all its stains and struggles, could not be the end.

But poet and philosopher alike, except so far as the dumb witness of a world of magnificence and beauty revealed its Author, had to extract the materials out of which the harmony of creation was to be demonstrated. No wonder, then, that they worshipped the creature more than the Creator. No wonder that mute nature was not mute to

them, conspicuously to those who, in poetry as in all other literature, exhibited elegance and force side by side,

> "Where each old poetic mountain
> Inspiration breathed around,
> Every grove and hallowed fountain
> Murmured deep a solemn sound;"

and then the poet whom I am quoting instinctively recognised the certain degradation—nay, extinction of the poetic fire when he adds,—

> "Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
> Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains,
> Alike they scorned the pomp of tyrant power,
> And coward Vice that revels in her chains;"

In reading the works of the great leaders of thought on these subjects in ancient days, whether it be in the advocacy of poetry as an instructor, or the works of those who regard it as something the sole object and end of which is emotional pleasure, one is struck by the occasional and imperfect glimpses of a vision in the mind of a writer of something higher, better, and purer; and then again dropping down into the utilitarian view of making the best of life as it is, the highest wisdom being to live according to the due proportion of their nature, such nature as they were able to see with their eyes and clearly understand.

Lucretius himself was able to conceive a system beyond "flammantia menia mundi," aptly rendered "he burst the flaming bounds of space and time."

But amid all the confusion of an imperfect moral law, the instinct of genius preserved the poet's art from being the handmaid of vice and crime; the

good, the beautiful, the true, were still the goal at which they aimed. The self-devoted hero, the sneering coward, bravery and cowardice, malice and generosity, Achilles and Thesites, pass across the stage in Homer's poem, and as depicted by the poet leave us in no doubt which was intended to be the subject of admiration and which of scorn.

It has been said that in many persons, not in poets only, a beautiful sunrise or a gorgeous sunset, or the starry heavens on a cloudless night, create moral impressions and something more; that these sights suggest to them, if vaguely, yet powerfully, the presence of Him from whom come both nature and the emotions it awakens.

I confess I think the writer and the poets to whom he appeals are speaking under the influence of an illumination of the world's atmosphere which, unconsciously to themselves, gilded all these things with the glow of a divine origin.

A beautiful view of any kind certainly did not in ancient poetry suggest such ideas, while touched by such an influence the most commonplace object can breathe high thoughts and create the rapture which enables the poet's eye to pierce the gates of heaven.

Let me give one illustration—a common crowded street:

"Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass and heed each other not,
There is who heeds, who holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought,
These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end."

It was Goethe who started, at least in modern times, the theory that poetry has no moral design; and, erroneous as I think that theory is, his feebler-minded students have improved upon it. But once it is admitted that poetry exercises the influence which is claimed for it, it will be strange indeed if poetry were not made responsible for evil teaching.

And in discussing this aspect of the question there is a confusion of thought frequently to be found in the reasoning of those who claim its independence of morals. It is suggested that what is called in sarcasm "poetic justice" is not a true reflex of human life; and it is quite true that virtue is not always triumphant, that vice is not always punished. Good people suffer great misfortunes, and bad people "flourish like a green bay tree," and they do not always fulfil the Psalmist's vision in their end. But the argument entirely misapprehends the objection. It is not that these things are so represented, but that the poet, whether in prose or verse, strives by his skill to invert our proper sympathies. Virtuous murderers, clever burglars, encounter us as the heroes, and sometimes the martyrs, to a cruel law. The good are all fools, the bad people are all made interesting. A woman whose thesis destroys the sanctity of the marriage tie is made an angel of purity and light. Savage and bloodthirsty acts are represented as quite consistent with the chivalrous spirit of a knight-errant.

Even a heathen moralist denounced such teaching, and pointed to the fact that the young especially were likely to be misled by such teaching:

"Sed videsne, poëtæ quid mali afferant? lamentantes

inducunt fortissimos viros; molliunt animos nostros; ita sunt deinde dulces, ut non legantur modo, sed etiam ediscantur. Sic, ad malam domesticam disciplinam, vitamque umbratilem et delicatam, cum accesserunt etiam poëtæ nervos omnis virtutis elidunt. Recte igitur a Platone educuntur ex ea civitate, quam finxit ille, cum mores optimos, et optimum reipublicæ statum exquireret. At vero nos, docti scilicet a Græcia, hæc et a pueritia legimus et discimus; hanc eruditionem liberalem et doctrinam putamus."

As I have said, the unenlightened heathen world could recognise the moral tendency of some dramas and some poetry as contrasted with others, calculated to debase and degrade.

As one example, let me contrast two dramas for the moment,—The 'Antigone' of Sophocles and the 'Alcestis' of Euripides.

Let it be remembered in the contrast what was the importance of burial rites to the Greek mind. Life and immortality had not yet been brought to light, but the fear of death had terrors in a future life which funeral rites alone could mitigate. For this object, the due performance of her brother's burial ceremonies, Antigone devotes herself, braves death, and boldly meets her fate; and the great author who has chosen her as his theme makes her feel and speak adequately to the character he represents. I only take 'Alcestis' as the contrast because I have read such encomiums on the genius of Euripides, as illustrated in that play, that I cannot forbear taking it as an example of the method of that author: Death impersonated quarrelling with Apollo; Hercules engaged in a personal encounter

with Death; and Alcestis restored to a husband who allowed her to be sacrificed to save his own life.

I remember, many years ago now, a very learned person being shocked very much by a student whom he discovered in the act of depicting the encounter between Death and Hercules in the margin of his Euripides, and depicting them in the attitudes of Tom Crib and the Game Chicken.

I confess I think the student was more imbued with the spirit of his author than the Don.

I know various excuses have been made on behalf of that author. One gentleman says that the omnipotence of fate, and *the fact* that everything was determined for Admetus, deprives him of responsibility for his selfish cowardice; but there is no trace of such an excuse in the play. On the contrary, Admetus, when he attacked his father with the singularly heroic complaint that he, the father, would not die for him, refuses with insult the flowers and offerings brought for the funeral of Alcestis, and abuses (there is no other word appropriate for his language) his father and his mother for not gratifying his magnanimous desire to escape death at their expense, alleging his father and mother have had life enough; he is young.

No wonder that such a poet came under the lash of the manly, if somewhat coarse Aristophanes. He justly reproaches Euripides with the whole tone of his poems.

In the 'Frogs,' in the contest between Æschylus and Euripides, he makes Æschylus accuse him of having brought many noble matrons to shame and suicide. Euripides excuses himself by saying that

he did not invent some of the stories; that he only dramatised. No, says Æschylus, but a poet's mission is not to bring evil into prominence, but to pass by such shameful things. And in the 'Parabasis' that Athenæum leading article, he himself claims to be a bold teacher of the truth, one who will speak what he thinks good for his country whatever risk he incurs from powerful demagogues or a fickle populace; and in the 'Frogs' again he claims that he has been accustomed to πολλα μεν γελοια ειπειν πολλα δε σποδαια.

St. Augustine, speaking of the shameful teaching by which youth is taught to do evil things,—

"Non omnino per hanc turpitudinem verba ista commodius discuntur sed per hæc ista verba turpitudo ista confidentius perpetratur."

M. Lamartine denounces the incarnation of materialistic philosophy in government and "les mœurs."

All those, he says, who alone were privileged to speak, and who crushed the younger generations under them, believed that they had dried up in us for ever that which they had succeeded in killing and securing in themselves—all dominion of human thought.

No one can adequately represent, to those who have not undergone it, the sterility of that epoch. It was the triumph of the materialist philosopher when he had succeeded in degrading a whole generation, and in plucking from the root a national enthusiasm and killing all sense of chivalry in the world.

These men had the same sentiment of triumphant power in their hearts and on their lips when they said, "Love, philosophy, religious enthusiasm, liberty, poetry—these are nothing. Arithmetic and the sword—these are everything."

May we not say that a degraded sensualism may drown the spirit of poetry deeper even than arithmetic and the sword?

Shall we not then recognise that this divine gift—divine still, but perhaps in a different sense from that in which Plato wrote—should not be perverted from its just and proper goal? Speech itself brings with it its responsibility for the influence it exercises upon mankind; and this, the highest form of human effort, the brightest and loveliest in its full glory of human genius, shall it be degraded even in its inferior manifestations as an instrument of evil?

Shall that be made a weapon for debasing the moral nature which can be, and has been, an instrument of unspeakable strength towards the elevation of brain and heart?

No one, I think, can doubt, of many literary creations, that they breathe the true spirit of poetry, though the scenery or clothing of verse be absent.

I have not dared to illustrate what I have said by quotation, for at each turn one is struck by some favourite passage or character, and that would bring us far into the night. The difficulty would be to select one or more passages from a single author, or take one, say, of Scott's characters or incidents; where would you select? and if one gave them all one would never end.

But what shall we say of those prose poems which

flood our literature now, or those heroes and heroines who stalk across the scene in novel, play, or verse,—the shameless woman defying all decorum or modesty of her sex; the self-indulgent hero; the tawdry sentimentalist; the cynical coxcomb?

"These be thy gods, O Israel."

Is there no "Lucilius ardens" to drive from our literature the Bavins and Mævins of our times, and not only the more trifling and feeble lucubrations of the ignoble herd, but also the shameful and profligate compositions which ever flow from foreign and native sources into the press, diffusing an atmosphere of disgusting sensuality around them?

It may be true that vice and crime will still be with us to the end, but though men will not and cannot live up to the highest standard of all, they need not darken the light, and, like the great apostate spirit, address the sun only to tell it how they hate its beams, and so pervert the moral sense that, like the ακολαστος of the Greek philosopher, they take evil for good and good for evil.

Let not our literature, at all events, "plate sin with gold," and degrade that most wondrous of human faculties, the imagination to the service of the lowest vice. All poets may aim at the ambition of one of the greatest of their number, to be in their inspirations at least beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,—

"Beneath the good how far,
But far above the great."

The common law treated as an indictable nuisance the exhibition for pay of hideous monsters, living or

dead; why should the moral monsters be depicted before us in all their disgusting obtrusiveness?

A poet has pictured what men might do in fact, but at all events we might place before us a true standard of what they might aim at when they reverenced their conscience as their king:

"To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it;
To honour his own word as if his God's,
To live sweet lives in purest chastity;
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

ETHICAL AND SYMBOLICAL LITERATURE IN ART.

BY DR. J. S. PHENÉ, F.S.A., VICE-PRESIDENT R.S.L.

[Read February 26th, 1896.]

LEST the title of my subject should seem, to some, indefinite, it may be well to indicate its meaning.

Literature has become such a part of us, such a controller of our mental and bodily lives, that we are apt to forget that letters have in themselves no weight or value.

The weight or value attaches wholly to the ethical and mental clothing we attire them in. Thus a letter to which we give some particular sound, may have a similar *sound* expressed through it in another language, while the *form* of the letter is quite changed. And, in some cases where the *sound* is the same, the meaning of that *sound* may differ.

Man is the only creature endowed with modulated phonetic powers capable of variation; the song of the bird is simply a repetition.

It is evident that purely natural primitive speech must have been simple phoneticism. The repetition of sound as applied to any particular object, conferring its name. Hence would come words, generally brief, as sun, moon, man, tree, &c., subsequently syllables would follow, and with them

longer words. As these multiplied it would be necessary to indicate them by signs, and various means would be adopted, and here, probably from the earliest periods, methods differed. While the many would call a tree (by their own sound) a tree, a higher genius would represent an object with branches. The many would use their word for a stag, the one capable of delineating would draw one. But a tree would be the more common object of delineation because, while a thing of life, its stillness would make it easy to design, and its constantly multiplying boughs would assimilate to the increasing number of words. Hence, in some old languages, the names of trees are very prominent.

Words in certain writings are mere numerals or repetitions of strokes or branches of a tree, as in the use in Arabic of the Pehlevi and El Mushajjar Semitic transcriptions. Some of the runes and oghams are the same, the latter being mere notches first on wood then perpetuated in stone.

The forms used in the construction of letters, with slight exceptions, were few and simple, the square, the triangle, the line, and the round, varied in position, seem to include the whole. Of these the line, in some cases, and the triangle in others, with the capacity of the latter for subdivision into wedge or cuneal shapes of different proportions, formed, in several instances, the whole alphabets of some people. In some forms of manuscript straight lines appended at an angle to upright stems formed the only letters ; or lines with a single curve also so appended, and some with lines with a double curve, formed whole alphabets. Similar exceptional

alphabets were in use in some Scandinavian writings, and were classed as runic, though runes in the more common writings had many variations.

As the ordinary runes have been traced to old Greek forms, it is not improbable that the Scandinavian monoform runes, referred to, have been conveyed from Oriental sources, giving another of the various indications of Oriental Scandinavian origin.

The wedge or cuneate form of letter, so familiar under the modern name cuneiform, applied to the Assyrian, and cognate languages, appears to form the alphabets of the whole Assyrian districts; the force or meaning of the letters arising from the positions in which these wedges were arranged. This character probably had a similar name in ancient times, as the word is allied to the Greek κῶνος, a peg, or cone, and the Latin *cuneus*, a wedge. Our word coin, arising from the metal being stamped with a wedge, so the stamping the Assyrian clay tablets with these wedge-shaped characters may have originated the Greek word—Kónos.

Some of these alphabets gained force merely from the repetition or multiplication of strokes, acting probably as numerals as well as letters. Their use must have been difficult for the formation of words, but as all writing was sacred with the ancient nations, as used by the Priest-kings, and called ἱερός, or sacred (as Hiero-glyphic, a sacred, incised or carved letter or sentence, from ἱερός, sacred, and γλυφή, sculptured or incised work), the reading and writing was confined to important functionaries.

The stamp of the clay tablets was probably carved in wood, and the runes and ogham letters were clearly originally cut in wood, almost all stone-work having originally appeared in wooden devices both in architecture and other forms, as being more easy of incision. The Exchequer accounts in England were till recently kept in this form, and the bakers' bills in Brittany are still so kept. The Druids are said to have carved their records on wood. Almanacks were so kept for a long time, and are still in our museums. A stag was frequently scratched on bone, and the antlers of a stag or other animal may have been used in primitive times to record the number of a chief's or Patriarch's children. Hence, perhaps, originated the very early custom of calling children by the names of animals, as in the case of Jacob addressing his sons.

While examining the sculptured inscriptions of Etruria I found some of them much affected by time, from which cause the angular letters assumed so Assyrian or cuneiform an appearance that, but for other more perfect parts of the inscriptions they might have been thought Assyrian or Accadian. This led me to investigate the angular letters now in use, and these being Romano-Etruscan, and as the Etruscans were closely connected with Egypt and must have had communication with the Phœnicians who traded with Assyria, it seems probable that the modern angular letters, which these wooden models I have had constructed show, are entirely composed of wedges in combination, not unlike the Assyrian combination of wedges; which angular

forms and combinations were probably derived from the wedge-shaped letters of ancient Assyria. The forces as well as the forms of some of them having an apparent affinity, the study and comparison of which I am still pursuing.

The Romano-Etruscan letters used now as numerals are composed largely of the upright line and the wedge, as i, ii, iii, iv, v, ix, x, &c.

The Hebrew was of two kinds,—the local, assimilating to the local Phœnician, and the sacred or hieratic characters in which their law and divine poems were inscribed. These latter are unique, and unlike those of any other nation. They are in themselves works of art, and as compared with the single line alphabets, each letter represented a high amount of thought and meaning. They seem to convey to us the hieroglyphic or sacred letters sculptured or incised in the stone tables of the law, as the preserved and only antiquities of the Hebrews in their sacred Ark at the time when the great Temple was opened. The local Hebrew or Phœnician characters are generally recognised as representing matters connected with pastoral life, as Aleph (A), in the form of an ox's horns and yoke; Beth (B), in the form of the plan of a tent, with its door-closing peg, &c., and—but that the key to their meaning has been lost—each of the sacred Hebrew characters would also probably be found to contain a mental picture, or a monogram of the ethical Deity from whom they emanated. More or less, all such early letters portrayed to the initiated an ethical meaning long existent in phonetic and oral tradition prior to being depicted in an artistic form; and as they were

all held to be sacred, in their early use, the single line and the circle probably emblemed a monotheistic idea, as the wedge would a tritheistic or trinitarian one, while two parallel lines might represent the dualistic. The ideas which originated these, with their ramifications would soon produce a higher language than that of the primitive monosyllables of sun, man, moon, tree, &c., and must have been long in use even grammatically before form realised them to the eye.

Oral traditions and unwritten poems prior to the use of letters attest this, and as all such early phonic descriptions treat largely of the deities of the various nations they were in use amongst, and apparently then unrepresented except by descriptive language of their works and attributes, they formed ethical clothing which surrounded the forms of the art figures or letters subsequently intended to perpetuate the ideas, as was shown much later on in the rich illuminations surrounding the mediæval manuscripts. It is clear, therefore, that a letter has in itself no significance.

Cutting trees must have been one of the earliest of arts, and, in some writings, either the wedge of wood, or the wedge-shaped axe form the letters, by the position of which sounds were regulated and words formed. In each case art, such as it was, was used to form letters, and letters so formed were the accompaniments and exponents of Art.

The Accadian, the oldest form, or one of the oldest forms of letters, is wedge-shaped.

The runes, as already pointed out, have been recognised by experts as borrowed from early Greek

forms, but early Greek and Etruscan have many affinities, and the Greek, Etruscan, and Roman *angular* letters are often similar.

The Etruscans must have had, through Egypt, acquaintance with the letters of the early dwellers on the Euphrates and Tigris, and the Erythrean shores.

These wedges are also prominent in Samaritan and Phœnician letters.

The term Art covers an area of vast extent; so broad as to be only second to that of nature—of course, restricting the latter term to our globe.

Art has been progressive, and by it, in its widely comprehensive sense, an approach can be made, if not to chronology, at least to successive eras or wave-tides of occupation of different countries; and hence civilisation of a more or less marked character can be roughly outlined, and some idea of the different phases and stages of the advancement of the human family defined.

But civilisation, as we know it, differs widely from the civilisation of the past.

In short, as art could exert no social influence, where no social condition existed, so it is evident that as the social life of to-day differs, so far as we can judge, from any other and preceding phase or adjunct of civilisation, the search for social influence as a companion or result of art in bygone times would hardly be rewarded with success.

Vast, then, as the area of art is and always has been where man was present, its social influence is within a recent period. Yet, not to take this as a conceded fact, it may be well to cast a rapid glance

on the pages of history, to see how art, sometimes of a class far exceeding in sublimity the works of modern times, produced no such humanising and refining effects as it exercises in the present day.

To avoid dry descriptions and tedious references, let it be assumed that a certain standpoint of view furnishes an inspection, without labour, into dates and nations, sufficient for the purpose, according to a plan I carefully noted as laid down in one of the great exhibitions in Paris.

In short, a spiral platform surrounding the globe, ascending from the Tropics to the Pole, intersected by galleries, which subdivide to inspection national works and historical periods, so that at pleasure, any people or any era may be referred to without the charge of discursive or inconsecutive description.

Such rapid glance will show, in case there is any doubt on the subject, that the highest art of bygone times did not influence the people in a *social* sense, though of course it produced political and national results—religious enthusiasm, or war-like enterprises, and that the social influence of art can exist only where the social condition is capable of receiving its effects.

Apart from such a scheme of the ideal spiral platform, written, oral, or pictorial descriptions of progress have always been given by exactly opposite illustration. Time, in the form of a succession of events, was represented by a river; races and generations by a tree. But when we have to consider the family of man in almost any form, his arts, sciences, wars, or migrations, a wide-seeing

reviewer must at once be struck with the fact that our *locus standi* being a sphere, a coil represents it better perhaps than any other method of illustration; and having formed our coil, if we then radiate from its centre, or rather from its pole, we shall find that the intersections produce the most curious results. Indeed, for all purposes of history or ancient research, our sphere, if we were to construct our coil altogether in that form, becomes a still better example; for the one side, that approximating around the original centre, is found to be enlightened, while the other contains the still ponderous ruins of cities amidst impenetrable forests which lie even now in the darkness of uncertainty, never illumined except by a meteoric flash of imaginative conjecture, which entices but to die out, and leave the doubt more palpable, the darkness more capable of being felt. I shall endeavour then to trace, by a slight sketch, not the culture and progress of art by its examples; but the ethical and other causes which have led to the culture of art, and its effects on the social history of the human family.

Within the smallest fold of the coil we find examples of the very earliest specimens of the handicraft of man, stone implements of warfare and the chase, of an apparently pre-metallic age. A succeeding fold shows these intermixed with rude, but in some cases spirited etchings of animals on bone. Further on, metal begins to mingle with, then to supersede the lithic art; then the metal shows by impress and chasing, *styles* of device and ornament. These are, further on, mingled with fragments of

rude textile fabrics, then with examples of plastic and ceramic art, and as these progress in style and device, finally steps in colour, and then by a steady progress the periphery ultimately exhibits the grandest productions of modern genius amid a halo of high art.

From a central point radiate passages, each intersecting the coil throughout, and by traversing any one of these, though all differ, each representing a particular nation or country, the same rapid result could be gained by the eye, which we have recorded in a few words; while, by tracing the coil in its course the labyrinth of human thought could be gradually traversed and unravelled, and the careful observer might find that he had followed human art almost from the Creation to the then latest moment of time, and could, with a single glance compare the earliest with those of his own age's most recent productions.

Necessity, which we familiarly look on as the "mother of invention," certainly gave the first impulse to the earliest productions of man, whether for war or the chase; but a desire to excel led, even in those days, to the symmetry and finish which the celts and flint instruments exhibit, and the desire to excel gives an indication of an ethical condition.

The drawings of stags and other animals no doubt record encounters of unusual risk, whether successful or not; but when we find them, as we soon do, intermingled with attempts at patterns and ornaments, we notice a striving after the beautiful which speaks already of a love of har-

mony; and the wavy lines on stone and bone, while they show a visible device, were probably wrought unwittingly by many a silent sculptor as in the intervals between the war or chase he listened to the monotonous strains of the war song or the hymn of praise, and thus they became, perhaps accidentally, the first phonetic symbols. Here, then, if there be ground for such reasoning, originated our present pictorial art, and indeed our literature, in the writing by hieroglyphics; and the first musical compositions also in the measured beat of time.

Form given, colour quickly followed, though at first of a monotint, as we find on the sarcophagus in Sir John Soane's museum. Subsequently distinctions were observed; the colours applied were those proper to the plants or animals represented in hieroglyphic writing, and the gradations of sound and its modulations were depicted with graduated nicety. Meanwhile, we find metallic art and carving progressing.

It is a sort of fashion in the present day to laugh down one of the highest of the fine arts—poetry, and in a historical sense to look at it as romance; but I submit that while it is the license of the poet to colour, extol, and sublimate, it is not reasonable to suppose that historical poets invented their narratives, as authors of fiction do in our days, but rather that they derived them from traditions. Virgil ('Æneid,' Bk. 3, l. 102), represents Æneas describing his aged father as "revolving the historical records of the ancients," hence I think we may fairly assume that, when he

describes such works of art as those given by Apollo's prophet to Æneas consisting of ornaments in "gold and ivory," "vessels of silver plate," "cauldrons of Dodonean brass," "a mail thick set with rings, and wrought in gold of triple tissue," together with the "cone and crest of a shining helmet," we have no reason to suppose that the remoteness of the date at which these things were said to have existed, as removed from Virgil's own period, is any reason against them. Indeed, the minuteness of his descriptions removes doubt at once; for had he been only conjecturing, he would have been careful to avoid the absurdity of assigning to an unmechanical age vessels that could not at that time have been even imagined, much less produced; whereas the high estimation in which these things were said to be held proves the age he is describing to have been one of high mechanical art; nor less distinguished for points that some may venture to describe as arts, wherein skill, strength, and stratagem are shown at their highest, intimating a source from which our Oxford and Cambridge boat races, athletic sports, and those which we might call Iülian horse races, have been derived, in common with textile fabrics before which Manchester wanes; as, for instance, in the prizes given to the victors in such sports, we find, "a mantle embroidered with gold, round which a thick fringe of Melibean purple ran, in double maze, and the royal boy, Ganymede, is interwoven, pursuing with darts in full career the fleet stags on woody Ida, *eager, seeming to pant for breath!* whom Jove's swift armour-bearer with his crooked talons

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But the discoveries in the recent excavations in the Troad prove Virgil in this case, at least, to be no romancer. And when we come to a "carved battleaxe of silver," we find, though of less precious

metal, hundreds of illustrations of equal antiquity in our own museums.

Neither can we doubt that there floats to us down the stream of time the sound of the "brazen cymbals of the Corybantes from the Idœan grove," or from an equal distance the shrill treble of the pandeans in the infancy of music.

I have selected this side of the argument first, that I might not appear to force a case, and I have, I trust, shown reasonable ground for supposing that Virgil did not construct his exquisite poem out of pure fiction, but only lent his imagination to condense into a lucid narrative the traditions which reached him from the oldest and probably the most authentic sources in the annals of his people that he could find. Did time permit, I could support Virgil simply as a writer, from the exactness of Pliny, proving how faithful the descriptions by these ancients were.

But not only do our museums, not only do the recent excavations support his description of the condition of art at the remote period of which he wrote, but we find other and perfectly independent testimony of the highest kind, and of a date long antecedent to that of Virgil, and so different as to show no possible connection of ideas. Without connection with any narrative of heroes, without even the allowable heightening and effects of a poet's description, in the simplest form, and as a dry matter of fact, we find these statements referring to the very earliest dates. Many examples could be given, as the bronze vase seen by Herodotus, the dimensions of which far exceeded the

Great Tun at Heidelburg—but selections must be made: "Such as dwell in tents," implying, I think, a textile fabric for a covering; "such as handle the harp and organ," undoubtedly showing, I think, an advanced state of music; but if any doubt arises on these expressions none can do so on the next—"an instructor in every artificer in brass and iron"—in a sense a teacher of Quintin Matsys, in his first handicraftship, and in a sense the originator of the works at Coalbrookdale, for Cellini worked chiefly in the higher metals.

But it may be urged that in the case of Virgil I have insisted on detail as an evidence of authenticity. Let us, then, look a little further, and we shall not find this feature wanting. We read, some books further on, that "David and all the house of Israel played on all manner of instruments made of *fir* wood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals." Now let us bear in mind that to this day our harps and stringed instruments are made of this very wood as by far the best suited to the purpose. Further on in the same description we are told of a building the walls of which "were carved with figures of cherubims, and palm trees, and open flowers," and the brass work is not only minutely described even to "the brim of a cup with flowers of lilies," but the actual spot where the casting took place "in the clay ground between Succoth and Zarthan" minutely recorded. While the colours of the decorations are over and over again given. But we must float further down the stream of time.

The magnificent building from which the last

details are taken (Solomon's Temple) is, as to its descriptions, familiar to you all. It was an outburst of glory in art from the stern iron house of art bondage in Egypt, but subsequent nations eclipsed its grandeur while they combined the beauty of architecture with a similar emancipation from Egyptian art by infusing an equal beauty accompanied with magnificence into, what became under them, the almost living form. The mind absolutely staggers under the dimensions recorded of their figures of gold and ivory, and bronze, and having, as we still have, evidence of the wondrous beauty of their works in marble, I see no reason to doubt the account of that which we have not, simply because from the costliness of the materials the figures have been destroyed.

In Greece, as in China, we find constructions in stone and marble which from their form and details were evidently once designed in wood. The Greeks touched with the finger of magic every accident and almost every defect, and converted it into a charm or a beauty. The accidental shrinking of the bark from their untrimmed timbers, the watercourses and weathering on their smoother uprights and horizontal beams, the contortions of an acanthus abnormally intruded on, nay, the very drops which hung suspended at times on the drenched timbers of their temples, became the classic ornaments modern art has never surpassed; while they idolised the exquisite symmetry of the human figure, and introduced it not merely in decorative but substantial positions of construction, with such subtlety in some cases that both in height and ornament

men have disputed whether the details of columnar beauty were borrowed from human or arborescent forms.

But all this was only a rich casket in their art religion, to contain the figure of him or her in whose honour the temple was erected. Their marble statues can, in a sense, be imagined by us from collections of their remnants; and, having that beauty of design, proportion, and perfection as a guide to the execution of the human form before us, the breath is suspended, when we read in the works of some of the gravest and most authentic authors, of a figure of Minerva, executed in gold and ivory by Phidias, for the Parthenon at Athens, which Pliny describes as about 37 feet high; of one of Jupiter Olympus, in the same materials, described by other authorities as nearly 60 feet high, though in a sitting posture; of one of Apollo, in bronze, at Amyclæ, somewhat less gigantic, and of others. The Greeks, in short, clothed in loveliness, majesty, and grace the colossal ideas of their southern neighbours who originated the Memnonium. There are questions, no doubt, of differences in measurement, and so forth, but I cannot pause upon them, as in any case the descriptions must refer to figures of enormous size. And the fact that the people of Rhodes, for apparently mere ostentation, had a Colossus in bronze more than 100 feet high, shows that such figures were made. With this tendency to elaborate a visible deification throughout that region, on both sides of the Propontis, and with the examples of the introduction of the human form in the main construction, with one grand sculpture within, we

can understand how these people would appreciate the force of the artistic metaphor, seized upon with the same graphic power with which St. Paul appropriated to the Highest the vacant altar at Athens, and used by one who preached "to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia," when he addressed them "as lively stones built up a spiritual house," whose duty was to minister to "a living stone," which was the chief stone of the temple—a compliment paid to the exquisite beauty of the works surrounding these localities, while he bemoaned their application; an announcement, further, that with all the semblance of life in their deities, there *was no life in them*. Who is there who has trod the once classical parts of Asia Minor, or traversed the Troad—who has climbed to the mountain summits of Greece, every pinnacle of which had its artistic fane or altar, its statue or device, while the delicious groves of its vales were crowded with the perfection of architectural beauty in honour of its ideal deities, studded with pictures by Zeuxis, Parhasius, and others, and relieved by the ever-varying and intense colouring of the richest arborescence, but has sighed over their majestic presence *now no more*, whose very foundations seem sown with salt, and whose *débris* is but as dust? whose grandeur and sublimity have left records only to prove that they did exist, but which, as is well known, exerted no influence on *social* life, for they failed to bring social life into existence.

But we must leave the Grecian haunts of snowy sculpture for the shores of Italy, if only to drop a

laurel wreath on the land of poetry and painting. And here we may first draw attention to the fact that with the introduction of Christianity came a suspension of art. In Scandinavia the high-class literature ceased after—it having no means of exposition through art, and once relieved from its heavy load of paganism—it had burst into a pyramid of light, illuminating the northern horizon like its own aurora.

Art was the exponent of literature; with the fall of art literature fell too, and was confined in the narrow channel of theology.

With the Elizabethan and following ages art died again; but literature, released from foreign influence, sprang up in England to a like Scandinavian blaze, opening the way to science, and giving to the world the immortal works of Shakespeare, Milton, and others.

These were exceptions; they were the moments when Literature had to fight single-handed with the dark side of human nature, and well she did the work.

But art and literature go best together; and later on Scott *wrote* pictures, as Shakespeare had *depicted* profound thought. Shakespeare cared nothing for the spectacular, nor did the Greek poets; they were like him, all mind, all soul.

In Greece, Italy, and the known world art died, and for centuries its very name lay dormant. That it was so is clearly demonstrated by the burning of books of curious arts by their owners at Ephesus. And why it was so is equally apparent, all art then in use being pagan, and inadmissible into the new religion.

The proof that the new religion was the hindrance is, that when Raphael revived art, even his genius could find nothing but pagan devices for his subjects, once that he had stepped beyond scriptural delineation. True, he made them subservient to the Christian, and one by one the ancient deities of Italy and the world were represented in his paintings as superseded by Christian personages and saints, till the tableaux were terminated by a clear heaven, where an angel with outstretched wings had the region to himself.

This is not idea. The examples are to be found in the Chigi Chapel in Santa Maria del Popolo, in Rome.

It is curious that Scandinavian art, such as it was, as well as the brilliant Scandinavian literature, took the same tone. The Sagas abound in descriptions of the mythological personages and events of the North; and the rude sculptured stones in Scandinavian localities, and in particular in the Isle of Man, repeat over and over again on their shafts the story of the slaying of the dragon, which had come to be looked on as the typical representative of the evil power; above these rose the sun or circle surrounding the cross, so that it is difficult to discern whether the Pagan or Christian emblems have the superiority, so graphically does the unwritten and the ethical language symbolised in the sculptured stones reveal itself in the rude art of the age and country. To such emblems Pagan and Christian could alike bow,—the convert in sincerity, the Pagan openly professing Christianity, but still worshipping in secret the dragon adored by his ancestors.

It is, therefore, highly probable that the crosses in Iona ordered by one of the Dukes of Argyll to be thrown into the sea bore such emblems, and fostered the suppressed Paganism even now existing in remote places in the highlands.

Raphael probably received his first imaginative impressions from the poet painter, his father, Giovanni Santi.

He was the first painter of note who displayed the power of imagination in his art, for the Van Eycks and their followers represented but repetitions of the same subjects, with hardly any approach to ideality; and Raphael, as I said before, had to go back to the old classic poets and the pagan mythology to habilitate his ideas. But we cannot pause on painting, however beautiful; for, as I stated before, the subject is not art, but its symbols, ethics, and influence. It will be apparent to every one that I have taken you by a rapid flight through one of the passages I first described as intersecting our supposed coil of progress in art; we have run down to the eastern end of the Mediterranean, casting our eyes about on the left-hand side, seizing the most prominent coigns of vantage, and looking at the most striking and interesting productions; we have returned a little way to look at Italy, which we had passed on our left, now on our right hand.

But here again, and throughout Asia, which time compels me to omit, though abundantly expressive, no social life existed except by stealth;* therefore art exerted no social influence.

* The Greeks, like the modern Turks, secluded their women and children in the γυναικών, or harem, totally subversive of social life.

The Hebrews appear as the only people of Asia who regarded the social position, and this only through their law of inheritance by kindred.

But I must ask you to accompany me to realms of ruder art, for it is only by comparisons that we can ascertain if the influences I shall assign are universal or incidental. I quite admit that there are to be found everywhere fortuitous effects, but even these have a semblance of the main features. Permit me to give an example of what I mean. Perhaps in ancient ceramic art there is no class of

The Romans sought nature in its rurality, and a declension to natural appetite ensued, such scenes being unsuited to the voluptuous and intriguing dames of the Capitol.

Cicero, Columella, Cincinnatus, Curius, Horace, Varro, and Vitruvius, treat of domestic rural life, to which even the Emperors fled from the Palatine and sought refuge in the urbana, the rustica and the fructuaria; for the temples of the gods were defiled by assassins, and the Forum was the arena of lewdness and debauchery.

One of the remarkable results of the suppression of art and literature, after the acceptance of Christianity, as a channel through which the pent up feelings and ethical desires of thinking men found vent, was the practical brotherly feeling which has continued to expand to the present day, and still more under the restoration of art and literature than before. The having all things in common soon died out, but assemblies of men and women followed, producing later on, brotherhoods and sisterhoods; finally resulting in monastic and conventual life. These, waning, were succeeded by philanthropic establishments.

To this day, it is in Christian countries alone that infirmaries and hospitals, asylums, and refuges are found; institutions which never existed before the Christian era. The λέσχαί of the Greeks, and the stationes of the Latins were merely places of public resort for wayfarers and idlers. The "Taberna meritoria" for invalid soldiers was within the Christian period, and was probably the first kind of hospital, though in large rural establishments a valetudinarium for the sick of the household was occasionally to be found.

objects that has more interesting devices than the antique hand-lamps. I ascribe this directly to fortuitous causes, viz. the utility of the object, its very general adaptation, and the number of subjects that may be supposed to be aided by—in other words, illuminated by—the facility for study and pursuit which the use of *light* gives. Here let us leave our lamps for a short time, till we return to them with a higher definition.

You will probably have observed that in all countries constructors go on repeating certain forms and designs when the original intention of the form or design has been forgotten, or remembered only as a matter of misty tradition or curious research. The Moslem joiner who makes all his woodwork on the curve, the man who makes even the oars of the caiques with a swelling protuberance, as well as the English and French joiners who make (with some modern exceptions) all their woodwork at right angles, are quite unaware that they are carrying out in one case the symbolism of the cross, in the other that of the crescent.

We will now pass—as probably the first inhabitants of America did—by Behring's Straits, down to the land of mystery, where huge cities lie buried, and again further south, where engineering works, vast as our own of modern days, prove there were giants, in mind at least, then as there are now; and, winding up far away from the mystic traditions of Mexico, we will rest a few minutes on the banks of the Mississippi valley, where the pioneers of the white man told us primeval forests grew. Did they? Well, as man advanced, and the forests

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Spondees and dactyls may be musical poetry, but are not wanted to give force to such graphic word painting as this; and the art must have been of a tangible and recognised character, or this panegyric would have amounted to so much irony. Nor, to hasten onwards, can we despise or doubt such minute descriptions as these: "An Amazonian quiver fraught with Thracian arrows, embraced in a broad belt of gold, and buckle clasps with tapering diamond;" or "the bowl embossed with figures" which Thracian Cisseus gave to old Anchises; or the "pliant circles of wreathed gold hanging from the necks over the breasts of the youthful riders."

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But the discoveries in the recent excavations in the Troad prove Virgil in this case, at least, to be no romancer. And when we come to a "carved battleaxe of silver," we find, though of less precious

describes such works of art as those given by Apollo's prophet to Æneas consisting of ornaments in "gold and ivory," "vessels of silver plate," "cauldrons of Dodonean brass," "a mail thick set with rings, and wrought in gold of triple tissue," together with the "cone and crest of a shining helmet," we have no reason to suppose that the remoteness of the date at which these things were said to have existed, as removed from Virgil's own period, is any reason against them. Indeed, the minuteness of his descriptions removes doubt at once; for had he been only conjecturing, he would have been careful to avoid the absurdity of assigning to an unmechanical age vessels that could not at that time have been even imagined, much less produced; whereas the high estimation in which these things were said to be held proves the age he is describing to have been one of high mechanical art; nor less distinguished for points that some may venture to describe as arts, wherein skill, strength, and stratagem are shown at their highest, intimating a source from which our Oxford and Cambridge boat races, athletic sports, and those which we might call Iülian horse races, have been derived, in common with textile fabrics before which Manchester wanes; as, for instance, in the prizes given to the victors in such sports, we find, "a mantle embroidered with gold, round which a thick fringe of Melibean purple ran, in double maze, and the royal boy, Ganymede, is interwoven, pursuing with darts in full career the fleet stags on woody Ida, *eager, seeming to pant for breath!* whom Jove's swift armour-bearer with his crooked talons

snatches aloft from Ida—the aged keepers in vain stretching out their hands to the stars, and the *baying of the dogs raging to the skies.*"

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The proof that the new religion was the hindrance is, that when Raphael revived art, even his genius could find nothing but pagan devices for his subjects, once that he had stepped beyond scriptural delineation. True, he made them subservient to the Christian, and one by one the ancient deities of Italy and the world were represented in his paintings as superseded by Christian personages and saints, till the tableaux were terminated by a clear heaven, where an angel with outstretched wings had the region to himself.

This is not idea. The examples are to be found in the Chigi Chapel in Santa Maria del Popolo, in Rome.

It is curious that Scandinavian art, such as it was, as well as the brilliant Scandinavian literature, took the same tone. The Sagas abound in descriptions of the mythological personages and events of the North; and the rude sculptured stones in Scandinavian localities, and in particular in the Isle of Man, repeat over and over again on their shafts the story of the slaying of the dragon, which had come to be looked on as the typical representative of the evil power; above these rose the sun or circle surrounding the cross, so that it is difficult to discern whether the Pagan or Christian emblems have the superiority, so graphically does the unwritten and the ethical language symbolised in the sculptured stones reveal itself in the rude art of the age and country. To such emblems Pagan and Christian could alike bow,—the convert in sincerity, the Pagan openly professing Christianity, but still worshipping in secret the dragon adored by his ancestors.

It is, therefore, highly probable that the crosses in Iona ordered by one of the Dukes of Argyll to be thrown into the sea bore such emblems, and fostered the suppressed Paganism even now existing in remote places in the highlands.

Raphael probably received his first imaginative impressions from the poet painter, his father, Giovanni Santi.

He was the first painter of note who displayed the power of imagination in his art, for the Van Eycks and their followers represented but repetitions of the same subjects, with hardly any approach to ideality; and Raphael, as I said before, had to go back to the old classic poets and the pagan mythology to habilitate his ideas. But we cannot pause on painting, however beautiful; for, as I stated before, the subject is not art, but its symbols, ethics, and influence. It will be apparent to every one that I have taken you by a rapid flight through one of the passages I first described as intersecting our supposed coil of progress in art; we have run down to the eastern end of the Mediterranean, casting our eyes about on the left-hand side, seizing the most prominent coigns of vantage, and looking at the most striking and interesting productions; we have returned a little way to look at Italy, which we had passed on our left, now on our right hand.

But here again, and throughout Asia, which time compels me to omit, though abundantly expressive, no social life existed except by stealth;* therefore art exerted no social influence.

* The Greeks, like the modern Turks, secluded their women and children in the γυναικών, or harem, totally subversive of social life.

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the art creator; to them in such works the leaves rustle and the waters rush, the sounds of zephyrs soothe, and the eye pierces the canvas and travels miles away to the horizon, while the very temperature rises and falls with the heat of noonday or the delicious gloaming. The musician brings to us voices from the dead, or invites us to the place of seraphs. The architect erects mentally his airy fabric, curbing with pain his creative powers to price and circumstance. The other, with careful measurement and detail, ventures an ornament or a note here and there where precedent and precedent alone permits.

The one has around him a host of imaginary servitors, who really aid him. The other is the servitor of rule and square and plummet. The one are born masters as by inspiration, in whose art works are written volumes; the others are students to the end of time. The purest, highest art is like faith. It is the evidence of things not seen. Or, on the other hand, to him who knows it not—

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And nothing more."

The Galileo or the Newton says, speaking from the mind, there must be revolution, force, gravity, effort. The student, force, gravity, revolution given, ergo what you please. Q. E. D.

But, as I said before, all this is tempered by necessity and cultivated taste, which restrain the one and elevate the other. I have given the very fullest force to such arguments to show that art is

free, free at least to certain minds, and let us say in this country; but with all the subtlety of new causes I find it no more free than formerly, but a willing captive only. Do I find it subject, then, to that great leverage of the present day, gold? No; while it derives necessary sustenance from wealth, it is a great antidote to wealth's poisonous effects, and it is so because it is purely ethical.

Let us see. Let us look at the life of to-day in its real aspect. Jostle along Cornhill or Lombard Street, go on 'Change or to the bank parlour, ferret your way down the narrow passages between Cheapside and Cannon-street. It is one universal hive of active bees making money, and who have time for nothing else. Follow them home at night —you need not be particular in selection—go to their hearths and inspect their household gods. The Penates and Lares of pagan classic nations and times are replaced with, not great historical paintings; these are rare or ornamental only when found; but follow your host to that nook, to this corner, as he carries in his arms a little fairy, and hear him tell you of, and see him point to, this rosebud, that cottage feast, or the road-side bank, or church porch, where a child has dropped its wild flowers overcome by sleep, or where a group weave wreaths and garlands for a holiday; and you (keeping within the limits of my subject) find how it is this money-hunter has not grown hard, how he has a very child's heart in tenderness; and then a silver voice breaks on you, and through an open door come sweet strains of the harmony of home. Art does not produce morals, but it may be made

æsthetical food and stimulant to them. There must be a high moral feeling as the basis of the demand for such pictures and such joys as I have described, and moral feeling has its origin in a higher cause.

Can those bits of colour in gilt frames or that stringed instrument work these results? No; nor would they but that they touch in their pure morality the moral nature of the man, his ethical condition, because they are of ethical creation,—a condition which pervades that life of purity which had its only solace in the tender heart, and found its only earthly charms in the flowers of the field, its yearning in its love to little ones. When we look at a single blossom by Miss Coleman, the real happiness of the homely clad rustic children gambolling beneath the flecked skies of Birket Foster, the great luminous eyes of Millais's children, sadly burning autumn leaves, and find that these and such as these are sought as priceless monitors, which in reality they are, though not so called, we feel indeed the meaning of that free religion which has rent the veil, and thus produced social life, which gives a real force to the word home by such endearments, which reveals to us the charms of nature, whose tenets are joy and peace, and whose outbursts in art are natural purity and truth.

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COINCIDENCES.

BY THE RIGHT HON. PROFESSOR F. MAX MÜLLER,
HON. F.R.S.L.

[Read 27th May, 1896.]

It was towards the end of the sixteenth century that Philippo Sassetti,* an Italian merchant, settled at Goa, felt startled at the coincidences which he could not help observing between his own language, Italian, and the vernaculars which he heard spoken all around him by the natives of India. He noted several of them, such as the numerals from 6 to 9, the words for *god* and for *serpent;* but being absorbed in business he only expressed his regret that he was not able to follow up this curious subject, *bellissime cose*, as he called it.

It was in 1845† that two Roman Catholic missionaries, Huc and Gabet, while travelling in Tibet felt startled at the coincidences between their own ecclesiastic ritual and that of the Buddhist priesthood in Tibet. They pointed out, among other things, the crosier, the mitre, the dalmatic, the cope, the service with two choirs, the psalmody, exorcism, the use of censers held by five chains which shut and open by themselves, blessings given by the Lamas in extending their right hand over the heads of the faithful, the use of beads for saying

* 'Lettere edite e inedite di Philippo Sassetti.' Firenze, 1855.

† 'Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie, le Thibet, et la Chine pendant les années 1844, 1845, et 1846.' Par M. Huc, Prêtre-Missionaire, Paris, 1850.

prayers, the celibacy of the priesthood, spiritual retreats, worship of saints, fastings, processions, litanies, holy water—enough, it would seem, to startle any Roman Catholic Missionary.

These coincidences were so extraordinary, nay, so revolting in the eyes of Christian missionaries, that the only way to account for them seemed to be to ascribe them to the devil, who wished to scandalise pious Roman Catholics who might visit Tibet, and to that spirit of mischief they were accordingly ascribed. Sassetti's attitude was more reasonable, and his words leave the impression on our mind that he really suspected something behind these *bellissime cose;* in fact, that the coincidences which he observed did not seem to him mere casual or diabolic coincidences, but something that required a rational or historical explanation.

Still, there the matter rested till the time came when the ancient language of the Brâhmans, which Sassetti knew to be called *Sanscruta*, began to be seriously studied by such men as Wilkins, Sir William Jones, and Colebrooke. They too could not help seeing what had struck Sassetti, and we know that Colebrooke made a long list of words* which seemed to him identically the same in Greek, Latin, German, Persian, and Sanskrit. But he attempted no explanation of the facts. At that time the idea that all languages were derived from Hebrew was still so prevalent and so firmly rooted that it would have required great courage to suggest any other explanation. The great philosopher, Dugald Stewart, though he did not go quite so far

* 'Chips from a German Workshop,' vol. iii, p. 499.

as the Roman Catholic missionaries, by declaring the similarities between Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin to have been the work of the devil, expressed his conviction that they must be the result of fraud, and that the wily Brâhmans had probably put together what they called their sacred language in imitation of Greek and Latin. He might have strengthened his argument by saying that *Sanskrita* means literally "put together," though it did not mean that when applied to the ancient language of India. It was a German scholar, Frederick Schlegel, who was the first to form and to enunciate the bold synthesis that the classical languages of Greece and Italy and the sacred language of India must be offshoots of one and the same stem, branches of one and the same family of speech. He thus accustomed philosophers to the new, and at that time most startling, idea that there was a real linguistic relationship between the dark inhabitants of India and the speakers of Latin and Greek, other branches being added afterwards to what we now call the *Aryan family of speech*, namely, the *Persian*, the *Teutonic*, the *Slavonic* and *Celtic* branches.

Here we see the difference between coincidences and coincidences. We speak of undesigned, of strange coincidences; nay, we call it a mere coincidence if the same or a very similar event happens in different places or at different times. Most people would probably have called it a mere coincidence if they saw a Buddhist priest in Tibet wearing the same ecclesiastical vestments as a Roman Catholic priest at Rome. But as soon as we can account for such similarities, either as the result of borrowing

sorrows are not brought home to us! and how strange it seems to our dispassionate gaze that hopes were raised or griefs felt through things and events that seem to us now so trivial!

And must we descend from all this sentiment to look facts in the face? Yes, for we have to search for some of the causes of that which raises all these feelings, and one of those is far from sentimental. Painter, poet, or musician must descend sometimes from his art heaven to earth, and feel mortal. The body must be fed and clothed; things that float around us like ethereal beings, and have come to us in mystery, we know not whence, have to be fed and clothed too, and trained for the battle of life. For the highest reasons and the lowest, we cannot overlook the question of mere mercantile value, in spite of the spurious assumption of taste which sometimes aids it. The latter walks as a servile follower behind the one who *feels* his subject. But though not elevating, it is to be despised no more than we can afford to despise the gross nutriment required by the roots of the vine or the peach tree. But this is an *aid* less than a cause, for it is the sunshine of a smile of happiness in appreciation, and the soft, warm shower of sympathy, that produce the leaves and fruit and flowers. Without these the former would debase even to corruption, and the tree would die a vile, loathsome death.

But the stern reality of fact feelings often shuts us out from the paradise of the ideal, quite apart from mercantile questions. Like Hamlet, so wrapped up in his own real sorrow that he failed to compre-

hend the artist being carried away with *his part*, till he really wept for Hecuba.

> "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
> That he should *weep* for her?"

At the same time it must be admitted that this is sometimes reciprocal, and that ideality, whether of the sad or pleasurable, often shuts up our sense of the actual. To the one, ordinary nature bursts into new life and spiritual beauty; to the other it is rock, water, and earth. True art is, as it were, a physical representation of the link between body and spirit, as religion is between God and man.

Cultivated taste steps in as a link between the creative and the imitative in art itself, and between pleasure and necessity. The one spontaneous, aspiring, heroic; the other studied, adapted, and economical. The first conceiving the idea, which they then habilitate, whether in words, notes, or colours; the other taking set themes or texts, critically arranged, and studied sequences of notes, or accurate delineations, and laboriously disposing them, in the often fruitless hope of capturing, or appearing to capture, an original idea in the process.

The one surround themselves with ideality, which to *them* forms *real* scenes of beauty and grace, which they delight to make permanent. The others are content to portray what they behold, and their work seldom rises beyond a block of shapely marble or a well-painted piece of canvas. With the first, in spite of absence of colour, the marble lives and breathes, you look for pulsation or anticipate the voice, *i. e.* those do who are of the same spirit as

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> "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
> That he should *weep* for her?"

At the same time it must be admitted that this is sometimes reciprocal, and that ideality, whether of the sad or pleasurable, often shuts up our sense of the actual. To the one, ordinary nature bursts into new life and spiritual beauty; to the other it is rock, water, and earth. True art is, as it were, a physical representation of the link between body and spirit, as religion is between God and man.

Cultivated taste steps in as a link between the creative and the imitative in art itself, and between pleasure and necessity. The one spontaneous, aspiring, heroic; the other studied, adapted, and economical. The first conceiving the idea, which they then habilitate, whether in words, notes, or colours; the other taking set themes or texts, critically arranged, and studied sequences of notes, or accurate delineations, and laboriously disposing them, in the often fruitless hope of capturing, or appearing to capture, an original idea in the process.

The one surround themselves with ideality, which to *them* forms *real* scenes of beauty and grace, which they delight to make permanent. The others are content to portray what they behold, and their work seldom rises beyond a block of shapely marble or a well-painted piece of canvas. With the first, in spite of absence of colour, the marble lives and breathes, you look for pulsation or anticipate the voice, *i. e.* those do who are of the same spirit as

followers should not intermingle. The right must remain distinct from the wrong, just as the rivers Ching and Wei flow in different beds."

These remarks are important in several respects. They show not only that Roman missionaries and Buddhist priests were on intimate terms working together under the same roof, but likewise that they had discovered certain similarities between Christianity and Buddhism, similarities which no doubt exist, and existed long before they attracted the attention of some of the Nestorian missionaries of the Tâ-tsin monastery. Anyhow, the coincidences between the Buddhist ceremonial of Tibet and the Roman Catholic ceremonial at Rome, need no longer surprise us, and can certainly be accounted for without having recourse to the Devil. Some of the coincidences pointed out by Huc, such as *fastings*, *processions*, *spiritual retreats*, and *rosaries*, can really be accounted for by an appeal to human nature, and can be matched among races who never had any contact whatever with Christian missionaries. Even other coincidences, such as the mitre and crosier, if they stood alone, might possibly be explained or accepted as purely accidental. It is the number of them, all belonging to one and the same class, *mitre*, *crosier*, *dalmatic*, *cope*, *five-chained censer*, *holy water*, &c., which makes such an explanation impossible. May I remind those who maintain that identity of names is of small value in a comparative study of Aryan customs and myths, of what immense value it would be for us if one single Italian name, such as *mitre* or *dalmatic*, could be discovered in the language of Tibet. If this were so, would not all opposition

collapse at once, and all doubt vanish? whereas at present some people still shrug their shoulders and prefer with Voltaire to doubt, instead of with Gibbon to accept the genuineness of the monument of Hsian-fu and the intercourse between Nestorian and Buddhist priests during the seventh century within the walls of the monastery of Hsian-fu.

And this leads us on to the consideration of another class of coincidences between Buddhism and Christianity. Such coincidences have been pointed out again and again, unfortunately not in a purely historical spirit, but in the impassioned tone of theological controversy. If religion is the natural outcome of the human mind, when brought face to face with that truly divine revelation which speaks to us with irresistible force every day and from every part of nature, it would be strange, indeed, if we did not find certain coincidences between almost all the Sacred Books of the world. They exist, and they ought to exist and be welcome to every believer in the dignity and destinies of the whole human race. We lose nothing by this recognition, nor does any truth lose its value because it is held, not only by ourselves, but by millions of human beings whom we formerly called unbelievers.

We know that the ordinary commandments not to kill, not to steal, not to lie, not to commit adultery, nay, even the highest commandment of all, to love our neighbours as ourselves and the warning not to do unto others what we do not wish others to do unto us, are shared by nearly all the great religions of the world. There can be no question here of borrowing as in the case of ecclesiastical

vestments. The mere date of the Buddhist Canon would be a sufficient anwer to such a supposition. Even such minor matters as confessions, fastings, celibacy of the clergy and rosaries form part of that ancient Buddhism which we know from the Tripi*ṭ*aka, the Bible of the Buddhists. It is admitted by most scholars that the Buddhist Canon was collected at the council of Pâ*ṭ*aliputra (Patna) held in 259 B.C., when Asoka, the grandson of Sandrokyptos, was the supreme ruler of India.* No one can seriously doubt the date and the historical character of Asoka, whose very inscriptions we possess engraved on rocks and monuments. But to avoid all controversy we may be satisfied with the date of Va*ṭṭ*agâmani, 88—76 B.C., during whose reign we know that the Buddhist Canon was reduced to writing. As yet, his date has never been doubted, nor the fact that during his reign the Canon was first reduced to writing. Of course, the date of Sandrokyptos, the grandfather of Asoka, depends altogether on the date of Alexander the Great, and people who have doubted the existence of Napoleon, may question the historical character of Alexander and his expedition to India. In this case the date of Vattagâmani would fall, and the Buddhist Canon might be called a forgery of wily Buddhist priests. Scholars, it is said, have been mistaken before, and may be mistaken again. In this way we might no doubt get rid of all ancient history, including the whole of the Old Testament. But this is not the method followed by critical scholars. If they are sceptical, they are so in order to arrive at truth, not

* 'Sacred Books of the East,' vol. x, p. 39.

in order to say, What is truth? As scholars, we have to distinguish carefully between the two Canons of Buddhism, the one composed in Pâli, and written down, as far as we know, in the first century before our era; the second, composed in Sanskrit and written down in the first century after our era. The former is called the Hînayâna-Canon, the latter the Mahâyâna-Canon. No one has ever claimed for the Mahâyâna-Canon an earlier date than that of the fourth council held in the first century after Christ in the monastery of *G*âlandhara in Kashmir under King Kanishka.* At that time the Sanskrit Canon was not only written down, but was actually engraved on copper plates, and these plates, we are told, were buried under a stûpa by order of the king. It is true these copper plates have not been discovered yet, but it would require an extraordinary degree of historical agnosticism to doubt the dates of the Kings Asoka and Kanishka. We possess the coins of Kanishka, and ever so many inscriptions of Asoka. No doubt the evidence for any event or dates before the beginning of our era can be constructive only. Scholars do the best they can with the evidence that is accessible, but they cannot create new evidence. All they can do is never to allow themselves to be swayed by extraneous considerations. They certainly did not fix the dates of the two Canons of the Buddhists in order to establish their priority in comparison with the Christian Canon. Such considerations have no existence for them. They would look upon them as childish, if not as dishonest. Nor were the re-

* 'Histoire de la vie de Hiouan-thsang,' p. 96.

sults at which they arrived by patient labour ever questioned or ridiculed till, in comparing Christian with Buddhist theories, it was found out that the Buddhist version could claim chronological priority. If the celibacy of the clergy, if confessions, fastings, nay, even rosaries, were all enjoined in the Hînayâna Canon, it followed, of course, that they could not have been borrowed from Christian missionaries. On the contrary, if they were borrowed at all, the conclusion would rather be that they were taken over by Christianity from Buddhism.

I have always held that the possibility of such borrowing cannot be denied, though at the same time I have strongly insisted on the fact that the historical reality of such borrowing has never been established. When I said that a borrowing between Christians and Buddhists, and in a still wider sense between West and East, was possible, what I meant was that the road between India and Greece was really open ever since Alexander had found or made a road for his army to march from Greece to India. Buddhism, as we know, was in its very nature a missionary religion, and we hear of missionaries being sent from India to every part of the world at the end of the Council of Pâṭaliputra in the third century B.C. In the second century B.C. Buddhist missionaries were, as Darmesteter has shown, hard at work in Western Persia. These missionaries would be called in Pâli *Samanas*,* and, therefore, if we hear of *Samanaioi* in Bactria in the first century B.C., we know for certain that Buddhist missionaries must have been there at least before the beginning

* 'Chips from a German Workshop,' vol. i, p. 75.

of the Christian era, teaching philosophy and religion to the Greeks settled in Bactria on the frontiers of India. Our authority for this is Alexander Polyhistor (first century B.C.), as quoted by Cyrillus (fourth century A.D.). In the second century A.D. Clement of Alexandria knew of the same *Samanaioi;* nay, he quotes the name of *Boutta*, who, he says, was worshipped in India like a god; while Eusebius, in the fourth century, is acquainted with the name of Brâhmans also. There is not one of these authorities that might not be cavilled at; but in that case we had better give up all history, and declare with Walpole that all facts are fiction. History, no doubt, is made up of fragments; yet these fragments can be formed into a mosaic picture, which we call the History of the World, and from which we learn that Alexander marched to India, that he founded Alexandria in Egypt, and that this Alexandria, both before and after the Christian era, became the centre of attraction for Eastern and Western thought, so that an intellectual exchange between Asia and Europe was perfectly possible at that time.

We must not forget that even China, in the far East, was not altogether precluded from intercourse with the Western world; for we learn from Chinese historians that the Chinese advanced in the first century A.D. as far as the Caspian Sea, and threatened to cross it in order to attack the *Tâ-tsin*, that is, the Romans.* This was about the same time when the *Yuetshi*, or, as they are called, the *Indo-Scythians*, conquered Bactria, the north of India,

* Köppen, 'Religion des Buddha,' ii, p. 4.

and finally occupied the whole valley of the Ganges.*

But, I say once more, there is a difference, and a very great difference, between what is possible in history and what is real. If Buddhist missionaries had been at Alexandria, should we not have heard more of them? And if they actually enriched the philosophical or the moral literature of Greek students in Egypt, could they have vanished from the scene of their labours without leaving a trace behind—not a single name of any one of them? The roads were open as they are now between India and Europe; but why do we not hear of a single Ram Mohun Roy or Keshub Chunder Sen on a visit to Alexandria, Athens, or Rome?

It is well known that Indian, nay, Buddhist influence has been suspected in some of the oldest Greek fables, and in parts of the Old and New Testaments. If we take the Greek fables first, what shall we say when we find in Plato allusions to the well-known fable of the Donkey in the Lion's Skin, just as we find it in the *Gâtaka*, a part of the Buddhist Canon, and put there into the mouth of Buddha himself?

You know the fable as told in Greek. I shall read it you as told in Pâli in the *Gâtaka*:

"Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a farmer's family, and when he grew up he got a livelihood by tillage.

"At the same time there was a merchant who used to go about hawking goods, which a donkey carried for him. Wherever he went he used to take his bundle off the ass,

* Köppen, loc. cit., ii, p. 12.

and throw a lion-skin over him, and then turn him loose in the rice and barley fields. When the watchmen saw this creature, they imagined him to be a lion, and so durst not come near him.

"One day this hawker stopped at a certain village, and while he was getting his own breakfast cooked, he turned the ass loose in a barley-field with the lion skin on. The watchmen thought it was a lion, and durst not come near, but fled home and gave the alarm. All the villagers armed themselves and hurried to the field, shouting and blowing on conches and beating drums. The ass was frightened out of his wits, and gave a hee-haw! Then the Bodhisatta, seeing that it was a donkey, repeated the first stanza:

'Nor lion nor tiger I see,
Not even a leopard is he:
But a donkey—the wretched old hack!
With a lion's skin over his back!'

"As soon as the villagers learnt that it was only an ass, they cudgelled him till they broke his bones, and then went off with the lion-skin. When the merchant appeared and found that his ass had come to grief, he repeated the second stanza:

'The donkey, if he had been wise,
Might long the green barley have eaten;
A lion's skin was his disguise:—
But he gave a hee-haw, and got beaten!'

"As he was in the act of uttering these words the ass expired. The merchant left him and went his way."

Such coincidences are different from the well-known coincidences in language and mythology with which comparative philologists and comparative mythologists have to deal.

When we find the ten numerals exactly the same in all the Aryan languages, the very idea that the

Greeks borrowed their τρεῖς, three, from the Sk. *trayas*, would never enter into our mind, still less that the Hindus borrowed from the Greeks. We are moving here in a totally different stratum of history, and the same applies to mythological names, such as *Dyaus* and *Zeus*, *Sûrya* and *Helios*, *Ushas* and *Eos*; nay, even to such mythological stories as were invented to explain the relationship of the Aryan gods, and the marriages which spring naturally from the visible relations between the sky, the sun, the dawn, the moon, and all the rest. The Sky-father would have to be represented as the father of somebody, the father of the daily sun, for instance, or of the dawn, or of rain and lightning. Again, in his solar character, he might be represented not only as the father of the dawn, but also as the follower or lover of the dawn, as young and beautiful every morning, as old and dying every evening. Here are the germs of many a myth and many a tragedy. Such stories form the staple of ancient mythology in every branch of the Aryan family. Yet no one could say that the Greeks borrowed their *Zeus* and the stories connected with him from the Hindus, or the German tribes their *Tiu* from the Greek *Zeus*. We have this *Tiu* still in our *Tuesday*. We might as well say that they had borrowed their *numerals* or the terminations of declension and conjugation. Like the numerals, the names of some of the ancient Aryan gods and heroes also must have had their origin long before the Aryans separated, before the Greeks were Greeks or the Germans Germans. But though the simplest elements of Aryan mythology were, no

doubt, common property, the later phases were of national growth. When we are told, for instance, that Argos had eyes over the whole of his body, and that he was made to watch Io when changed into a cow, we may recognise in Argos a male representative of the starry night, and in Io a representative of the moon. This may be a very old myth, but when we are told that after Argos had been killed by Hermes, Hera placed his eyes on the tail of the peacock, and that the peacock was the sacred bird of Hera, we know that this must be a modern myth, because peacocks were not known in Greece before the fifth century B.C.*

Comparative mythology has to distinguish carefully between the different strata of gods and heroes, between what constitutes ancient common Aryan property, and what is the peculiar property of each nation. And for that purpose nothing is so important as the names of gods and heroes. Whenever the names are the same in Sanskrit and Greek, we know that they existed before the Aryan Separation, and whenever they can be explained etymologically, they give us, as Mannhardt has well remarked (*Mythol. Forsch.*, p. 81), the key to the fundamental meaning of every myth or custom.

But after it had once been proved that some fragments had been preserved out of the general deluge which we call the Aryan Separation, that not only all numerals, pronouns, prepositions, but names and legends of gods and heroes also had been saved of the common Aryan heritage, and

* Hehn, 'Kulturpflanzen,' p. 306; Movers, 'Phön., Alterth.,' iii, 93; earlier in Libya and Samos.

carried north and south by the descendants of those who were once united in language, religion, myth, and customs in their common Aryan home, wherever we may choose to place it, another bold step was made by Jacob Grimm. He thought he could prove that certain fables also, particularly animal fables which we find in India, Greece, and Germany, had been carried by mothers and grandmothers on their migrations from Asia to Europe, had been repeated by their children and grandchildren, differing no doubt in local colouring, but always the same in substance and purpose. It requires boldness to differ in such matters from so great an authority as Jacob Grimm, and all I can bring myself to say is that he seems to me to have gone rather too far. I believe he was right in holding that the germs of certain stories existed before the Aryan Separation, possibly in the form of proverbs, and that from them sprang in later times some of the fables which he considered as common Aryan property. For instance, it may have been an old Aryan proverb to say *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*, "no footmarks point back;" huntsmen and shepherds looking for game or strayed cattle would naturally use such an expression, and would hand it down as a useful rule to their children. And if at a later time it required illustration, how easily might such fables have been invented as that of the fox who would not enter the lion's den, because he could see from the footmarks that many animals had indeed entered in, but none had come out! Another shepherd's trick may have been to drag stolen cattle backwards into a cave. Those who looked for their stolen cows would be deceived,

as Apollon was by Hermes, as Herakles by Cacus,* by seeing from the marks that the cows had marched out, and could no longer be found inside the cave.

All this we may admit as possible, but that these proverbs had assumed a fixed literary form at so early a time is more than would be conceded even by scholars who hesitate before they forsake such a leader as Jacob Grimm.

What then remains, I ask, but to admit, at a time long subsequent to the Aryan Separation, a really historical intercourse between East and West, on such roads as we have pointed out? Story-tellers represented by the name of *Æsopus*, might easily have travelled from the Indian frontiers of Persia to Lydia, and if Solon could have lived at the court of *Crœsus* and communicated to him the proverb which is still alive, *Nemo ante mortem beatus;* nay, if *Crœsus*, many of whose subjects were Ionian Greeks, could have consulted the Delphic oracle and received the ambiguous answer which led to his defeat by Cyrus (542 B.C.), surely there could have been no unsurmountable barrier between the story-tellers, male or female, of those countries. Again, if Darius invaded Greece, and lost the battle of Marathon, some Persian prisoners, educated and uneducated, must surely have been left behind in Greece. We know even of Greek *emigrés*, such as Alcibiades, who lived in Persia and became almost Oriental in manners and thought. If with all these openings there had been no exchange whatever between East and West in their literary productions, it would have been strange, to say no more; and though, as I re-

* Bréal, 'Mélanges,' p. 45.

peat, we have no tangible evidence of anything like translations, whether Oriental or Occidental, at that time, we seem perfectly within our right when we look upon the numerous coincidences between the fables of *Æsopus* and the fables occurring in Sanskrit and Pali literature as proving the fact that there was a real literary exchange between India, Persia, Asia Minor, and Greece, beginning with the sixth century B.C.

We may be ready to accept the names and the stories of the Aryan gods and heroes, the stories of Kronos, of Endymion and Selene, of Daphne and Apollon, as survivals of a period during which the Aryan language was not yet definitely broken up; but that a story, such as that of the Donkey in the Lion's Skin, alluded to by Plato, should have existed at that early time, and have been handed down in the same way as common Aryan property, is more than I can bring myself to believe. A fable forms a well-articulated whole, it is almost a work of art, with a beginning, a middle, and an end; it has a point and an intention, and such an intention can hardly have been carried out twice in the same manner by poets independent of each other. It is quite true that this is a question to be decided by taste and judgment rather than by mere scholarship; but there seems no danger that on this point literary critics will differ from the judgment of scholars.

More difficult is the question whether these fables were all borrowed from the East, or whether some of them may have been carried from Greece to Persia and India.

What we must here consider is, that the Greeks never claimed fable literature as their own creation, though they have made many of these fables their own by clothing them in a thoroughly Greek garb. There are even some very significant traces in Greek fables of their Eastern origin, such as when the birds choose the *peacock* as their king, and when the lion is introduced as the king of all animals. Even the elephant is mentioned in some of Æsop's fables (Hahn, *Fabulæ Æsopicæ*, 261), and serpents act a very prominent part. These are all pre-eminently, though not exclusively, Eastern animals. On the other hand, animals like the fox and the bear, who are leading characters in German fables, never appear in India. Another argument in favour of the Eastern origin of Greek fables is the abundance of fables in India, and their early appearance in Sanskrit literature,—as, for instance, that of the stomach and the limbs, told in one of the Vedic Upanishads, and again at Rome by Menenius Agrippa.

In India these fables have been collected again and again, they are constantly appealed to, and they permeate the whole body of Indian literature. They form an integral part of Buddhist teaching, they were actually incorporated in the sacred canon of the Buddhists, and written down before the beginning of the Christian era. In a collection called the *G*âtaka, or the birth stories of Buddha, we have every kind of fable, put forward by Buddha with the object of showing that he himself, in a former existence, always acted the part of the good and wise character in these fables, whether a man or an

animal. Sometimes the part which he is supposed to have acted in his former existences would not seem to us quite worthy of Buddha, but that only serves to show that these fables were not invented by the Buddhists on purpose, but that they existed before the rise of Buddhism, that they were popular and therefore utilised by Buddha and his disciples for their own purposes. It might seem strange that these popular stories should form a large division of a sacred canon. Their real object, however, has lately become evident by another book, the *Gâtaka-mâlâ*, not an integral portion of the Buddhist canon, but a work from which we can clearly see that these fables were not used simply in their dry and matter-of-fact form for the amusement of the people, but that they served as texts for homilies to inculcate the moral lessons of Buddhism.* I was formerly far more doubtful as to the Eastern origin of the fables of Æsopus and Phædros, but following up the subject with a perfectly unprejudiced mind, I have become more and more inclined to admit that India was the soil that produced them originally, and that the principal characters in these fables, and the whole surroundings, are Eastern rather than Western. We know very little about the origin of fables in Greece. The only thing we are told is that a stranger, Æsopus by name, was held responsible for most of them. His name was known to Herodotus, but not as that of a Greek author. He was supposed to have been of Phrygian origin, and a friend of Crœsus, the king of Lydia. All

* '*Gâtaka-mâlâ*, in the Sacred Books of the Buddhists,' vol. i, p. 13.

this points to the East, nay,—the very name of *Æsopus* has been explained by Professor Welcker as meaning *swarthy*. From India, by way of Persia and Lydia, a burnt-faced *Æsopus* may well have carried these fables to Alexandria, or to some equally accessible mart that was open to the Greeks of Ionia and Athens. Here at Alexandria *Babrius*, who composed the oldest Greek version we possess of Æsopian fables, may have laid in his stores, while *Phædrus*, the slave of Augustus, rendered them popular afterwards over the whole civilised world.

Thus and thus only, it now seems to me, can we explain Plato's reference to the donkey in the lion's or the tiger's skin being betrayed by his braying, and the occurrence of other fables in Greece previous to Alexander's discovery of India. It is possible, nay, it seems likely, that many of these fables sprang originally from mere proverbs, or short sayings, and that their illustration was left more or less open to each story-teller. Suppose there were such sayings as "Preserve me from my friends," we could then easily understand both the similarities and dissimilarities between the full fables such as we find them in India, Greece, and afterwards all over the world. In the Pa*ñ*catantra, the oldest collection of fables in Sanskrit which we possess, this saying is illustrated in the following way:

"A king asked his pet monkey to watch over him while he was asleep. A bee settled on the king's head, and as the monkey could not chase it away, he took his sword, killed the bee on the king's head, but at the same time fractured the royal skull."

Buddha, in the *Gâtaka*, No. 44, tells the story of—

"A bald grey-headed carpenter whose head, glistening like a copper bowl, was attacked by a mosquito, as he was engaged in planing, and who told his son to drive away the mosquito. 'All right, father,' answered the son, took his axe to kill the insect, but in killing it cleft his father's head in twain. Then the future Buddha thought, 'Better than such a friend is an enemy with sense, whom fear of men's vengeance will deter from killing a man,' and he recited these lines:

'Sense-lacking friends are worse than foes with sense,
Witness the son who thought the gnat to slay,
But cleft, poor fool, his father's skull in twain.'"

The same story is, of course, well known from Phædrus; in fact, there is hardly a country in Europe where we do not find a more or less happy variation of it. The late Sir George Dasent quotes the following from a collection of Norwegian tales:

"A man saw a goody hard at work banging her husband across the head with a mallet, and over his head she had drawn a shirt without any slit for the neck.

"'Why, Goody,' he asked, 'will you beat your husband to death?'

"'No,' she said, 'I only must have a hole in this shirt for his neck to come through.'"

This differs no doubt considerably from the Buddhistic version, still I cannot help thinking that the first impulse for all these stories came from India.

To mention one more fable: Buddha, in the *Gâtaka*, No. 38, tells the story of the crane who promised to carry the fishes to a pool full of water, but ate them all on the way. At last he carries a

crâb, but the crab, when he sees what has happened to the fishes, grips the crane's neck and kills him. Here again Buddha finishes with a verse:

"Guile profits not your very guileful folk,
Mark what the guileful crane got from the crab."

I think you will admit that such coincidences as we have just pointed out cannot be the result of our common human nature, still less of mere accident. If we had no indications whatever of an intellectual commerce between India, Persia, Egypt, Syria, and Greece, these coincidences seem to me so startling that they would by themselves be strong enough to establish it. As we have clear evidence that the roads for intellectual export and import were open, we cannot hesitate, I think, to look upon these fables as imported from the East.

We must remember also that at a later time and at the court of *Khosru Nushirvan*, the famous king of Persia, a contemporary of Justinian, the king's physician, *Barzôi* or *Barzûyeh*, was actually sent to India to discover a book full of wisdom, and to translate it into Pehlevi, then the spoken language of the Persian Empire. This book was a collection of Indian fables which was afterwards translated into *Syriac*, *Arabic*, *Greek*, *Hebrew*, *Latin*, and all the modern languages of Europe, and is best known by the name of the *Fables of Bidpai*. The migration of these fables was well known, for instance, to John of Capua,* to Huet, the Bishop of Avranches,† to Sylvestre de Sacy, Loiseleur des

* 'Chips from a German Workshop,' iv, p. 545.
† 'Traité de l'origine des Romans,' 1676.

Longchamps,* and many others; but it was for the first time fully worked out by Professor Benfey in his famous book, *Das Panchatantra*. This is the title of the old collection of Indian fables in Sanskrit, but not in that original form in which it was translated into Pehlevi, but in a later and abridged form. It is clear, therefore, that if we meet with any Indian fables in the various literatures of the world *after* the sixth century, down to the fables of La Fontaine, there is no longer any difficulty. We know whence they came and how they travelled. Their passports are *en règle* and well *viséd* on every station which they passed. This is an enormous gain, and has put an end once for all to a great deal of useless controversy. Even if there should be any doubt as to the Eastern origin of the fables of Babrius and Phædrus, there can be none about the Sanskrit origin of the fables of Bidpai in their various national disguises, even in the charming French costume in which they are presented to us by La Fontaine.† But after we have cleared the way so far, there still remain troubles and difficulties.

There are stories in the Old and New Testaments which have been traced in the Buddhist *Gâtaka*. How is that to be explained? No one can look at Buddhism without finding something that reminds him of Christianity; and then the question arises at once how coincidences between the two religions are to be accounted for. I do not speak of any-

* 'Essai sur les Fables indiennes,' 1838.

† 'Chips from a German Workshop,' new ed., vol. iv, pp. 412—489, "On the Migration of Fables."

thing that could be called essential to religion, but to certain parts of the framework in which the history of Christianity and of Buddhism is represented to us. I shall not allude to-day to the legend of Barlaam and Josaphat. This matter has, I think, been disposed of, and nothing of great importance, except the very curious Armenian and Georgian versions, has, so far as I know, been added to the evidence which I put together in 1870.* After all has been said, the fact remains that the legend of Prince Josaphat, as told by John of Damascus, or some other writer of the seventh or eighth century A.D., was taken from the life of Buddha as told in the *Lalita Vistara*, a book belonging to the Mahâyâna canon. The Greek writer himself, whoever he may have been, admits that the story was told him by worthy and truthful men from India. Hence it cannot and should not be denied that, under the disguise of St. Josaphat, Buddha has really, though unintentionally, been raised to the rank of a saint in the Roman Catholic Church. It is a pity, no doubt, that his bones should ever have been shown in a Christian church, for we know that Buddha's bones were burnt, and what remained of them was carefully deposited in sacred shrines in every part of India. But I can see no reason why Buddha, the Bodhisatva, under the name of Josaphat, a mere corruption of Bodhisatva, should not retain his place as a saint by the side of many others, and not always more saintly saints.

Here, therefore, we have found again an historical channel through which Buddhist stories may have

* 'Chips from a German Workshop,' vol. iv, pp. 445—458.

passed from East to West. The most famous among these stories incorporated in the Life of Josaphat is no doubt that which suggested to Shakespeare the plot in the *Merchant of Venice*.* The story of the three caskets in Shakespeare's play came from India, though not the pound of flesh; but this also may be traced to a Buddhist source, for in one of the *Avadânas*, published by Julien (ii, No. 103, p. 95), we hear of a king who ordered a slanderer to be punished by cutting out one hundred ounces of his flesh; and who, when the slanderer was found to have been innocent, offered him another hundred ounces of flesh as damages.

We have now to consider the coincidences between Indian and chiefly Buddhist stories and certain passages in the Old and New Testaments. As I remarked before, these coincidences have little or nothing to do with the essentials of religion, but they may possibly throw some light on the circumstances under which the books of the Old and the New Testaments were collected. They are very different from the similarities with which we began between the Roman Catholic and Buddhist ceremonial; they are equally different from coincidences on points of doctrine and morality on which so much stress has been laid. It seems to me that such coincidences, whenever they do exist, ought always to be most welcome, though it should never be forgotten that on the most essential point of all religion, our conception of God, no two religions can be more diametrically opposed to each other than Christianity and Buddhism.

* 'Chips from a German Workshop,' iv, p. 448, n.

Many of the coincidences which have been pointed out between Christianity and Buddhism, such as Buddha's miraculous birth, the star over the house where he was to be born, the old Asita waiting for his advent, and dying after having prophesied the greatness of Buddha as the ruler of an earthly or of a heavenly kingdom, Buddha's temptation by Mâra, the number of his disciples, and his special love for one of them, Ânanda, the many miracles ascribed to him, and his outspoken disapproval of miracle-working, all these can be accounted for without any borrowing on one side or the other, as I have tried to show in my Gifford Lectures (1890), vol. ii, pp. 390 *seq.* On these, therefore, I shall not dwell again, but shall be satisfied with laying before you some further evidence, particularly some parables or stories which occur in the Bible and in the Buddhist Canon. As to the exact channel through which these stories could be proved to have passed, I have to say again what I said at Cambridge in 1882, in my Lectures on "India, What can it teach us?" "that I shall feel extremely grateful if anybody would point out to me the historical channel through which Buddhism influenced Christianity or *vice versâ*. I have been looking for such a channel all my life, but hitherto I have found none."

Let us now examine some of these stories in order to make up our mind whether the coincidences between them are so strong as to force us to admit an actual borrowing in historical times, on one side or on the other, or whether we may accept these coincidences as mere coincidences, or purely

accidental. The first is the story of the *Judgment of Solomon.** It is well known that this story occurs in the Buddhist Canon as translated into Tibetan (*Kandjur*, *Vinaya*, vol. iii). We read there of a man who had no children of his first wife, but one son of his second wife, and in order to console his first wife, gave her the custody of the child. After the father's death, each of his widows claimed the child as her own, and when they could not agree they went before the wise Visâkhâ to settle the point. Visâkhâ, being a woman, declared that she could not settle the point, but that the two mothers should settle it themselves and try who could pull away the child from the other by main force. This was done, but as soon as the child began to cry, one of the women let go, and Visâkhâ declared at once that she was the real mother, and gave the child to her.† I confess that this story has always seemed to me more clever, more true psychologically than the judgment of Solomon, as we read it in 1 Kings iii, 16—28. The idea of testing the feelings of a mother by so barbarous a process as cutting her child in two pieces has always seemed to me very unreal, if not cruel and barbarous. However, even that expedient has its antecedents in Tibet, where in the Dsanglun a story occurs of a princess being asked in marriage by six kings, and where, in order to avert a war between them, the proposal is made to cut the princess into six slices, and give one slice to each of the kings.

How the elements of this story could have

* 1 Kings iii, 16—28.

† Benfey, loc. cit., vol. ii, p. 544.

floated from the Old Testament into the Buddhist Canon, or *vice versâ*, I confess I cannot explain. There was commercial intercourse, no doubt, between Solomon and Ophir, and this Ophir being called the land of peacocks, apes, gold, and sandalwood, was probably India. But to look upon this story of Solomon's judgment as an import dating from the time of the famous Jewish king, would hardly meet with the approval of Hebrew scholars of the present day. One thing only seems certain to me, that such a story was not invented twice, that it must be a loan on one side or the other, and that it is of supreme importance to come to a decision on this point one way or the other.

The next story to which I wish to call attention is of a very different character. It is that of *Samson* and the foxes. We read in Judg. xv, 4, that "Samson caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands and turned tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the midst between the two tails. And when he had set the brands on fire he let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines, and burnt up both the shocks, and also the standing corn with the vineyards and olives."

There is nothing corresponding to this in India, but it seems to me an equally surprising coincidence that in ancient Rome * it was the custom on the 19th of April, the day of the Cerealia, to let foxes run about in the circus with torches tied to their tails, and that in Corseoli a fox was wrapped in burning straw and grass as a symbol of the fox-

* Preller, 'Röm. Mythologie,' 436. Mannhardt, 'Mythologische Forsch.,' p. 437.

demon running in flames through the ripening corn-fields. In Italy this custom has been referred to the ravages of the mildew, the *rôbîgo*, which were to be averted by a god and goddess called *Robigus* and *Robigo*. The German name *Rothfuchs* points in the same direction. But if this was an old Aryan custom, how can we account for its presence among a Semitic nation, unless we accept *Samson* as a humanised sun-god, and the ravages of the corn-fields by the foxes as symbolical of the ravages of the hot sun burning the dew and thus destroying the harvest? I can only appeal to Old Testament scholars to solve this problem in one way or the other. All that I maintain is that such coincidences cannot be ignored any longer, and that in cases like this anything is better than uncertainty.

The same applies to coincidences between New Testament and Buddhist stories. We must come to some decision as to their causes, unless we can bring ourselves to deny the existence of any similarity between them.

Of course, we must take care not to exaggerate the likeness, and translators in particular should be very careful in resisting the temptation of using New Testament phrases instead of a strictly literal rendering. There is, for instance, the *Gâtaka* story of a king who discovers that his wife has been unfaithful to him, but who is persuaded by Buddha to forgive both her and her lover. In the excellent translation of the *Gâtaka* by M. Rouse, edited by Professor Cowell, of Cambridge, we read (ii, p. 88), "And the king abode by his advice, and he forgave

them both, bidding them *go and sin no more.*" This, of course, reminds us at once of the words in St. John viii, 11, "Go and sin no more." But in the text there is nothing corresponding to *Go;* the literal translation would be "Commit not again such an evil deed."*

This may seem to be a very small matter, but it is just these very minute coincidences that carry conviction. There is, no doubt, a startling similarity between the teaching of Christ and of Buddha on this subject, but there is a very strong difference also, as, for instance, in the reason assigned by each for the king's forgiveness.

Another parable which has several times been pointed out on account of its similarity with the Gospel is the parable of the *Prodigal Son.* It is found in the Saddharma-pu*nd*arîka, a canonical book of the Mahâyâna school, translated by Burnouf, and by Professor Kern in the *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. xxi. But I must say at once that in this case also I cannot see so great a likeness between it and the parable in the Gospel of St. Luke as many people imagine. We read in the fourth chapter—

"A certain man went away from his father, and wandering from place to place he became poorer and poorer. The father, on the contrary, who also left his native place, grew richer and richer, and became a great man. One day the son, roaming about from place to place as a beggar, starved and ragged, passed the palace in which his father was living. His father was sitting at the door, and at once recognised his son for whom he had been longing for

* "Puna evarûpam pâpakammam mâ karitthâ."

years, but the son did not recognise his father. On the contrary, he felt frightened at all the splendour he saw, and ran off. Then the father sent servants to fetch back his son, and without telling anybody that the beggar was his son, he gave him the meanest employment on his estate. And when he saw him clearing away the dirt in the house, the father disguised himself as a beggar so as to have some friendly talk with his son. When he found out that the poor beggar had become a good and honest man he told him that he would treat him *like* a son, but still he allowed him to go on with his menial work. At last, when the rich man felt that his end was near, he made over all his wealth to the beggar, but even then he did not tell him yet that he was his son. Only at the very end of his life, and when actually dying, he told him in the presence of all his friends that he was his son, his only son, for whom he had been longing all his life, and who now, after he had come back to him, might inherit all that was his."

Then follows the application. The disciples of Buddha have always been his sons, though ignorant of their sonship, and estranged from him while occupied with lower thoughts, till at last Buddha declared them to be his sons and heirs, and charged them to become teachers of the law.

There is no doubt similarity on some points, nay, even startling similarity between the Buddhist and the Christian parables, but the application in our case is decidedly different; it is practical in the Gospel, it is philosophical in the Tripiṭaka. It is right, no doubt, to note all these similarities, but it is equally right not to overlook the dissimilarities before we make up our mind as to whether any borrowing must have taken place, and, if so, from what quarter it came.

The next case is to my mind much more startling, and the coincidence such that I doubt whether impartial judges could bring themselves to ascribe it to mere accident. It is the story of a pious layman who walks on the water while he is full of faith in Buddha, but who sinks as soon as his mind is turned away from him. We read in *Gâtaka*, 190 (vol. ii, p. 77)—

"One evening, on his way to *Getavana*, he, the disciple of Buddha, came to the bank of the river *Akiravatî*, when the ferrymen had pulled up their boats on the shore in order to attend service. As no boat could be seen at the landing-stage, and our friend's mind was full of delightful thoughts of the Buddha, he walked into the river. His feet did not sink below the water. He got as far as mid-river, walking as though he were on dry land; but there he noticed the waves. Then his ecstasy subsided, and his feet began to sink. Again he strung himself up to high tension, and walked on over the water. So he arrived at *Getavana*, greeted the Master, and took a seat on one side. The Master entered into conversation with him pleasantly. 'I hope, good layman,' said he, 'you had no mishap on your way.' 'Oh, sir,' he replied, 'on my way I was so absorbed in thoughts of the Buddha that I set foot upon the river; but I walked over it as though it had been dry ground!' 'Ah, friend layman,' said the Master, 'you are not the only one who has kept safe by remembering the virtues of the Buddha.'"

In this case the mere walking on the water would not startle me so much, for among miracles this is not a very uncommon miracle. But walking on the water by faith, and sinking from want of faith, seems a coincidence that can be accounted for by some historical contact and transference only, and in this case we must remember that the date of the

Buddhist parable is chronologically anterior to the date of the Gospel of St. Luke.

One more coincidence and I have done. You all know the account of Christ feeding the five thousand with five loaves and two fishes, and there remaining over twelve baskets full. Well, in the 78th *Gâtaka*, as pointed out to me by Professor Estlin Carpenter, we read of Buddha receiving one cake in his alms-bowl, and after he had fed his five hundred brethren as well as his host and hostess, nay, all the people in the monastery, there were still so many cakes over that they had to be thrown into a cave near the gateway.

Here again there is, no doubt, some dissimilarity, but the similarity is far stronger, and requires some kind of explanation. We should remember that the Greeks also did not tell their ordinary fables exactly as the Hindus did, nor need the *Gâtakas* of Buddha be the mere copies of the New Testament parables, or *vice versâ*. Yet we could hardly deny that communication and exchange there must have been. The chapter of accidents may be much larger than we imagine, but when we have to deal with fully elaborated stories, with tales composed for a moral purpose, we can hardly fall back on mere chance.

That these coincidences exist between the Buddhist Canon and the New Testament has long been known to all Oriental scholars. All that I plead for is that they should not be allowed, as it were, to lie and litter about, recognised by everybody, yet unexplained in their historical origin, or altogether put aside. It is not enough that these coincidences should be pointed out; they should be traced to

their real source. We have to decide once for all whether we can honestly ascribe them to mere accident, or to our common human nature, or whether we must ascribe them to some real historical intercourse between Buddhism and Christianity. If they can be accounted for by our common human nature, let it be done by pointing out analogous cases. If they can be ascribed to mere accident, again I say let us have similar cases from the chapter of accidents.

I have often been blamed for maintaining what I still maintain, namely, that the number of coincidences between Buddhism and Christianity has been very much exaggerated. Many of them can be, and have been, explained as having arisen from natural and intelligible causes. But I feel all the more strongly that it is our duty to point out that there are some coincidences remaining which cannot be accounted for in that way. We cannot adopt the diabolical explanation proposed by Huc and Gabet. All we can do is to face the facts such as they are, and to try to understand them.

I have tried, therefore, to lay the case before the members of the Royal Society of Literature, not as an advocate who pleads for one side or the other, but rather as a detective or as a solicitor who collects and arranges the evidence, or as a judge who has to sum it up, showing as little prepossession as possible towards one side or the other, and leaving the final verdict to the jury. On one point only I feel strongly; these matters should not be allowed to remain any longer undecided. Some people speak as if Christianity had been borrowed wholesale from

Buddhism; others, in pleading for priority on the Christian side, are apt to forget that the Buddhist Canon was reduced to writing in the first century before the Christian era. As little as Buddhism would suffer if some of its *Gâtakas* could be proved to have been taken from the West, would Christianity suffer if certain of its parables could be proved to have come from the East. Because one of the saints of the Roman Catholic Church was suggested by the story of Buddha, it does not follow that all Christian saints were Buddhists in disguise; nor would the Eastern origin of some of our parables, particularly when employed with a new purpose, affect the value which they have hitherto possessed.

Parables are very apt to assume an historical character. I am told that the very house of Dives is shown at Jerusalem. And would the parable of a man being saved by faith from "the waters that drown us and from the storm that goes over our soul" be less instructive than the account of an actual walking on the surface of a lake? In all such cases we often gain more than we lose; anyhow, we can never lose by yielding to truth.

It has been asked what I could mean by saying that on the most essential point of religion *Buddhism is diametrically opposed to Christianity.*

I have often tried to show how Buddhism is really in its philosophical aspect a mere continuation or realisation of the doctrines taught in the Upanishads, the so-called Vedânta doctrines. The last result of that Vedanta philosophy is that nothing really exists but the Brahman (neuter), the ὄντως ὄν, and that

everything phenomenal, including the Ego as well as the personal gods, are the result of *Avidyâ* or Nescience. As soon as that Nescience is dispelled by means of Vidyâ or Vedânta knowledge, all that is phenomenal vanishes, and only that which lies behind or beyond the phenomenal, what we should call the noumenal, what the Vedântists call Brahman, exists and is known to exist. The phenomenal, from the Vedânta point of view, is therefore not entirely unreal or empty, but it has its reality in Brahman, and for all practical purposes may be accepted and acted upon during the stage of Nescience. Even the personal gods or the personal Egos are allowed this limited reality, and a worship of Îsvara, or the Lord, is sanctioned as a preparation for that higher knowledge which teaches the "tat tvam asi," *i.e.* Thou, the individual Ego (âtman) art really it, that is, the Brahman (Paramâtman).

Buddhism was far more negative. It denied both the Ego and the Brahman. There is no âtman, it declared, no man, and no living soul.* Nescience was altogether illusion, there was neither a phenomenal nor a noumenal world. While the Vedântists, for instance Sankara, looked on Brahman as the seed or cause of the universe,† Buddha himself seems to have believed in an infinite intelligence only (Bodhi), of which he and other Buddhas were the realisation, if that is the meaning of Bodhisattva.

It will be clear from this how far apart Chris-

* Naivâtra-âtmâ, na naro na *k*a *g*îvam asti.

† "*K*arâ*k*ara-v*i*gasya Brahma*n*o bhûtânâm utpatti*h*.' See 'New Dispensation,' March 31st, 1896.

tianity, which teaches a belief in a personal God, the Creator of the world, the Father of the Son, and of all mankind, is from Buddhism, which, if it does not actually deny, never affirms a belief in a Creator, in a created world, or in the act of creation itself, which substitutes nothing for the phenomenal universe, but recognises Intelligence only, and that apparently without any attributes. In one sense it cannot be doubted that Buddhism denies the full reality of a personal soul as well as of a personal God, the two cardinal points of the religion of Christ. Of Christ's two commandments,* the first would convey no meaning at all to a Buddhist: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment." Though the second commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," would be readily accepted by every school of Buddhism. Some would go even further. They would insist, like Buddha, on loving others more than ourselves, and they would probably render love by Kârun*y*a, *i. e.* pity.

The evidence before you is now complete,—as complete, at least, as within the limits of a lecture I could make it; sufficiently complete, I hope, to enable you to form an independent judgment. I have not repeated what I have said elsewhere, nor tried to refute once more the many attempts that have been made to discover coincidences where they do not exist. With regard to the ancient Greek fables, I expect that their Eastern origin will pro-

* Mark xii, 28.

bably be admitted by most people, though not by all. The migration of fables from India in the sixth century of our era is, however, beyond the reach of reasonable doubt; and in the case of the Buddha legend as told of St. Josaphat, I question whether any objection would have been raised to its Eastern origin but for the very natural feeling that even a reflex of Buddha ought never to have been placed among Roman Catholic saints. Unfortunately, when we come to the question whether the story of the Judgment of Solomon was borrowed by Buddhists from the Old Testament, or was carried from India to Jerusalem, it is difficult to keep our own judgment quite unbiassed. We are so accustomed to look upon the judgment delivered by Solomon as an historical event which happened nearly three thousand years ago, that we find it difficult to believe that this judgment, or the principle of it, may have been known anywhere else, may have been transferred to Solomon as the representative of Jewish wisdom, and, like many a proverb, been clothed in that dramatic form in which we find it in the Old Testament. Of course, the two mothers and the babe, as well as the wise king on the throne of judgment, may all have been real beings of flesh and blood, and the judgment may have been delivered once, and once only, at Jerusalem. But then comes the difficulty, how it could have become known in India, and how, instead of being ascribed to Solomon, it could have been told there of Visâkhâ, a mere woman, though a wise woman; and how it could have been altered so as to sound to our ears more natural psychologically than Solomon's some-

what inhuman proposal. There are difficulties whatever way we turn; and yet I doubt whether anyone could bring himself to believe that such a judgment was conceived, or, if you like, was actually delivered more than once.

The greatest difficulty of all, however, has been caused by the parallel stories in the Buddhist Canon and in the Gospels. Many of them I believe I have proved to be quite unconnected. But in a few the parallelism is too clear to be denied. In these cases our natural inclination would be to suppose that the Buddhist stories were borrowed from a Christian source, and not *vice versâ*. But here the conscience of the scholar comes in. Some of these stories are found in the Hînayâna Buddhist Canon, and date, therefore, before the Christian era. Scholars are at full liberty to prove that the date assigned to that canon is wrong. But if they cannot do that, and if all competent scholars are agreed as to its date, the question may now fairly be submitted to any English jury, Were these stories carried from India to Alexandria and Palestine, or were they not? We want a competent and impartial jury to decide, and that is the reason why I have brought the case before the members of the Royal Society of Literature, under the presidency of the highest legal authority, the Lord High Chancellor of England, as a fit subject for a learned discussion and for an authoritative judgment. What is wanted is a straightforward English verdict, Yes or No; not a shilly-shallying verdict of Not Proven, least of all, mere *badinage*. To me an honest verdict of No will be quite as welcome

as an honest verdict of Yes. The one seems to me to require quite as much courage as the other. *No* would mean that the evidence is untrustworthy, and that even if it were not, it would not justify a verdict in favour of Buddhism. *Yes* would recognise the value of the evidence, and would admit that the similarities cannot be considered as purely accidental. What is wanted is the power of sifting evidence and a simple love of truth. To quote the words of Rosmini, one of the most eminent Roman Catholic divines, "We must be firmly persuaded in seeking for truth that in itself and in its consequences, it must lead to good." Whatever value we may attach to our own most cherished convictions, there is something more precious than all of them, and that is our perfect trust in truth, if once we have seen it.

ENGLISH ALLITERATION, FROM CHAUCER TO MILTON.

BY R. A. DOUGLAS-LITHGOW, M.D., LL.D., V.P.R.S.L., F.S.A., ETC.

[Read 23rd January, 1895.]

ALTHOUGH in former papers I have followed the stream of alliteration from its Anglo-Saxon source, viz. from 449 to 1550, on the present occasion, in pursuing it still further, from 1550 down to the time of Milton, I must revert for a moment to the latter half of the fourteenth century, when English poetry "pure and undefiled," and, indeed, the English language, may be said to have been generated by their father, Geoffrey Chaucer.

By the middle of the fourteenth century our mixed language had achieved a certain amount of importance, and to some extent a development of literary activity had been evolved; but, in order to permanently establish and to consolidate our English language and poetry, it required the creative and presiding genius of Chaucer to give them new life and renewed energy. By his sole efforts our language was firmly established, and by his native style our literature was so enriched as to form a standard of composition.

It should be remembered that from A.D. 449 to the time of Chaucer at any rate, if not later, alliteration had been characteristic of our native

poetry, when it was conspicuously esteemed as a system or school of poetry in itself. Moreover this interesting metrical form had existed during this period in its original simplicity, and in almost strict accordance with the primitive Anglo-Saxon rules, notwithstanding the gradual introduction of rhyme after the Norman conquest.

Hitherto I have considered alliteration solely in relation to metre, indeed its only co-relationship up to the time of Chaucer; and instead of limiting the term Neo-alliteration, as has been done, to describe the habit of the pre-Elizabethan writers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in making the *vowel* correspond much more frequently than in Anglo-Saxon times, I prefer, if only for the sake of simplification, to regard all our poetry previous to Chaucer as alliterative in its broadest sense, and to use the term neo-alliteration to describe the subsequent uses and developments of the metrical form to which I will now briefly refer.

In other words, I regard alliteration as a metrical form characterising our poetry from Anglo-Saxon times down to at least the latter half of the fourteenth century, according to which, instead of two lines rhyming together, they are joined by the circumstance of the *first* line containing *two* words commencing with the same letter, and the *second* having its *first* word, on which stress is laid in the pronunciation, also beginning with the same letter, thus:

> "But yet, though while I *f*ish I *f*ast,
> I make good *f*ortune my repast."
>
> (*Basse.*)

With the establishment, however, of English poetry, strictly so called, by Chaucer, the old Anglo-Saxon rules were, speaking broadly, no longer observed; for although alliterative poems, unaccompanied by rhyme, are found in our literature up to the middle of the sixteenth century, when rhyme finally triumphed, yet, as our English poetry can scarcely be said to have existed *as literature* before the time of Chaucer, who wrote in rhyme, and was the first great architect of our versification, I think it best to associate the newer uses and developments of the old form with him.

From the time of Chaucer alliteration became merely a form of embellishment, as it remains to our own day—a form "used for the purpose of euphony, and of adding point or pungency to composition, the author making the euphony ancillary to his wit by isolating the alliterated words into such prominent positions in the verse as render it impossible that the gist of the matter should escape the reader. In this way it has been applied for the purposes of simple euphony; of bringing into relief similes and contrasts; of emphasising epigram; of perpetuating proverbs, and of intensifying style, more especially in the repetition of adnouns."* To these changed uses and developments of the old metrical form I limit the term Neo-alliteration.

Although Chaucer held alliteration rather at a discount, as appears from his lines—

> "But trusteth well, I am a *southerne* man,
> I cannot *r*hime *r*im, *r*am, *r*uf, by my letter,"

yet he did use it, and not unconsciously, as an em-

* Dr. E. Kennedy, *Lecture on Alliteration.*

bellishment, and I can readily choose some excellent specimens of neo-alliteration from his rhymes.

Chaucer's reference to his being a "southerne man," in the lines just quoted, may be explained by the supposition that alliteration was superseded in the south by the newer metrical forms fashionable in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but still maintained its position in the north and west until *Piers the Plowman* once more restored its classical character.

In Ogle's version of the prologue to *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, I find an excellent description of a fourteenth century lady's occupation, in which the following lines occur:

> "Visits to every church we daily paid,
> And *m*arched in every holy *m*asquerade."

Again, further on, when she had got rid of her husband and married the clerk, the goodwife discovers that—

> "*L*ove seldom haunts the breast where *l*earning *l*ies,
> And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise."

The clerk, being a scholar, insisted upon reading to his wife, which she failed to appreciate, and we may readily surmise from what follows that her objections were not so much to his reading as to what he read. But I must allow her to tell her own story:

> "My spouse, who was, you know, to learning bred,
> A certain treatise oft at evening read,
> Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
> For all their lies) were in one volume bound,—
> Valerius whole, and of St. Jerome part,
> Chrisippus and Tertullian, Ovid's art,

Solomon's proverbs, Eloïsa's loves,
And many more than sure the Church approves;
More legends were there here of *w*icked *w*ives
Than good in all the Bible, and saints' lives.
Who drew the lion vanquished? 'Twas a man!
But could *w*e *w*omen *w*rite as scholars can,
*M*en should stand *m*ark'd with far *m*ore wickedness
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
It chanced my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book aloud, with strange delight,
How the *f*irst *f*emale (as the *S*criptures *s*how)
Brought her own *s*pouse and all his race to woe;
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapped in th' envenom'd *s*hirt, and *s*et on fire;
How *s*ome with *s*words their *s*leeping lords have *s*lain,
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have *d*rench'd them with a *d*eadly potion:
And this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,
But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consumed in vain!
Provoked to vengeance, three *l*arge *l*eaves I tore,
And with one buffet *f*elled him to the *f*loor!
With that my husband in a *f*ury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows;
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side,
'Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cried),
Yet I forgive thee; take my last embrace.'
He wept, kind soul, and stoop'd to kiss my face.
I took him such a *b*ox as turned him *b*lue,
Then sigh'd and cried, 'Adieu, my dear, adieu!'
But after many a hearty struggle past,
I condescended to be pleased at last,
Soon as he said, 'My mistress and my wife,
Do what you *l*ist the term of all your *l*ife;'

I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws,
Secured the reins of absolute command,
With all the Government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that reviled the dames,
*'T*was *t*orn to *f*ragments, and condemn'd to *f*lames."

The English Muse was well-nigh silent in the land for over 150 years after the period of Chaucer. Yet in the poems of his contemporaries, Gower and Barbour, and amongst the minor bards who succeeded them, there is no difficulty in selecting evidences of alliteration. Thus in Gower's *Confessio Amantis* I find the following among many instances:

"Anon he let two cafres make
Of one semblance, and of one make,
So *l*ich that no *l*if *th*ilke *th*rowe,
That one may fro that other knowe."

And in Barbour's *Apostrophe to Freedom* the following lines occur:

"A *n*oble hart may haiff *n*ane ese
*N*a ellys *n*acht that may him plese."

And again, in *The Bruce:*

"Some of the horse, that stickit were,
*R*ushit and *r*eelit *r*icht *r*udely. . ."

Passing over such minor poets as Occleve, Lydgate, Barclay, Hawes, and Skelton (in each of whom, however, alliteration may be found), we come to the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and poor old Thomas Tusser, author of the first didactic poem in our literature, entitled *A Hundred Good Points of Husbandrie.* From one short poem by

Lord Surrey, entitled *Prisoner in Windsor, he recounteth his Pleasure there passed*, I choose the following specimen:

"The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of *p*leasant *p*laint, and of our ladies' *p*raise."

And again:

"And with this thought the blood forsakes the face,
And tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue,
The which, as *s*oon as *s*apping *s*ighs, alas!
Up*s*uppèd have, thus I my plaint renew."

In Sir Thomas Wyatt's *Ode to a Lute* occur the following lines:

"Though my *s*ongs be *s*omewhat *s*trange,
And *s*peak *s*uch words as touch my change,
Blame not my Lute!"

And further on:

"*S*pite asketh *s*pite, and changing change,
And *f*alsèd *f*aith must needs be known,
The *f*aults so great, the case so strange."

Again, in *Pleasure is mixed with every Pain:*

"Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen
Bear flowers, we see, *f*ull *f*resh and *f*air of hue;
*P*oison is also *p*ut in *m*edicine
And unto *m*an his health doth oft renew.
The fire that all things else consumeth clean
May *h*urt and *h*eal; *th*en, if *th*at *th*is be *t*rue,
I *t*rust some *t*ime my *h*arm may be my *h*ealth,
Since every *w*oe is joinèd *w*ith some *w*ealth."

And lastly, in the *Mean and Sure Estate*, amongst other instances of alliteration occurs the following line:

"He *d*ieth unknown, *d*azed, with *d*readful face."

In the *Directions for cultivating a Hop-garden*, Tusser says:

"When fancy persuadeth, among other crops,
To have for his *s*pending *s*ufficient of hops,
Must willingly follow, of *c*hoices to *c*hoose
Such lessons approved, as skilful do use.

"The *s*un in the *s*outh, or else *s*outhly and west,
Is joy to the hop, as a welcomèd guest;
But wind in the *n*orth, or else *n*ortherly east,
To the hop is as ill as a *f*ay in a *f*east."

And in *Moral Reflections on the Wind*:

"Though *w*inds do rage as *w*inds were *w*ood,*
And cause spring-tides to raise great flood;
And *l*ofty ships *l*eave anchor in mud,
*B*ereaving many of *l*ife and of *b*lood;
Yet true it is as *c*ow *c*hews *c*ud,
And trees, at spring, doth yield forth bud,
Except wind *s*tands as never it *s*tood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good."

Between the beginning of the fourteenth century and the year 1557 some poets flourished in Scotland, including King James I, "Blind Harry," Holland, Henryson, Walter Kennedy, William Dunbar, Bishop Gavin Douglas, and Sir David Lyndsay, and in the works of all these many evidences of alliteration may be found. This is scarcely to be wondered at when we remember the differences between the English and Scottish languages which had occurred about this time, and to such an extent as to constitute the northern dialect as an irrelative and distinct form of speech; also the fact that in the north the Anglo-Saxon elements

* Mad.

of the language largely prevailed. Besides, from the beginning to the middle of the fifteenth century there were a number of Scottish alliterative poems, referred to in one of my former papers on the subject, which were published by Mr. Laing, in 1822, in a volume entitled *Select Remains of Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland.* It will, however, serve my present purpose if I select a few instances of alliteration from several of the best-known poets of the period, on the principle that the greater includes the lesser.

Thus Henryson, in his charming pastoral of *Robene and Makyne*, says:

"Robin sat on a *g*ude *g*reen hill
Keepand a *f*lock of *fe*,*
*M*erry *M*akyne said him tell,
*R*obin, thou *r*ue on me;
I have thee *l*ovit *l*oud and still,
*T*hir years *t*wo or *t*hree,
My *d*ule in *d*ern, but gif than *d*ill
*D*oubtless but *d*ried I *de*.

"*R*obin answered:—By the *R*ood
Na thing of love I knaw,
But keepis my sheep under yon wude,
Lo! where they *r*ake on *r*aw;
What has *m*arred thee in thy *m*ood,
*M*akym to *m*e thou shaw?
Or what is *l*ove, or to be *l*o'ed
Fain wad I *l*ear that *l*aw."

I might quote many verses in succession in which the alliteration is studiously manifest; also from *The Town and Country Mouse*, from which I select the following lines:

* Sheep.

"Frae *f*oot to *f*oot he cast her to and *f*rae,
* * * * *
Thy *m*angery is *m*inget* all with care,
Thy *g*uise is *g*ude, thy *g*ane-full sour as *g*all;
The *f*ashion of thy *f*erist† is but *f*air,
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Again, in his *Summer Morning:*

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*C*laggit with clay aboon the hows,
In *b*arn nor *b*yre she will not *b*ide
Without her kirtle tail be syde."

I pass over some English and Scottish ballads of the period, such as "The Deaths of Percy and

Douglas," "Sir Patrick Spens," "The Gaberlunzie Man," and others, as, although they are interesting in themselves, they are scarcely of such importance as to call for any detailed notice, notwithstanding that alliteration appears in each of them.

I now approach the grand era of Elizabeth and James, a period of creative activity sacred to English genius—an age of intellectual giants who flourished in this dear old England of ours, and who raised the literature of our island home so that it became the envy of the nations and the glory of the world.

To exhaust the evidences of alliteration even in this brilliant period would require not only one, but a dozen papers, so that I must content myself by selecting instances confined almost to the best known and most illustrious poetical writers of this golden age. I have, however, carefully examined the works of every poet of this time whose name is retained in the annals of our poetical literature, and I can only assure you that there is not one of them who fails to afford instances of "apt alliteration's artful aid."

Of those poetical writers who may be said to form links between Chaucer and Spenser, the first in point of time is Thomas Sackville, from whom I quote the following alliterative lines:

"*T*ost and *t*ormented with the *t*edious *t*hought,

* * * * *

But *f*rets within so *f*ar *f*orth with the *f*ire
Of breaking *f*lames."

John Harrington, author of some unimportant but pleasing amatory verses, and Arthur Brooke,

author of "The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet," which Shakespeare laid under contribution for the outlines of his famous tragedy, I pass over. The next name is that of George Gascoigne, one of our earliest dramatists and satirists, from whom I cull the following examples from his *Country Gentlemen and Squires:*

"Who rules the *f*lock when shepherds are so *f*led?
Who *s*tays the *s*taff which *s*hould uphold the *s*tate?
Forsooth, good sir, the *l*awyer *l*eapeth in,
Nay, rather *l*eaps both over hedge and ditch,
And *r*ules the *r*oost, but few men *r*ule by *r*ight."

In his satire on *The Court Ladies* also:

"Behold, my lord, what monsters muster here,
With angel's face, and *h*armful, *h*ellish *h*earts,
With smiling looks, and *d*eep *d*eceitful thoughts,
With tender *s*kins, and *s*tony cruel minds,
With *s*tealing *s*teps, yet *f*orward *f*eet to *f*raud.
Behold, behold, they never *s*tand content,
With God, with kind, with any help of art,
But curl their locks with *b*odkins and with *b*raids,
But dye their hair with *s*undry *s*ubtle *s*leights,
But paint and *s*lick till *f*airest *f*ace be *f*oul,
But *b*ombast, *b*olster, frizzle, and perfume;
They *m*ar with *m*usk the balm which nature made,
And *d*ig for *d*eath in *d*elicatest *d*ishes!"

Sir Philip Sidney is better known as a prose writer than as a poet, but two of his sonnets contain these alliterative lines:

"They *d*eem, and of their *d*oom the rumour flies
That *p*oison foul of bubbling *P*ride doth lie
So in my swelling breast."

Again:

"Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The *b*aiting-place of *w*it, the *b*alm of *w*oe.
* * * * *
Shield me from out the press
Of those fierce *d*arts *d*espair at one *d*oth throw."

The second great planet in the firmament of our literary history—Edmund Spenser—is unfortuately more talked about than studied, although of all our descriptive poets his "lofty rhyme" is the most melodious and luxuriant. He is also one of the boldest in the use of alliteration; thus, in *The Faery Queene:*

"Much *d*aunted with that *d*int, her sense was *d*azed."
"Add *f*aith unto your *f*orce, and be not *f*aint."
"*S*ober he *s*eemed, and very *s*agely *s*ad."
"Through *w*oods and *w*asteness *w*ide, him daily sought."
"And with the light amazed *f*orgat his *f*urious *f*orce."
"Their *f*leecy *f*lowers they *f*earfully did steep."

To these might be added innumerable single alliterative lines, but, in my careful reading of Spenser, I have been much struck with the frequency of his alliterative couplets, which in many instances absolutely embody the original Anglo-Saxon rule, viz. in having *two* alliterated syllables in the *first* line, and *one* in the *second*, thus:

"The *r*ancorous *r*igour of his might
Nought ask I, but only to hold my *r*ight."
Fable of Oak and Brier.

"The *m*erry lark her *m*atins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the *m*avis descant plays."
Epithalamium.

"Nor *p*ierceable with *p*ower of any star;
And all within were *p*aths and alleys wide."
Faery Queene.

"Ah, see, whoso *f*air thing dost *f*ain to see
In springing *f*lower, the image of the day."
Ibid.

"In her fair eyes two *l*iving *l*amps did flame,
Kindled above at the heavenly Maker's *l*ight."
Ibid.

"Her yvorie forhead, full of *b*ountie *b*rave,
Like a *b*road table did itselfe dispred."
Ibid.

What powerful testimony to the poetic graces of alliteration is borne by the fact that we thus find one of England's greatest poets making use of them in their original Anglo-Saxon forms after the lapse of 1140 years!

Elsewhere, on almost every page, Spenser not only makes use of alliteration, but emphasises it still more by increasing or modifying the number of alliterated syllables in each couplet, thus:

"As the great eye of heaven *s*hynèd bright,
And made a *s*unshine in a *s*hady place."

Here we have only *one* alliterated syllable in the first line, and *two* in the second.

"*S*till *w*hen *s*he *s*lept, he kept both *w*atch and *w*ard,
And *w*hen *s*he *w*aked he *w*aited diligent."

Ten alliterated articulations in one couplet!

"The sunny *b*eams, which on *t*he *b*illows *b*eat,
And those which therein *b*athèd might offend."

"More faire
*S*he *s*eemed when *s*he presented was to *s*ight,
And was yclad, for heat of *s*corching aire."

"*S*tuffed with *s*teel-headed dartes wherewith *s*he quell'd
The *s*avage beastes in her victorious play."

"As through the *f*louring *f*orest rash she *f*led
In her rude heares sweet *f*lowres themselves did lap."

And so I might go on page after page!

Between Spenser and Shakespeare occur a few poetical writers,—none, indeed, of prime importance, but each furnishing us with examples of alliteration in abundance. Thus, in chronological order, Robert Southwell in *The Burning Babe:*

"As I in hoary winter's night
*S*tood *s*hivering in the *s*now,
*S*urprised I was with *s*udden heat."

And in *Times go by Turns:*

"The driest *s*oil *s*uck in *s*ome moistening *s*hower;
*T*ime goes by *t*urnes, and *c*hances change by *c*ourse
From *f*oul to *f*air."

Again, William Warner, in *The Life of a Shepherd:*

"Or *s*torms by *s*ea, or *s*tirs on land, or *c*rack of *c*redit lost,
Nor *s*pending *f*ranklier than his *f*lock shall *s*till de*f*ray
the cost."

From Samuel Daniel also I select the following; it is in his *Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland:*

"The *f*airest and the best-*f*aced enterprise
Great *p*rivate *P*ompey lesser *p*rivates quails."

From one of his sonnets:

"Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And *c*alm the tempest which my sighs do raise."

And from his *Ulysses and the Syren:*

"For oft *w*e see a *w*icked peace
To be *w*ell changed for *w*ar."

"I must be *w*on that cannot *w*in,
Yet lost *w*ere I not *w*on."

Out of many instances I subjoin the following from Michael Drayton, best known, perhaps, as the author of *Polyolbion;* these occur in his *Description of a Stag-hunt:*

"The humorous night
Bespangled had with *p*earl, to *p*lease the morning's sight."

"The throstle, with *s*hrill *s*harp, as purposely he *s*ung
'T awake the listless *s*un."

Again :—

"And *t*hrough the *t*wisted *t*ops of our clear *c*overt *c*reeps,
To kiss the gentle *s*hade, this while that *s*weetly *s*leeps."

"*F*eed *f*airly on the lawns both *s*orts of *s*easoned deer;
Here walk the *s*tately red, the *f*reckled *f*allow there."

Edward Fairfax (translator of Tasso's *Jerusalem*) has many alliterative lines and couplets; for instance,—

"*H*er *h*air—that done—she *t*wisted up in *t*ress,
And *l*ooser *l*ocks in silken *l*aces rolled."

"Upon his *b*reast and forehead gently *b*lew
The air, that *b*alm and nardus *b*reathed unseen."

"He heard a *s*ound, that *s*trange, *s*weet, pleasing was."

"There *s*ang the *s*wan, and *s*inging died, alas!"

The first of these will be found in his *Description of Armida and her Enchanted Girdle*, and the three latter in *Rinaldo at Mount Olivet*, and *The Enchanted Wood.* The following spirited line occurs in his translation of Tasso :*—

"The *F*rench came *f*oremost, *b*attailous and *b*old."

* I, 37.

I can only quote the following from Sir John Harrington's *Description of a Precise Tailor*:—

"He *f*ound his *f*ingers were to *f*ilch inclined,
*B*id him to have the *b*anner in his mind."

Shakespeare, the glory of our literature, affords many examples of alliteration, both in his poems and in his dramas. Thus in one of the sonnets he says,—

"To *l*ove that well which thou must *l*eave ere *l*ong."

And in his *Venus and Adonis* occur these dainty alliterative examples:—

"It shall be *f*ickle, *f*alse, and *f*ull of *f*raud,
*B*ud and *b*e *b*lasted in a *b*reathing while."

In *King John** is the following admirable instance:—

"If what in *r*est you *h*ave, in *r*ight you *h*old."

And in *King Richard II*:†—

"*F*ear'd by their *b*reed, and *f*amous *f*or their *b*irth."

In the subjoined quotation from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* we find an excellent example of the use of alliteration in simple euphony, and an instance in which Shakespeare is most lavish in its application:—

"Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a *d*olphin's back,
Uttering such *d*ulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude *s*ea grew *c*ivil at her *s*ong,
And *c*ertain *s*tars *s*hot madly from their *s*phere
To hear the *s*ea-*m*aid's *m*usic.

* IV, 2, 55. † II, 1, 52.

That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed, a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, thronèd by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress pass'd on
In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

Sir John Davies is represented by the following line from *The Dancing of the Air* :—

"There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn."

And again in his *Reasons for the Soul's Immortality* :—

"Long doth she stay, as loath to leave the land."

Following Sir John Davies there was a host of minor poets, including Edward Vere (Earl of Oxford), Sir Edward Dyer, Thomas Storer, Churchyard, Tuberville, Watson, Constable, Lodge, Barnfield, &c. These I purposely pass over, not because any of them fail to afford evidence of alliteration, but because it would be simply impossible to quote illustrations from every comparatively unimportant poet within anything like reasonable limits.

I select one line out of many from Donne's *Satires* :—

"Towards me did run
A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the sun
E'er bred."

And one line also from Joseph Hall's *Satires* :—

"All British bare upon the bristled skin."

All are familiar with the beautiful lines attributed

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Again, in his *Summer Morning:*

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"Frae *f*oot to *f*oot he cast her to and *f*rae,
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Thy *g*uise is *g*ude, thy *g*ane-full sour as *g*all;
The *f*ashion of thy *f*erist† is but *f*air,
So shall thou *f*ind hereafterward may *f*all."

Again, in his *Summer Morning:*

"In the midst of *J*une, that *j*olly *s*weet *s*eason,
When that *f*air *Ph*œbus with his *b*eamis bright,
Had dryed up the *d*ew from *d*ale and *d*own,
And all the *l*and made with his *l*emis‡ *l*ight,
In a morning, between midday and night,
I rose, and put all sloth and sleep aside
Until a wood I went alone, but guide,"§

and so on through each verse of the poem.

William Dunbar (whom Sir Walter Scott designated as "a poet unrivalled by any that Scotland has produced") literally teems with alliteration. For example:

"The *w*avering *w*orld's *w*retchedness,
The *f*ailing and *f*ruitless business,
The misspent time, the service vain,
For to consider is ane pain.
"The *s*liding joy, the gladness *s*hort,
The *f*eignèd love, the *f*alse comfórt,
The *s*weir abade,‖ the *s*lightful train,¶
For to consider is ane pain."

And again, in *The Merle and Nightingale:*

"In May, as that Aurora did upspring,
With crystal een chasing the cludde's sable,
I heard a *m*erle with *m*erry notis sing
A sang of love, with voice right comfortable,

* Mingled. † Friendship. ‡ Radiance.
§ Without. ‖ Delay. ¶ Snare.

*A*gain' the orient beamis, *a*miable,
Upon a *b*lissful *b*ranch of laurel green;
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"*L*et my *l*ife no *l*onger be
Than I am in *l*ove with thee."

Again, in his poem on *Christmas* :—

"The *w*enches with their *w*assail-bowls,
About the *s*treets are *s*inging."

For reasons already stated I pass over the names of Lady Elizabeth Carew, Bishop Corbet, William Habington, John Cleveland, John Chalkhill, William Cartwright, Thomas Randolph, Dr. William Strode, Henry Vaughan, Thomas Stanley, and William Chamberlayne, all before the time of Milton, and in the works of all of whom I have already marked numerous examples of alliteration.

I have chosen four examples from Thomas Carew, the first from one of his songs, the second and third from *Disdain returned*, and the last from *The Approach of Spring* :—

"Nor to *s*tars to *s*how what's bright,
Nor to *s*now to teach you white."

"Or from *s*tar-like eyes doth *s*eek
*F*uel to maintain his *f*ires."

"I have *s*earched thy *s*oul within,
And find nought but pride and *s*corn."

"No more the frost
*C*andies the grass, or *c*alls an icy *c*ream
Upon the silver lake or *c*rystal stream."

In his *Ballad before a Wedding*, Sir John Suckling has the following :—

"Her mouth *s*o *s*mall, when *s*he does *s*peak,
Thou'dst *s*wear her teeth her words did break."

And Richard Lovelace this line from his poem entitled *The Rose* :—

"*S*weet, *s*erene, *s*ky-like flower."

And the subjoined stanza from *Lucasta, on Going to the Wars*:—

"True, a new mistress now I chase,
The *f*irst *f*oe in the *f*ield;
And with a *s*tronger *f*aith embrace
A *s*word, a horse, a *s*hield."

From numerous examples I select those that follow from Richard Crashaw's description of the *Abode of Satan*, as found in his translation from the Italian of Marino's *Sospetto d'Herode*:—

"*F*ain would he have *f*orgot what *f*atal strings."

"He *s*hook himself, and *s*pread his *s*pacious wings."

"Now with new rage, and wax too *h*ot for *h*ell,
With his *f*oul claws he *f*enced his *f*urrowed brow."

Dear old Robert Herrick affords numerous examples; thus, in his lines *To Blossoms*:—

"*F*air pledges of a *f*ruitful tree,
Why do you *f*all so *f*ast?"

Again, in the lines *Upon Julia's Recovery*:—

"And to all flowers allied in blood,
Or *s*worn to that *s*weet *s*isterhood,
For *h*ealth a Julia's cheek *h*ath *s*hed
*C*laret and cream comminglèd."

Further, in *To Primroses filled with Morning Dew*:—

"No, no; this *s*orrow *s*hown
By your tears *s*hed."

And yet again, in *To find God*:—

"*S*how me that world of *s*tars, and whence
They noiseless *s*pill their influence."

Sir William Davenant (better known as a dra-

matist) affords many instances; thus, in one of his songs :—

" The merchant bows unto the *s*eaman's *s*tar,
The ploughman from the *s*un his *s*eason takes."

And in his *Description of the Virgin Bertha* (from 'Gondibert') :—

" *D*evoutly at her *d*awn in homage fall
And *d*roop like flowers when evening shuts her eyes."

And again :—

" *F*ond *m*aids! who love with *m*ind's *f*ine stuff would *m*end."

In Abraham Cowley's *Heaven and Hell*, from the 'Davideis,' I find the following :—

" On no *s*mooth *s*phere the restless *s*easons *s*lide,
No *c*ircling motion doth *s*wift time divide."

And in *The Resurrection* :—

" The *s*pheres themselves *s*hall *s*ilence bring,
*U*ntune the *u*niversal *s*tring."

Again :—

" And when the attending *s*oul naked and *s*hivering *s*tands."

Further, in his *Elegy* 'On the Death of Mr. William Hervey :'—

" *S*ilent and *s*ad I walk about all day,
As *s*ullen ghosts *s*talk *s*peechless by."

And in his own Epitaph he says :—

" With *f*lowers, *f*it emblems of his *f*ame,
Compass your poet round;
With *f*lowers of every *f*ragrant name
Be his warm ashes crowned."

But two names remain before the time of Milton, viz. Sir John Denham and Edmund Waller. From

Denham's well-known poem entitled *Cooper's Hill* I thus quote:—

"The morning hath not lost her virgin blush;
Nor *s*tep, but mine, *s*oiled the earth's tinselled robe;
*H*ow full of *h*eaven this solitude appears,
This *h*ealthful comfort of the *h*appy swain!
Who, from his *h*ard but peaceful bed roused up,
In's morning exercise saluted is
By a *f*ull *q*uire of *f*eathered *c*horisters,
Wedding their *n*otes to the e*n*amoured breeze!"

Elsewhere in the same poem, speaking of the Thames, he says:—

"Though with these streams he no remembrance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their *g*ravel *g*old,
His *g*enuine and less *g*uilty wealth to explore,
*S*earch not his bottom, but *s*urvey his *s*hore,
O'er which he kindly *sp*reads his *sp*acious wing,
And hatches plenty for the ensuing *sp*ring."

Again, I find—

"A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell."

And—

"But princes' *s*words are *s*harper than their *s*tyles."

And again:—

"*A*ctions of the *l*ast *a*ge *a*re *l*ike *a*lmanacs of the *l*ast year."
(*Sophy.*)

And in his *Song to Morpheus*:—

"And though he *f*ears no prince's *f*rown,
*F*lies from the circle of a crown."
(*Sophy*, act v.)

Edmund Waller uses alliteration freely, but I can only give a few instances. Thus, in his *Panegyric to my Lord Protector*:—

"Had for some ages past this *r*ace of glory
*R*un, with amazement we should *r*ead your story."

Again, in his lines on *The British Navy*:—

"From whence our *r*ed-cross they triumphant see
*R*iding without a *r*ival on the sea."

In his poem, also, entitled *At Penshurst* I find these two examples:—

"That all we can of love or high desire
*S*eems but the *s*moke of amorous *S*idney's fire."

"But with my own breath still *f*oment the *f*ire
Which *f*lames as high as *f*ancy can aspire."

Finally, an examination of the works of Milton shows us that he was not only a lover, but a master of the uses of alliteration; and that he esteemed it higher as a poetical embellishment than he did rhyme is evident, not only from the large use he made of the former in his compositions, but also from the slighting tone in which he spoke of the latter. In fact, he denounces rhyme as "no necessary adjunct or true ornament of a poem or good verse." In the following alliterated line by Milton there are nine alliterated words out of the eleven which compose it, including the terminal *s*. In it also he manifests in a most striking manner one of the greatest evidences of refinement in authorship, viz. that, while the means used are kept out of sight, the object is accomplished to perfection—an instance of *ars est celare artem*:—

"Thus *s*aying, from *h*er *h*usband's *h*and *h*er *h*and *s*oft *s*he withdrew."

That he was also full master of the power exercised by alliteration appears from the fact that

he had recourse to it for the purpose of intensifying composition in giving force to his figures :*—

"As *w*hen, to *w*arn proud cities, *w*ar appears
*W*aged in the troubled sky."

And again :—

"When his darling was
*H*urled *h*eadlong to partake with us the curse."

He sometimes also sinks the euphony, and renders the passage purposely harsh and grating to the ear, by the manner in which he strings his vowels and consonants in juxtaposition for the purpose of intensifying it still further :—

"In discourse more *s*weet
(For eloquence the *s*oul, *s*ong charms the *s*ense)
Others apart sit on a hill retired,
For thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of Providence, *f*oreknowledge, will, and *f*ate,
*F*ixed *f*ate, *f*ree-will, *f*oreknowledge absolute."

Although the works of Milton literally teem with examples of the influence and uses of alliteration, I can only find room for the following :

"*B*ehémoth *b*iggest *b*orn."
(*Paradise Lost.*)

"Yet *h*eld it more *h*uman, more *h*eavenly, first
By *w*inning *w*ords to conquer *w*illing *h*earts."
(*Paradise Regained*, i, 221.)

"A table *r*ichly spread in *r*egal mode."
(*Idem*, ii, 339.)

And—

"*W*eep no more, *w*oeful shepherds, *w*eep no more."
(*Lycidas.*)

I have now examined the works of every writer

* Dr. E. Kennedy, *Lecture on Alliteration.*

of English poetry from Chaucer to Milton, and although circumstances have not permitted me to quote from all, yet I can only assure you that there is not one of them from whom many examples of alliteration might not have been selected. I have at least quoted from all those writers who are best known, and as much as the exigencies of time and space allowed, and I think I may assume that my self-imposed task has never before been so fully performed.

In the majority of examples given, alliteration has been used as a simple embellishment, and in order to enrich the euphony of the versification; but in other cases it has been used to bring similes and contrasts into relief, and for the purpose of intensifying style. I have already dealt with it elsewhere in simple relationship to metre, and in all these respects who can say that it has not, in English poetry, most admirably answered the desired end? Where it is used judiciously and sparingly we cannot but admit its beauty; and it is only when it is abused, or its application forced, that it becomes obtrusive and objectionable.

It is evident that the poets who preferred the metrical form of alliteration to the more refined classical models had an object in view in adopting the former by preference; and that it was not either arbitrarily, or at random, or from inability to execute or appreciate the classical forms of expression extant that they did so. In seeking to account for their preference for the older form of versification, I venture to surmise that they were acting in accordance with the Horatian rule, viz. that

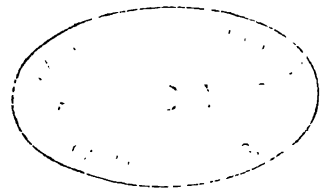
"the style of the poet, or rather of the speakers in the poem, should not be unsuited to their station in life, else their efforts would only excite ridicule." I am, however, confident that this was the reason why Langlande selected the alliterative style of composition for his great satirical poem of *Piers the Plowman*, and very probably the reason of its great popularity; for it was written in the interests of the people, and not to promote the cause of those exercising authority over them.

If we compare Chaucer with his almost contemporary Langlande, we at once see that both of them wrote from different standpoints,—Chaucer as a refined humorist and man of the world, occupying a high social position; Langlande as a popular reformer identifying himself with the cause of the people. Hence the diametrical opposition of their modes of expression and composition. Be this as it may, however, as we have now seen, every poet from Chaucer to Milton deliberately made use of alliteration as an embellishment to his poetry, and in this connection it is rather curious to observe that, notwithstanding the two centuries which separated them, Chaucer, who disparaged alliteration, and Milton, who preferred it to rhyme, make use of it almost equally in their poetical works.

That it was used deliberately, wherever found, is further proved by the fact that many of those authors from whom I have quoted afford numerous examples in which the original Anglo-Saxon rules or laws are strictly observed. This I have noticed over and over again. As time went on we find a

tendency to increase the alliterated syllables, so that there are sometimes two accent syllables in each line of a couplet, sometimes three in one and two in the other, and so on; but in the great majority of cases the rule is still somewhat observed by having more accents in the first than in the second line.

We can only regard alliteration as one of the various kinds of byplay in poetry,—a very simple metrical form, the domestic artifice of Gothic as opposed to the assonance and rhyme of the Romanesque peoples. It is, however, a real aid to the poet, sustaining his music and increasing the artistic effect of his work, even while its agency may altogether escape notice. In its simplicity and naturalness it adds music and beauty to our national poetry, and yet, like the fragrant wild flower that it is, it is so modest and unobtrusive that we have to seek for it amid the divine meads of song; but it is immortal, and can never die. I might, indeed, compare it to a purling streamlet crooning through the garden of English poesy, its low, soft lullaby, whilst refreshing and revivifying the homeliest and choicest flowers alike, flowing still as purely, as brightly, and as sweetly as it did from its source in the hearts of our old Saxon ancestors when Time was younger; bearing on its sparkling flood adown the centuries the immortal music of genius to lull the senses with delight, and to thrill the human heart with gladness for ever.



TRANSACTIONS

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AN ANTHOLOGY OF HUDIBRAS.

BY JAMES CURTIS, F.S.A., MEMBER OF COUNCIL R.S.L.,
AND OFFICIER D'ACADÉMIE.

[Read 25th March, 1896.]

I ASK the indulgence of the Royal Society of Literature in submitting to it, under the above head, passages in this mock-epic poem which I have thought worthy of note, and I have called it "An Anthology" because I agree with Father Prout in his 'Reliques,' that "an anthology has obvious reference to a still blooming flower-garden, that it is a word properly applicable to a poetic miscellany in any of the living tongues, but that applied to Latin or Greek it would be a palpable misnomer. Dried plants, preserved specimens, and shrivelled exotics may perhaps make up a *hortus siccus*, but not a garland or a nosegay." Whether we agree or not that Samuel Butler was a poet or a poetaster, it is clear that those most excellent judges of versification, Dr. Johnson and Dryden, have spoken in terms of the highest praise of him; and the former has said that "if inexhaustible wit could give perpetual pleasure, no eye would ever leave half read the work of Butler, for what poet has ever brought so many remote images so happily together? It is scarcely possible to peruse a page without finding some association of images that was never found before. By the first paragraph the reader is

amused, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more strained to astonishment; but astonishment is a toilsome pleasure, he is soon weary of wondering, and longs to be diverted." And he adds, "Imagination is useless without knowledge; nature gives in vain the power of combination unless study and observation supply materials to be combined. Butler's treasures of knowledge appear proportioned to his experience; whatever topic employs his mind, he shows himself qualified to expand and illustrate it with all the accessories that books can furnish; he is found not only to have travelled the beaten road, but the bypaths of literature; not only to have taken general surveys, but to have examined particulars with minute inspection. I conceive that it is absolutely impossible to define or describe the wit, the humour, and the drollery of this celebrated poem of Hudibras. He has had commentators who have failed in their attempts, such as Cowley, Barrow, Locke, Addison, and Congreve; and he has had an imitator in Prior, who was himself sensible of his own inferiority in this respect, as indeed have been the authors of 'Butler's Ghost,' and other and weaker copyists of Butler's unique style."

I apprehend that it would be impossible for a mock-heroic poem to have had a more suitable hero than Hudibras, to whom the author has given "the true character of a Presbyterian committee man and justice of the peace, who, notwithstanding he and his class were guilty of all sorts of wickedness, yet pretended to be so scrupulous that they could not in conscience permit the country people to use the diversions they were sometimes accustomed to,

of dancing round a may-pole, bear-baiting, riding the skimmington, and the like."

"The hero marches out in quest of adventures to suppress those sports, and punish those trivial offences of which the vulgar among the Royalists were fond, but which the Presbyterians and Independents abhorred, and which Hudibras, as a magistrate of the former persuasion, thought it his *official* duty to suppress. The diction is that of burlesque poetry, painting low and mean persons and things in pompous language and a magnificent manner, or sometimes levelling sublime and pompous passages to the standard of low imagery. The principal actions of the poem are four: Hudibras's victory over Crowdero, Trulla's victory over Hudibras, Hudibras's victory over Sidrophel, and the Widow's anti-masquerade; the rest is made up of the adventures of the Bear, of the Skimmington, Hudibras's conversations with the Lawyer and Sidrophel, and his long disputations with Ralphe and the Widow. The verse consists of eight syllables or four feet, a measure of verse most dangerous and tiresome of imitation in incompetent or unmasterly hands." In no sense can he be considered a plagiarist, except a slight borrowing from the author of 'Don Quixote;' his originality is as keen as it is pleasing, so that the words of the late Russell Lowell at a Mansion House banquet, referring to plagiarism, could have no application to him:

"In vain we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The ten commandments will not budge
And stealing will continue stealing."

Even in this practical age the words of the poet or poetaster dwell in the mind; and poetry, which is both by tradition and heritage the first of the fine arts, gives us restfulness and a lively sense of pleasurable gratification (although it may be that we comprehend Goldsmith, but only apprehend Shakespeare, as has been so forcibly explained by Archdeacon Trench), and fixes itself upon our thoughts and actions quite as much as the most ornate prose sentences. For instance, we are charmed with that incomparable and scholarly book 'Realmah,' by Sir Arthur Helps, and let us take for one moment his description of the constituents of a weighty sentence:

"It should be powerful in its substantives, choice and discreet in its adjectives, nicely correct in its verbs, not a word that could be added, nor one which the most fastidious would venture to suppress; in order lucid, in sequence logical, in method perspicuous, and yet with a pleasant and inviting intricacy which disappears as you advance in the sentence; the language throughout not quaint, not obsolete, not common, and not new; its several clauses justly proportioned and carefully balanced, so that it moves like a well-disciplined army organised for conquest; the rhythm not that of music, but of a higher and more fantastic melodiousness, submitting to no rule incapable of being taught, the substance and the form alike disclosing a happy union of the soul of the author to the subject of his thought,—having, therefore, individuality without personal predominance; and withal there must be a sense of felicity about it, declaring it to be the

product of a happy moment, so that you feel that it will not happen again to that man who writes the sentence, or to any other of the sons of men, to say the like thing so choicely, tersely, mellifluously, and completely."

We must all admit that this is very charming; but suppose instead of a weighty sentence that a proverb in verse, "an apple of gold in a picture of silver," quietly but effectively affixes upon our mind equally as salutary lessons as the most laboured prose, then may we understand what poetry has accomplished in this respect. There are patent, then, in the pages of Hudibras proverbs in verse of no mean order, and trite and yet beautiful expressions. One word as to the pronunciation of Hudibras; and as to this indisputably I think it is, as appears by the rhyme in Canto I, not the French pronunciation of Hudibras, but to rhyme with ass, thus:

> "For 't has been held by many that,
> As Montaigne, playing with his cat
> Complains, she thought him but an ass;
> Much more she would Sir Hudibras.
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Reminiscence of a Spelling Bee.

"Recumbent, somnolent, upon my couch tetragonal,
Tenebrious night's lugubrious mantle spread,
The mechanism horological, with case hexagonal,
Monotonously oscillates above my weary head.
Then, through my phrenological development,
Electrically passed a weird strange dream,
A change of psychological envelopment,—
In fact, a metempsychosis 'twould seem.
Primarily a leviathan vast I roll'd
In pre-Adamite ocean's vast abyss;
Then, as a mighty ichthyosaurus, stroll'd
By lakes primeval in phlegmatic bliss.
Cycles immense pass'd of the world's cosmogony,
And, buoyant in the circumambient air,
I, floating, gazed on nature's physiognomy,
Philosophising on the rhythmic beauty there.
Phytivorous flocks 'neath branches corymbiferous
In the exuberance of comfort lay;
While sounds euphonical, scents odoriferous,
Blended beneath Sol's meridional ray.
Progressing still, the world in its gyrations
Has left the prehistoric periods far behind,
And legislation's ratiocinations
Have develop'd the mighty power of mind.
Physicians now of ipecacuanha
In Latin phraseology prescribe
For colds or phthisis; but the ancient manner,
Whate'er disease you happened to describe,
Paraphrenitis, paralysis, or cancer,
Phlebotomy they would panegyrise
As paramount to any other plan, sir,
Save hydrophobia, which they'd cauterise.
I must conclude, I'm getting hydrocephalous
And rather hyperbolical, I fear;
I may become cachectic and cadaverous,
And Cacodæmon's cachinnation hear.

I'm a plain man, and speak in language simple;
How such a dream arose I cannot say,
But 'neath my head, which some folks call a pimple,
All night a Walker's dictionary lay."

The explanation of the above reminiscence is that a gentleman went to sleep with his head upon a dictionary.

I will now proceed discursively through the cantos to call attention to the beauties, albeit sometimes eccentric in their colouring and doggerel in their rendering, which make up this anthology or garland of verse; and I can assure everybody that in proportion as we are all more or less despondent and dull at times, owing mainly to climatic conditions, so shall we derive relaxation, and cultured and intelligent amusement and instruction, from the pages of Hudibras, as I have also found them in 'Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities,' and that mine of classical quotation, Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' when turning by way of recreation from the erudite Gibbon, and from Buckle's 'History of Civilisation in England.'

In Part I, Canto 1, we have this curious rhyme:

"And pulpit drum ecclesiastic
Was beat with fist instead of a stick,"—

a true description doubtless of the vehement action of preaching in those days, and representing as difficult a rhyme as the "Cassowary on the plains of Timbuctoo."

As to Hudibras's powers of arguing,

"He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination,

All this by syllogism true,
In mood and figure, he would do.
For Rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
In th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard works ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by," &c.

"In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater;
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by Algebra.

"Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith;
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every *why* he had a *wherefore*.

"He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

Now I think these expressions, "for every why," and "he knew what's what," are among the very earliest instances of these oft-used expressions, although it seems a hard levelling down to common parlance of Aristotle's metaphysics his Topica and his "petitio principii," and "petitio elenchi."

Speaking in this canto of the Knights of King Arthur, the poem says:

"When laying by their swords and truncheons
They took their breakfasts or their nuncheons."

This nuncheon is a substitute for a regular meal, equivalent to what is now called a luncheon, as "bever" was a cold collation between dinner and supper.

Further, as to our Knight:

"For his Religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue,
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversy by
Infallible artillery;
And pave their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

Referring to "doctrine orthodox and apostolic blows and knocks," it may be mentioned that,

in 'Priestley's Memoirs,' vol. i, p. 372, it is recorded:

"I have heard frequent use," said the late Lord Sandwich in a debate on the Test Laws, "of the words orthodoxy and heterodoxy; but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean." "Orthodoxy, my lord," said Bishop Warburton in a whisper—"orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy."

I think that these two last lines ("Compound for sins," &c.) have been more quoted, and very often misquoted, than any other two lines of any poet, although Mr. Addison believed that the two most freely used lines of Hudibras were the first two lines of Part I, Canto 2:

> "There was an ancient sage philosopher
> That had read Alexander Ross over."

Alexander Ross was a very voluminous writer, and chaplain to Charles I.

Part I, Canto 3, commences:

> "Ah me! what perils do environ
> The man that meddles with old iron!
> What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
> Do dog him still with after-claps!
> For though Dame Fortune seem to smile,
> And leer upon him for a while,
> She'll after show him, in the nick
> Of all his glories, a dog trick."

Bohn says that "these first two lines have become a kind of proverbial expression, partly owing to the moral reflection, and partly to the jingle of the double rhyme; they are applied sometimes to a

man mortally wounded with a sword, and sometimes to a lady who pricks her finger with a needle."

Also this canto has—

"I am not now in fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower."

Vide also Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Part II—

"He that is down needs fear no fall.")

"Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."

"So cowards never use their might
But against such as will not fight."

"Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in."

"Fear is an ague, that forsakes
And haunts by fits those whom it takes."

"Cæsar himself could never say
He got two vict'ries in a day,
As I have done, that can say twice I
In one day veni, vidi, vici."

The description of a fight runs:

"So did the knight, and with one claw
The trigger of his pistol draw.
The gun went off; and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it; to prosper best;
So now he fired; the shot let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierced Talgol's gaberdine, and grazing
Upon his shoulder in the passing,

Lodged in Magnano's brass habergeon,
Who straight, 'A Surgeon!' cried, 'a surgeon!'
He tumbled down, and as he fell,
Did 'Murder! murder! murder!' yell."

Further in this canto we find in his having been beaten by the Widow:

"Quoth Hudibras, the day's thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down;
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conquering brow;
My loss of honour's great enough,
Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff;
Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
But cannot blur my lost renown.
I am not now in fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illustrious
For being benign, and not blustrous
Against a vanquished foe; their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words,
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courtesies about."

Again in this canto:

"Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind
Is 'sui juris,' unconfined,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not restraint or liberty
That makes men prisoners or free;
But perturbations that possess
The mind, or equinamities."

Again in Part I, Canto 3, I extract the following from the argument of Hudibras with Ralpho:

"Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, soft fire,
They say, does make sweet malt, Good squire,
Festina lente, not too fast,
For haste, the proverb says, makes waste.
The quicks and cavils thou dost make
Are false, and built upon mistake;
And I shall bring you with your pack
Of fallacies, to Elenchi back;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be understood;
I'll force you by right ratiocination,
To leave your vitilitigation,
And make you keep to the question close,
And argue dialecticōs."

Of his Squire Ralpho, or Ralf, we find still in Canto 1 a full description and a choice of pronunciation according to the rhyme. Thus:

"A squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half.
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so, if not, plain Raph,
For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses."

There is much truth in the last couplet.

The description of Hudibras's sword is worthy of note:

"The trenchant blade Toledo trusty
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack."

The description of Hudibras mounting his horse is very quaint, and also it is to be noticed that he

only had one spur. He considered that if one side of his horse moved, the other side must follow.

Note also in this canto a description of liberality with other people's money, true now as then:

> "For saints themselves will sometimes be
> Of gifts that cost them nothing free."

I quote in part the description of the profound learning of Ralph:

> "Deep-sighted in intelligences,
> Ideas, atoms, influences;
> And much of terra incognita,
> Th' intelligible world could say;
> A deep occult philosopher,
> As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
> Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
> And solid lying much renown'd;
> He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
> And Jacob Behmen understood,
> Knew many an amulet and charm,
> That would do neither good nor harm,
> In Rosicrucian lore as learned
> As he that verè adeptus earned."

The reference in the above to hermetical philosophers, the philosopher's stone, and the delicate allusion to the Milesians in "as learn'd as the wild Irish are" should be observed.

It will be recollected that the Presbyterians and Independents were great enemies to sports. Therefore the judicial conduct of Hudibras with reference to the intended prevention of a dog and bear fight is couched in apposite language:

"We that are wisely mounted higher
Than constables, in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we sit,
Like speculators should foresee,
From Pharos of authority,
Portended mischiefs farther than
Low proletarian tything-men."

I now invite attention of fatalists and of believers in predestination to the following lines on "Success:"

"Success, the mark no mortal wit
Or surest hand can always hit;
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steered by fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions,
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth,
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and cowardice succeed."

The concluding lines of Part I, Canto 2, are noteworthy:

"So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes."

Quoting further from Part II, Canto 1, are the following clever lines on "Fame:"

"There is a tall long-sided dame,
(But wondrous light)—yclepèd Fame,
That like a thin chameleon boards
Herself on air, and eats her words;
Upon her shoulders wings she wears,
Like hanging sleeves, lined through with ears,

Even in this practical age the words of the poet or poetaster dwell in the mind; and poetry, which is both by tradition and heritage the first of the fine arts, gives us restfulness and a lively sense of pleasurable gratification (although it may be that we comprehend Goldsmith, but only apprehend Shakespeare, as has been so forcibly explained by Archdeacon Trench), and fixes itself upon our thoughts and actions quite as much as the most ornate prose sentences. For instance, we are charmed with that incomparable and scholarly book 'Realmah,' by Sir Arthur Helps, and let us take for one moment his description of the constituents of a weighty sentence:

"It should be powerful in its substantives, choice and discreet in its adjectives, nicely correct in its verbs, not a word that could be added, nor one which the most fastidious would venture to suppress; in order lucid, in sequence logical, in method perspicuous, and yet with a pleasant and inviting intricacy which disappears as you advance in the sentence; the language throughout not quaint, not obsolete, not common, and not new; its several clauses justly proportioned and carefully balanced, so that it moves like a well-disciplined army organised for conquest; the rhythm not that of music, but of a higher and more fantastic melodiousness, submitting to no rule incapable of being taught, the substance and the form alike disclosing a happy union of the soul of the author to the subject of his thought,—having, therefore, individuality without personal predominance; and withal there must be a sense of felicity about it, declaring it to be the

product of a happy moment, so that you feel that it will not happen again to that man who writes the sentence, or to any other of the sons of men, to say the like thing so choicely, tersely, mellifluously, and completely."

We must all admit that this is very charming; but suppose instead of a weighty sentence that a proverb in verse, "an apple of gold in a picture of silver," quietly but effectively affixes upon our mind equally as salutary lessons as the most laboured prose, then may we understand what poetry has accomplished in this respect. There are patent, then, in the pages of Hudibras proverbs in verse of no mean order, and trite and yet beautiful expressions. One word as to the pronunciation of Hudibras; and as to this indisputably I think it is, as appears by the rhyme in Canto I, not the French pronunciation of Hudibras, but to rhyme with ass, thus:

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THOMAS NASHE, SATIRIST.

BY H. M. IMBERT-TERRY, F.R.S.L.

[Read June 24th, 1896.]

A LEGEND not infrequent in allegorical literature is that relating to men, learned in the arts of peace and war, who, journeying toward a much wished-for destination, have deviated from the beaten track and, under bucolic guidance, have wandered down remote and secluded byways, which, to their astonishment, not only contained matters of interest to themselves, but also eventually conducted them to their desired goal.

It is the remembrance of this legend which has induced me, knowing full well my inability to act in a more ambitious capacity, to proffer my services as a guide down one of those neglected but interesting literary bypaths, which, gradually converging as they did at one period of our history, became almost suddenly that broad high road of English Literature which has led our country to such well-deserved fame and reputation.

The end of the sixteenth, the beginning of the seventeenth century, is a period so uniquely important in the history of the growth of composition in England as to warrant any researches into its obscure recesses. But although it has been the duty of our true literary guides—a duty, be it at

once said, most admirably fulfilled—to show us the origin of that blaze of literary genius which illuminated "the spacious time of great Elizabeth;" yet a most useful purpose may even still be attained by directing public attention more fully to those lesser authors, many of whom have been almost eclipsed by the brilliancy of their greater brethren.

In tracing the growth of the remarkable revival of literature in the sixteenth century, it must not be forgotten that it is owing largely to the efforts of these lesser writers that our language emancipated itself from the trammels which hitherto had fettered it; and although, indeed, it was only after the Restoration that the English tongue first began to be written in somewhat of its full dignity and copiousness, yet the dawn of this freedom undoubtedly appeared in the works of the writers of the latter period of the sixteenth century.

Hallam, in his 'History of European Literature,' remarks, "A new era commenced; . . . . coincident with the rapid development of genius in the department of poetry, several young men of talent appeared,—Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Lily, Lodge, Kyd, Nashe, the precursors of Shakespeare, and the real founders, as they may in some respects be called, of the English drama."

It is with the last of these names, Thomas Nashe, that I shall occupy your time this evening; and although, indeed, Nashe can hardly be rightly called a precursor of Shakespeare, as he was in reality a younger man; and in no sense can he be considered a founder of the English drama, yet to those who have read the few rare books which are

all that remain of his labours, or have gleaned from the pages of bibliographers the scanty facts which alone sustain his memory, there must remain a vivid impression of his distinct and vigorous individuality, and a sincere regret that his career was cut short before he had produced any work worthy of his undoubted talents, and of the great age in which he lived and died. Moreover there is, in my humble opinion, a very cogent reason why the lesser writers of the time of Elizabeth and James, and especially Nashe, are worthy of more detailed attention than has hitherto been paid them except by the few. It is generally conceded that it is a knowledge of the manners of an age which gives a specially true insight into the inner life of that period. "Manners maketh man," is an old and a wise adage. The works of the great authors of the Elizabethan age—of Shakespeare and Bacon, for instance—have rightly become an integral part of our literary treasures; but the very greatness of their genius, the magnitude of the aim of these giants, prevented them giving accurate pictures of the times in which they lived. This work has been left to the lesser writers, and especially the satirists of the period. As Isaac Disraeli has admirably said, "the satirists were the first historians of manners." That is so; fugitive historians, perhaps, of fugitive facts, but still historians, who devoting their attention to the passing fashions of the day, have by so doing handed down to posterity a truly graphic picture of the world in which they lived and worked.

It may with some justice be said, that after all

these men contributed but little to the true literature of the country, and that the oblivion which has fallen upon them is but the sign of their own mediocrity. But (*meo judicio*) this is not the right critical standpoint to take. The value of these authors does not consist so much in the rare quality of their work, as in the fact that they were stepping-stones in the ascent of literary excellence; and that without a knowledge of their writings it would be impossible to form a continuous estimate of the progress of English Literature.

Indeed, in many respects the work of these pamphleteers may justly be compared to the more sustained efforts of our modern journalists. And if the comparison be made, I do not think that the productions of Elizabethan writers, if judged from a purely literary point of view, would suffer even by contrast with the efforts of those mysterious beings, the leader writers of our great daily papers, whose effusions, amidst all the scepticism of the age, are still regarded by thousands of well-educated men and women with the same reverential awe as the Book of Genesis or the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

So essential to our comfort has become that great institution, the daily press, that we can hardly accurately imagine a period of society when such a thing as a newspaper was absolutely non-existent in this country; yet such was the case in the time of Elizabeth.

The events of the Reformation, the fierce polemical and religious feuds which had existed during the previous reigns, had, however, excited and, it

may be, enlarged men's minds, so that a general desire was created for more information on public matters, and for some means by which the popular opinions might express themselves. Hence, as old Burton tells us in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' "if any read nowadays, it is a play-book or a pamphlet of news."

The works of Nashe consisted to a large extent of productions of the latter character, and in them and the responses they brought forth we can see a varied but lifelike picture of the manners and feelings of the period. For these reasons the few and rare works of this author are well worthy not only of being rescued from oblivion, for that has already been done by the indefatigable labour of Dr. Grosart, but also of greater attention on the part of those interested in English Literature, for they undoubtedly throw light upon many passing circumstances and private manners of our ancestors; and moreover, while frequently illustrating the popular writers and productions of an important period, they afford most valuable examples of the growth of English prose.

"The floud Waueny running through many Townes of hie Suffolke vp to Bungey, with his twining and winding it cuts out an Iland of some amplitude, named Louingland. The head Towne in that Iland is Leystofe, in which bee it knowne to all men I was borne."

So writes Nashe himself; and his statement is borne out by the fact that in the register of the parish church of Lowestoffe, in the month of November, 1567, there is an entry of his baptism, which of course naturally presupposes that at that

time he was born. His parents were the Rev. William Nashe, and Margaret, his second wife. The father is described as minister and preacher of the parish, possibly the curate, but certainly not at any time the rector. From the fact that Thomas Nashe's two brothers were called respectively Nathaniel and Israel, and his sisters Rebecca, Mary, and Martha, the last name being successively given to two children who died in infancy, it may reasonably be conjectured that the Rev. William Nashe sympathised with the Puritan party. He appears, if we may credit the eulogy of his son, to have been a man of charity and education, possibly well born; for, in the book called 'Lenten Stuffe,' Nashe tells us, "My father sprang from the Nashes of Herefordshire;" and elsewhere we are informed that his family possessed "more pedigree than property."

In 1582 Nashe entered St. John's College, Cambridge, as a sizar, and, on the authority of Cooper, in the *Athenæ Cantabrigiensis*, he was admitted a scholar on the Lady Margaret foundation in 1584. Like every other incident in the life of this erratic author, his university career seems shrouded with a certain degree of mystery, some commentators even expressing a belief that he was dismissed from Cambridge in disgrace.

This conjecture is apparently based upon a statement made in a tract called 'Polymanteia,' supposed to be written by Thomas Clerke, and also upon an accusation inserted in an abusive pamphlet entitled 'The Trimming of Nashe,' the work of his bitter enemy, Gabriel Harvey. In the former tract the University of Cambridge is upbraided for

harshness towards her two children, Nashe and Harvey, "in weaning the former before his time," an evident allusion to the fact that Nashe never attained the degree of Master of Arts.

Harvey's statement is more explicit, but his testimony is always to be doubted owing to the bitter antagonism he invariably displayed against Nashe. The accusation is as follows:

"In his fresh-time how he florished in all impudencie toward Schollers, and abuse to the Townsemen. Then being Bachelor of Arte, which by great labour he got, to shew afterward that he was not vnworthie of it, had a hand in a Show called Terminus et non terminus, for which his partener in it was expelled the Colledge. Then suspecting himselfe that he should be staied for egregie dunsus, and not attain to the next Degree, said he had commenced enough, and so forsooke Cambridge, being Batchelor of the third yere."

This seems to imply that he left the University in 1589, for he certainly obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1586; but, moreover, it may well mean that he left it of his own free will; certainly there is no entry of his expulsion in any of the University records, or the fact would undoubtedly have become known to some of his numerous antagonists.

Nashe himself invariably mentions Cambridge not only with respect, but even with affection, as, writing concerning Roger Ascham, he observes:

"Well, he was her Maiesties Schoolemaster, and a S. Iohns man in Cambridge, in which house once I tooke vp my inne for seuen yere together lacking a quarter, and yet loue it still, for it is and euer was the sweetest nurse of knowledge in all that Vniuersity."

In all his compositions, however, there is but one reference to his departure from Cambridge, and that is couched in such enigmatical terms as to throw but little light on the event.

In the opening remarks of his 'Anatomie of Absurditie,' published in 1589, he declares, "What I have written proceeded not from the pen of vainglory, but from the process of that pensiveness which two summers since overtook me; whose obscured cause compelled my wit to wander abroad." No special reason is assigned for the pensiveness, but, as shortly afterwards the writer is found declaring that "Constancey will sooner inhabit the body of a Camelyon, a Tyger, or a Wolfe than the hart of a woman," it is not unreasonable or altogether foreign to the nature of an undergraduate to presume that a member of the female sex had something to do with the melancholy mood. At that period it seems to have been the fashion for every young man of mind or money to journey abroad. The soldiers and the sailors made descents upon the Spanish Main and the Low Countries, whence they brought home tobacco and strange oaths; the poets and writers visited France and Italy, and returned embued with foreign literature. Nashe appears to have been no exception to the rule. Since Dr. Grosart has denied to him the authorship of a tract called 'An Almond for a Parrot,' much of the direct evidence regarding his travels disappears; but in works undeniably of his composition distinct statements are made of his visits to France and Antwerp. From the latter place, he oddly enough declares, "pride first came

over to England." His novel, also, 'The Unfortunate Traveller,' bears unmistakable traces of being written by one who personally was an eyewitness of many Italian scenes.

The influence of Italian literature, moreover, is plainly perceptible in his works, he himself declaring, "Of all styles I most affect and strive to imitate Aretine, one of the wittiest knaves that ever God made." And even more marked is the effect that the satires of Rabelais had over him, the peculiar and grotesque strings of epithets with which he interlards his earlier productions being distinctly traceable to the writings of the great French satirist. So far, however, as can be gathered from contemporary literature, it is at least certain that whatever may have been his previous movements, early in 1589 Nashe had taken up his abode in London, and had joined that curious body of literary men, these first authors by profession, as Disraeli calls them, who, known as the University wits, did not a little to raise the standard of English composition, and did so much to debase the character of English writers.

"Being at the Universitie of Cambridge, I light among wags as lewd as myself, with whom I consumed the flower of my youth." Such was the description which Richard Green, one of the most distinguished of these wits, gave of himself; and it was to his society and that of his even more illustrious boon companion, Kit Marlowe, that Nashe readily joined himself,—indeed, as Collier observes, "we never hear of him except in his capacity of

author, or as the companion of the free-living young men of his day."

Both Greene and Marlowe were Cambridge men, the former being a member of St. John's, the latter of Benet's College, afterwards Corpus Christi; and it is not unlikely that the literary talents of the young wit were known to them beforehand,—at any rate, it was owing to Greene that he first had the opportunity of appearing before the public as a writer.

Greene, who at that time was a celebrity—for, as the unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury remarks, "every chambermaid reads Greene's works over and over,"—had written a romance called 'Menaphon, or Camilla's Alarum to the Slumbering Euphues;" and upon his invitation to write the prefatory remarks, Nashe composed the celebrated 'Epistle to the Gentlemen Students of the Two Universities.'

In this Epistle, as I need hardly remind such an assembly as is present, there occurs the famous passage which has caused so much discussion among Shakespearian commentators:

"It is a cõmon practise now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through euery arte and thriue by none, to leaue the trade of Nouerint whereto they were borne, and busie themselues with the indeuors of Art, that could scarcelie latinize their necke-verse if they should haue neede; yet English Seneca read by candle light yeeldes manie good sentences, as Bloud is a beggar, and so foorth: and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will affoord you whole Hamlets, I should say handfulls of tragical speaches."

These remarks have been considered not only to throw some side-lights on the date of the first production of 'Hamlet,' but also to be an attack on the illustrious poet who wrote that tragedy. I should not have ventured to touch on such a well-worn topic, had it not been evident that any account of Nashe, however slight, would be manifestly incomplete without some reference to this question; and, moreover, when it is remembered that the consuming idea of his short life, as expressed in his compositions, was to win fame as an author, it is indeed a satire on the vanity of human wishes that he who prided himself so greatly on the originality and spirit of his style, should only be known to the generality of readers of to-day by one obscure and even uncouth passage in the very earliest production of his pen.

Some doubt has arisen as to the exact date of the production of Greene's 'Menaphon.' From quotations in another work by the same author,* a possibility exists that this book was first published in 1587, although no copy of that impression can be found. Certain critics also—Beloe, the author of 'Scarce Books,' and Doctor Farmer, among others—have expressed uncertainty as to whether the Epistle was ever prefixed to Greene's romance at all; but it is now generally admitted, both from internal and external evidence, that this preface was composed in 1589, and attached to the edition of the work published in that year.

But even under these circumstances, the mention of the word, Hamlet, seems to imply a know-

* 'Euphues, his Censure to Philautus,' printed 1587.

ledge of a play of that name some years before the authenticated date of the first production of Shakespeare's tragedy, and the whole sentence appears to cast some disparagement upon the literary ability of the author.

Greene's querulous attack upon Shakespeare in his pamphlet, 'The Groat's Worth of Wit,' is well known, where he described the poet as the only "shakescene of the country," and "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers,"—an allusion, doubtless, to the fact that Shakespeare had taken the plot of the 'Winter's Tale' from Greene's novel, 'Dorastus and Fawnia.' It has therefore been supposed that, as Nashe and Greene were linked together in literary friendship, this outburst of the elder writer had been anticipated by his younger companion; or, as the late Mr. Simpson observes, in his 'School of Shakespeare,' Nashe, from having been abroad, could have no original knowledge of literary matters which had occurred in his absence, and, being in request for his style, only wrote the ideas which Greene "decanted" into him.

It must, however, be remembered, in justice to Nashe, that on the only occasion on which a direct attack was made upon Shakespeare—the above-quoted passage in the 'Groat's Worth of Wit'—he repudiated any connection with Greene's pamphlet in words more forcible than polite: "Other news I am advertised of, that a scald trivial lying pamphlet, entitled a 'Groat's Worth of Wit,' is given out to be of my doing. God never have any care of my soul, but utterly renounce me, if the least

word or syllable in it proceeded from my pen, or if I were in any way privy to the writing or printing of it."

In elucidating this mystery it should also be remembered that the whole gist of this Epistle, which was written no doubt in emulation of the school of criticism so lately formed, was to satirise "those that feed on nought but the crumbs which fall from the translator's trencher." Now, although it would indeed be a straining of words to call Shakespeare in any sense a translator, yet it is indubitably a fact that many literary men in the latter part of the sixteenth century, anterior to Spenser, were studiously and devotedly attached to the work of translating foreign authors. Notorious among these was Thomas Kyd, the writer of the 'Spanish Tragedy,' and presumably also of that egregious play, 'Jeronimo,' which furnished mine ancient Pistol with so many of his quotations. Kyd had translated, from the French of Garnier, a tragedy entitled 'Cornelia,' which was written in the so-called Senecan manner, in which the lengthy didactic addresses and the complete want of dramatic action were totally opposed to the principles of the vigorous school of Marlowe, to which both Nashe and Greene belonged.

There can be but little doubt that this writer is alluded to in the following passage :—"And Seneca let bloud line by line and page by page must needs die to our stage which makes his famished followers to emulate the example of the Kydde in Æsop who forsook all hopes of life to leap into a new occupation."

It has been discovered in the register of the parish church of St. Mary Woolnoth that the father of Thomas Kyd was a scrivener or notary, an occupation called in the cant terms of the Elizabethan age *Cognoverint* or *Noverint*, from the Latin commencement of those writs and citations with which notaries were chiefly associated in the minds of these sixteenth-century men of letters.

When in addition to these facts and deductions it is remembered that there is much evidence which points to the performance of a play called 'Hamlet,' or 'Hamlet's Revenge,' at a period distinctly anterior to Shakespeare, I think that Nashe's memory should be cleared from the aspersion of having satirised the greatest dramatic writer of the world; and that it will be considered far more likely that, at the beginning of his career, he should have attacked such a one as Kyd, who was already the butt of the literary world (witness again the 'Polymanteia),' rather than have gratuitously assailed Shakespeare, an author who could not possibly at that time have incurred his enmity, and who, moreover, possessed in a marked degree those special literary attributes which Nashe so fervently admired. It is, indeed, hardly a matter for wonder that the crudities and absurdities of the translators should have stimulated to exertion a wit so ready and unrestrained. Kyd, in the tragedy of 'Cornelia,' the greater portion of which is abnormally dull, makes his chief character to exclaim, on receiving the ashes of her husband, Pompey the Great, "Oh, sweet, dear, deplorable cinders!" and even this touching apostrophe is poetical compared

with some of the lines contained in translations of this age. One of the oddest literary figures of a period replete with literary oddities was Richard Stanyhurst, a man of great learning, and one of the assistant compilers of Holinshed's 'Chronicles.' With all his erudition, however, he was afflicted with a craze, not uncommon at that time, of attempting to confine the English language to the trammels of the ancient classical metres. With this object he translated the first four books of the 'Æneid' into so-called English hexameters, and the frantic cacophony which was the result drew down upon his devoted head the criticism of contemporary writers, and the amused scorn of modern commentators. It may, indeed, be doubted if the cadence of the English tongue can at any time be so bent as to fall naturally into the harmonious flow of the old hexameter. Possibly a better, certainly a more witty definition of the difficulty cannot be found than in the words which Nashe himself wrote on the subject a few years later:

"The hexameter verse, I take it to be a gentleman of an ancient house (so is many an English beggar), yet in this clime of ours he cannot thrive, our speech is too craggy for him to set his plough in; he goes twitching and hopping in our language like a man running upon quagmires, up the hill in one syllable and down the dale in another, retaining no part of that stately smooth gait which he vaunts himself with among the Greeks and Romans."

Anyhow, the verse of Master Richard Stanyhurst retains no vestige of a stately smooth gait, as the following example, a detached portion of the Eighth

Book of the 'Æneid,' will show. Æneas waiting for the lovesick Queen is thus described:

"And Æneas goggled his eyesight, waiting for Dido;
Sighs, groans, deep reaching, with tears his leers full, he blubbered."

A description of a tempest:

"Now do they rave gusty lightnings, now grisly rebounding
Of ruffe raffe roaring, mens hearts with terror agrysing,
With pell mell ramping, with thwick thwack sturdily thundering."

Judging from these specimens, I think we can sympathise and agree with Nashe's remark that this asinine dissonance of hexametrical fury affrights our peaceful poets from intermeddling hereafter with such a quarrelling kind of verse.

The style of this Epistle to the two Universities, although often disfigured by shapeless sentences difficult of comprehension, is yet in advance of many of the preceding writers of the period; indeed, Sir Egerton Brydges in the 'British Bibliographer' observes that it is written in a vein of spirited and judicious criticism, of which the English language has no contemporary example. It has, moreover, a distinct interest for all lovers of literature, for in it many writers are mentioned and criticised with taste and emphasis, who now only shadows of names, would, without this record, have been completely lost to fame.

Having in the same year, 1589, published his 'Anatomie of Absurditie,' the "firstlings of his

folly," as he calls it, a book which in all probability was a youthful essay in criticism written during his undergraduate days at Cambridge, Nashe in the succeeding autumn made important contributions to that remarkable series of tracts which has become so celebrated under the title of the Marprelate publications; and which, although at its beginning but a war of scurrilous and vulgar pamphlets, quenched for a while by the execution and imprisonment of its obscure authors, was in reality but the first mutterings of that great storm which fifty years later broke over this country, destroying king and hierarchy in its progress.

The subtleties and intricacies of Church discipline and government, interesting and important as they no doubt are to ecclesiastical controversialists, are hardly matters for discussion by a society devoted presumably to literature; suffice it therefore to say that, according to that great authority, Professor Arber, this controversy first began in 1587 with treatises written by Udall and the Welshman Penry, which were answered by the Archbishop Whitgift and Doctor John Brydges, Dean of Sarum, the latter in a solid volume of some 1500 quarto pages. Again, in reply to these divines, there suddenly burst upon the public certain tracts written in a vulgar but most satirical and abusive style, purporting to be the composition of "Martin Mar Prelate, Gent.; Printed over sea in Europe within two furlongs of a bouncing priest." All these pamphlets were surreptitiously printed by a secret press, worked by one Waldegrave, a printer who, having issued some

of Udall's forbidden compositions, had for this offence his property confiscated. Being driven to despair by the loss of his livelihood, he placed his workmanship and the wreck of his material, "some basket or two of letters," as it is described, at the disposal of Penry, thus affording to the Marprelatists an opportunity, which they would have had great difficulty in otherwise obtaining, of sending out to the public their productions in a printed form.

So great was the stir created by these publications, that it was considered necessary to issue an official defence of the assailed bishops. The decorous writings and grave logic of these dignitaries, however, proved utterly unfit to cope with the witty and scurrilous pamphleteers; so under the circumstances, as we are told in Strype's 'Life of Whitgift,' Dr. Bancroft, Dean of Paul's, who owing to the advanced age and infirmities of the archbishop exercised great influence in the Church, conceived the idea of obtaining the assistance of that band of professional writers among whom Nashe had lately enrolled himself, and who could fight the irreverent lampooners with their own weapons of sarcasm and abuse. Certainly, in the autumn of 1589, the University wits, as they were called, and Nashe among them, rushed into the fray with great ardour, and by their vigorous and unrestrained attack completely changed the situation.

Most of the tracts, for obvious reasons, were issued anonymously, and consequently a great doubt, even at the present day, exists as to the

exact works Nashe himself wrote. Disraeli and some other writers have attributed to him the notorious 'Pappe with a Hatchet,' which is now generally ascribed to the celebrated John Lyly, whom indeed Nashe himself always calls "Pap-hatchet," or "the Papmaker," in evident allusion to this work. The 'Encyclopædia Britannica' also has given to Nashe the authorship of 'Playne Percival the Peacemaker,' regardless of the fact that this book supports, not attacks, the Puritan party, and that Nashe violently denounced 'Playne Percival' as the work of his bitter enemy Richard Harvey. Dr. Grosart has allowed the four following tracts to be the work of Nashe: 'The Countercuffe,' 'Pasquils Returne,' 'Martin Monthes Mind,' all published in 1587, and the first part of 'Pasquils Apologie,' published in 1590. The transcript of the Register of the Stationers' Company, edited by Professor Arber, in the entry relating to 'A Mirrour for Martinists' has this marginal note: "Nashe, yt is said." It is believed now, however, that this last-named work was written by Thomas Turswell.

These short books, although written in a burlesque and frequently vulgar style, are undoubtedly the most serious literary efforts of the controversy, frequently containing sound argument and much effective satire. 'Martin Monthe's Minde,' a description of the death of Martin Marprelate, and the loathsome diseases which marked his end, as the title of the book shows, is a funeral sermon preached in memory of the defunct one month after his decease, and in the opinion of Dr. Dexter is

the most wickedly witty of all the efforts of the Anti-Martinists; while the designation of "Puritan," which Nashe confers on his adversaries, must also be considered a very happy if somewhat malicious invention.

Whatever may be the opinion of modern critics on this author's share in the controversy, there can be no doubt that the defeat of the Marprelatists was confidently attributed to him by writers of the next succeeding century, as the following extract from Isaac Walton's 'Life of Hooker' will abundantly show:—"And besides there were books published so absurd and scurrilous that the graver divines disdained to answer them; and yet these were grown into high esteem with the common people, until Tom Nashe appeared, who was a man of sharp wit, and the master of a scoffing, satirical, merry pen, ... which made such a discovery of their absurdities as (which is strange) to put a greater stop to these pamphlets than a much wiser man would have been able." I must own I think that Dr. Grosart has been unduly harsh on Nashe in his trenchant denunciation of these compositions; and in accusing the author of abusing the Puritan party with truculent vehemence, levying literary blackmail by promising damaging disclosures which never were published or intended to be published. In truth, neither party can be credited with either moderation or even decency toward their adversaries. When we read these tracts, or the examination of their authors, Udall, Barrow, &c., before the Commission, when we find the bishops described even in their presence as "notable brazen faces; cog-

ging couzening knaves that lie like dogs; wretched fathers of a filthy mother, void of all true learning and good lives; a monster, even the second beast that is spoken of in the Revelations," we must acknowledge that truculent vehemence was not confined to one party, or vulgar abuse alone practised by Nashe and his comrades. Indeed, as old Drayton says, "the Puritans were so hot, that to destroy a painted window they would pull down a whole church;" while the professional pamphleteers were, I am afraid, only too ready to lend the virulence of their facile pens to any who possessed power and patronage. It is much to be wished that a dispassionate history of this interesting and important controversy may be written, for invaluable as are the works on this subject by Professor Arber and Dr. Dexter, the American historian of Congregationalism, yet their bias is so pronounced as to seriously detract from the critical value of their otherwise most interesting researches.

'Pasquil's Return,' the last of Nashe's tracts, published in 1590, was apparently his only literary effort in that year. In 1591 also he appears to have written but little, a short satire on the extravagances of astrologers, then very prevalent, being his only known original effort. He edited, however, if we may so call it, a volume of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella.'

Thomas Newman, the publisher, seems to have become possessed of a manuscript of Sidney's, much defaced by ill-writers, as it is described, and having included some poems from other pens, he obtained

the help of Nashe in writing a prefatory epistle, as was then the approved custom,—an opportunity of associating himself with the well-established reputation of Sidney which the young writer, naturally enough, seized with avidity. This epistle, which is to be found nowhere else, and which renders this edition of 'Astrophel and Stella' remarkable, is again a distinct advance in style on anything previously penned by the author; indeed, his unstinted praise of Sidney, "the least syllable of whose name sounded in the ears of judgment is able to give the meanest line he writes a dowry of immortality," reaches a degree of eloquence not often met with in compositions of a like character.

The fact, moreover, that thus early in his career he was employed by publishers to write dedications to important works, and also to take a prominent part in a popular controversy, shows that his remarkable talents had become evident to all his associates.

We still, however, are without any certain knowledge as to how he, or any other professional writer of that age, managed to obtain a livelihood. Owing possibly to the bitterness of his satire, he does not appear to have long retained the good graces of any one patron; although, in the dedication of his 'Terrors of a Night' to that amiable authoress, Lady Elizabeth Carey, we find him extolling her generosity, "whose purse is ever open to her beadsmen's distress. Well may I say so, for oft have I proved it." And again, speaking of Lord Southampton, he says, "The full spring of whose

liberality I have often tasted in my forsaken extremities."

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in a short essay he has prefixed to his reprint of 'The Unfortunate Traveller,' is of the opinion that Nashe occasionally acted as tutor: "Hung on to the outskirts of education," is the expression.

Dr. Grosart has printed a portion of a poem, a set of verses for Valentine's Day; most probably the result of what the author himself calls "the hatching of nothing but toies for private gentlemen." In the Bodleian Library also there is a manuscript story supposed to be a composition of Nashe's, and which, as the title is unfit for publication, was possibly a work of the class alluded to in the subjoined quotation from Saffron Walden:

"That twice or thrife in a month, when *res eft angufta domi*, the bottome of my purfe is turned downward, and my conduit of incke will no longer flow for want of reparations, I am faine to let my Plow ftand ftill in the midft of a furrow, and follow fome of thefe newfangled Galiardos and Senior Fantafticos, to whose amorous Villanellas and Quipaffas, I proftitute my pen in hope of gaine."

Yet with every assistance which might come from patrons or friends, with all the help, if any, he might obtain from his family—and it can hardly be supposed that those in such undoubtedly straitened circumstances could afford much of the "oyle of angels," as Greene quaintly calls money,—Nashe's life, like that, unfortunately, of nearly every other professional writer in the sixteenth century, seems to have been a continued alternation of destitution and debauch.

In every one of his compositions the sign of the "black ox," poverty, is traceable; indeed, I doubt if in the whole of English literature a more graphic and touching picture of talent oppressed by need can be found than in the opening lines of his most popular work, 'Pierce Penilesse, his Supplication to the Devil:'

"Having fpent manie yeeres in ftudying how to liue, and liude a long time without mony: hauing tired my youth with follie, and furfetted my minde with vanitie, I began at length to looke backe to repentaunce, and addreffe my endeuors to profperitie: But all in vaine, I fate vp late, and rofe earely; contended with the colde, and conuerfed with fcarcitie: for all my labours turned to loffe, my vulgar Muse was defpifed and neglected, my paines not regarded, or flightly rewarded, and I my felfe (in prime of my beft wit) laid open to pouertie. Whereupon (in a malecontent humor) I accufed my fortune, raild on my patrones, bit my pen, rent my papers, and ragde in all points like a mad man. In which agony tormenting my felfe a long time, I grew by degrees to a milder difcontent: and paufing a while ouer my ftaudifh, I refolued in verfe to paynt forth my paffion: which, best agreeing with the vaine of my vnreft, I began to complaine in this fort:

"Why ift damnation to difpaire and dye,
When life is my true happineffe difeafe?
My foule, my foule, thy fafetie makes me flie
The faultie meanes, that might my paine appeafe.
Diuines and dying men may talke of hell,
But in my heart, her feuerall torments dwell.

"Ah worthleffe Wit, to traine me to this woe;
Deceitfull Artes, that nourifh Difcontent:
Ill thriue the Follie that bewitcht me fo:
Vaine thoughts adieu, for now I will repent.
And yet my wantes perfwade me to proceede,
Since none takes pitie of a Scholler's neede."

In this strange but most original production, the author, oppressed with poverty, meeting with no recognition of his talents or material assistance from his fellow-men, determines to send a petition for aid to the Prince of Evil:

"But written and all, heere lies the queftion, where fhall I find this old Affe, that I may deliuer it? Maffe, that's true: they fay the Lawyers haue the deuill and al: and it is like enough he is playing Ambodexter amongft them. Fie, fie, the deuill a driuer in Weftminfter Hall: it can neuer be.

"To proceed with my tale: to Weftminfter Hall I went, and made a fearch of Enquiry, from the blacke gowne to the buckram bagge, if there were any fuch Sergeant, Bencher, Counfailer, Atorney, or petifogger, as Signior Cornuto Diabolo, with the good face? But they al (*vnâ voce*) affirmed, that he was not there: marry, whether hee were at the Exchange or no, amongft the ritch Merchants, that they could not tell."

With many graphic touches, and one or two most excellent verbal portraits, the book runs its discursive course, satirising and criticising in all directions, and finally ends as abruptly as it began with a fine sonnet in praise of the author's unnamed patron.

By this remarkable publication Nashe at one leap attained popularity and even fame. Pierce Pénilesse is the name by which he not only calls himself, but is known to all contemporary writers; and the best proof of his wide-spread popularity is the fact that for many years variations of this title, such as 'The Returne of the Knight of the Post from Hell,' and that very rare tract, 'Henry Chettles, Pierce Playnes seven years Prentiship,' were used by authors anxious to emulate his reputation. The

book ran through six editions, or, to quote his own quaint phrase, "passed through the pikes of six impressions." It was translated into Dutch and also into French, as he thus complains: "Pierce Penilesse being above two years hence maimedly translated into the French tongue, and in the English so rascally printed and ill interpreted as heart can think or tongue can tell."

We can sympathise with his complaint in this respect if the capabilities of translators were no greater in the sixteenth century than they were in the eighteenth; for then Colley Cibber's well-known comedy, 'Love's Last Shift,' was presented to a French audience under the title of 'La dernière Chemise de l'Amour,' a description more realistic than accurate.

The first edition of 'Pierce Penilesse,' published in 1592 by Richard Johnes, was issued with a lengthy and ornate but unauthorised title. This was the cause of a pungent and characteristic epistle from the aggrieved writer prefixed to the second edition, in which he commands, "Now this is what I would have you do. First cut off that long tayled title, and let me not in the forefront of my book make a tedious mountebank oration to the Reader." This, as Mr. Payne Collier has pointed out, is a curious if not important incident in literary history, bearing as it does on what old Antony Wood has written: "It was a usual thing to set a great name to a book or books by the starveling bookseller or snivelling writer to get bread." It is therefore not unlikely that many of the fantastic titles to Shakespeare's plays, which it

is hard to believe ever emanated from the author, were in reality but sixteenth-century trade advertisements. 'Pierce Penilesse' is in every way a typical work of Nashe's. Every sentence is replete with allusions instinct with the spirit and life of the times, and his own true love of literature and aspirations towards a great ideal are frequently made plainly manifest, as the following quotation will especially show:—"To them which demand what fruits the poets of our time bring forth, or wherein they are able to prove themselves necessary to the State, thus I answer: First and foremost they have cleansed our language from barbarisms, and made the vulgar sort here in London, which is the fountain whence rivers flows round about England, to aspire to a richer puritie of speech than is communicated with the comminalty of any nation under heaven."

A curious incident in connection with this book is the fact that two well-known lines from the sonnet in the introduction—

> "Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
> But in my heart her severall torments dwell,"

are to be found inserted in a play called the 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' which was printed in 1608, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page. It is, I believe, generally conceded that this play was not written by Shakespeare, and it is absolutely certain that Nashe had no hand in it whatever. The mystery, therefore, remains to be solved, how so soon after the author's death, two of his best known lines became part of a play for which he was in no way responsible. The late Mr. Simpson

found a solution of the difficulty, no doubt entirely to his own satisfaction. He was strongly of the opinion that Nashe had frequently satirised Shakespeare, and that Shakespeare, whom he firmly believed to be the author of the 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' took an original mode of revenging himself by placing Nashe's best known lines in the mouth of a heartless murderer; thus implying that Nashe only lacked opportunity and not disposition to follow the same evil courses as the character in the play, and presumably to meet with the same dismal fate. Whether this ingenious plan of literary revenge is consonant with the character of Shakespeare as we know him I leave to others to determine.

In this pamphlet there appears a passage which was the prelude to that prolonged controversy between Nashe and Dr. Gabriel Harvey, a controversy which astonishes all who read it, not only by the bitter personalities of the combatants, but also by the disproportionate stir it always seems to have excited in the world of letters.

Greene, in one of his books, 'A Quip for an Upstart Courtier,' had made certain reflections on the Harvey family, which were suppressed, however, in subsequent editions of the work; he also stated, probably with truth, that Harvey was the son of a ropemaker at Saffron Walden. Greene, in 1592, died in loneliness and misery; "as Archelaus perished by wine at a drunken feast, so Robin Greene died of a surfeit of pickled herrings and Rhenish wine," as we are quaintly informed by Meres in 'The Wit's Treasury.' Harvey, irritated by Greene's

attacks, seized on the occasion to assault the memory of the dead writer, and, as he unblushingly avows, paid a visit to Greene's lodgings, interviewed his landlady, collected all the gossip of the district, and embodied the whole in a venomous book, entitled 'Foure letters and certain sonnets especially touching Robert Greene, and persons by him abused.'

Greene, shortly before his death, had made a pathetic complaint against the attacks, real or presumed, of plagiarists, and had besought the assistance of Marlowe, Peele, and "young Juvenal, that biting satirist, that lastly with me together writ a comedie."

By the death of Marlowe, slain in a shameful quarrel, and the disappearance of Peele, dying or dead of disease, the young Juvenal, who is usually supposed to have been Nashe, was left alone to defend the memory of his former colleague. I fear it must be conceded that it was not so much attachment to Greene's memory which prompted him to enter the lists with his crabbed opponent as the desire of availing himself of an opportunity for literary distinction. It is difficult to form a just opinion of Dr. Harvey's character. The one strong piece of evidence in his favour is the fact that he enjoyed the friendship of the gentle Edmund Spenser, who addresses him as Hobynol in the 'Faëry Queen.' In truth, he appears to have been a man of real learning, but envious and pragmatical to a degree (as is shown even in his early letters, printed by the Camden Society), a veritable example of the pedants so frequently introduced in the plays of that period. Certainly he was no match either

in sarcasm or literary agility for his lively opponent, who commenced the war in a book called 'Strange Newes of the Low Countries,' a satire which lays bare to the world all Harvey's deficiencies, and dissects his foibles, whether mental or physical, with an extraordinarily biting and caustic wit.

In the middle of the controversy, however, Nashe suddenly endeavoured to allay the feud. With that versatility and restlessness so strongly marked in his character he had plunged into a new work, a curious religious discourse, gradually merged into a grave satire on the vices then prevalent in London, and entitled 'Christ's Tears over Jerusalem.' Moved perhaps by the sacred character of his work, he penned an apologetic preface, in which he bade "an hundred unfortunate adieus to fantastical satirisme," and held out the hand of friendship to Harvey, who, apparently regarding these overtures as a sign of weakness in his opponent, rejected all advances, and even renewed the attack in another abusive tract, 'New Letters of Notable Contents.'

In the second edition of 'Christ's Tears,' Nashe, with some dignity, withdrew his apologetic preface, and although promising reprisals, in fact allowed the quarrel to sleep for three years. In 1596, however, hearing that Harvey boasted of having silenced him, and fearing, in all probability, the effect such a boast might have on his reputation, he fulfilled his promise of replying to his enemy, and published the most celebrated of all his works, 'Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up.' Great as is the licence of

abuse in this book, scurrilous as are the details, yet all who read it must be struck with the individuality of the author, the scintillating wit, the biting sarcasm, and a talent almost amounting to genius for turning topsy-turvy the arguments of his opponents. Indeed, as Dr. Grosart says, "this satiric book stands alone in the literature of its kind;" and in another place he adds, that by its publication Nashe acquired a sudden and lasting reputation as the first and most formidable satirist of his epoch. This book closed the controversy. Harvey, indeed, encouraged by the fact that Nashe was imprisoned in the Fleet, having incurred the wrath of the Privy Council by the performance of his comedy 'The Isle of Dogs,' attempted a reply, but the authorities stepped in and prohibited any further publication. The order was as follows:— "That all Nashe's books and Dr. Harvey's books be taken wheresoever they may be found, and that none of the same books be ever printed hereafter." To us in the present day, the interest taken in this purely personal quarrel between two authors, neither of whom was in the front rank of literature, must appear marvellous; indeed, it affords remarkable evidence of the hunger for reading in the vernacular which was gradually taking possession of a considerable section of the people. After all, as human nature changes but little, it is possible that these feuds of old authors, with their attendant abuse, only supplied literary pabulum to that class of readers who, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, derive their knowledge of Zoology, Theology, and Botany from works like 'Dodo,' 'The Sorrows of

Satan,' and 'The Yellow Aster.' Owing in a great measure to the suppression of Nashe's books, some ignorance of his works has been shown by writers on literature even in the nineteenth century, such a trustworthy authority as Hallam falling into the mistake of including Nashe among the chief dramatists of the Elizabethan period. Such of his work as we know is unimportant and inferior to his other compositions. A comedy, or rather an elaborated masque, 'Will Somer's Last Will and Testament,' was performed in 1593 at Croydon, presumably at the Archbishop's palace, and conjecturally in the presence of Queen Elizabeth. He also collaborated with Marlowe in writing 'The Tragedie of Dido, Queen of Carthage;' Marlowe dying before the completion of the work. These are the only two plays by Nashe which have been printed. At the request, however, of Henslowe, the manager of the Lord Admiral's company of players, he wrote a portion at least of another comedy, 'The Isle of Dogs,' which for some reason which cannot even be conjectured, as no traces of the play have come down to us, seems to have aroused the ire of the authorities, who withdrew the licence of the players and imprisoned the author in the Fleet. Whatever may have been the cause of offence, the unfortunate playwright appears to have had but little to do with it, for in 'Lenten Stuffe' he says—

"That unfortunate imperfit embrion of my idle houres, 'The Ile of Dogges.'

"An imperfit Embrio I ma(y) well call it, for I hauing begun but the induction and first act of it, the other foure

acts without my consent, or the least guesse of my drift or scope, by the players were supplied, which bred both their trouble and mine to."

Still there is more than a possibility that some of Nashe's dramatic works have been lost. Meres, in the 'Palladis Tamia,' writes of him as "best in comedy;" while Philips mentions a play, 'See me and see me not,' as his composition, of which not the least trace now remains. Greene, again, in the 'Groat's Worth of Wit,' addressing Marlowe and Peele, joins with them "young Juvenal, that lastly with me together wrote a comedy." As so many of the plays of that period were never printed, but only committed to memory by the actors, there is every reason to suppose that the dramatic compositions of Nashe far exceeded in number those two or three which are to-day alone assigned to him.

But in another direction Thomas Nashe has a distinct claim to literary prominence, a claim which has only lately met with tardy recognition, and that chiefly at the hands of a Frenchman. In 1594 he composed a novel of adventure, which he called 'The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Adventures of Jack Wilton,' and which was practically the first English novel which described the actions of a character of the period in which it was written. Mons. Jusserand, in his most valuable work, 'The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare,' has claimed for Nashe that in this composition he showed himself the best writer of the picaresque tale anterior to Defoe. This work, it is true, is fragmentary, and at times incoherent, but the characters are not classical puppets as in the romances

of other authors of the age, but are living, breathing men of the reign of Elizabeth. It is an interesting fact that the story of the Earl of Surrey and his chivalrous devotion to the fair Geraldine is first related in this tale.

To a large extent the interest excited by Nashe's compositions must lie in the varied pictures they present of contemporary life and manners, but from a literary point of view they have an important bearing on the genesis of English prose. His manner of writing, it is true, is most unequal, well-formed and even elegant sentences being succeeded by strings of involved and inflated rhetoric. This to a certain extent explains the very diverse opinions held concerning him by well-known commentators. For instance, Disraeli says, "His style is as flowing as Addison, with hardly an obsolete vestige;" while Malone observes, "His prose works, if collected together, would perhaps exhibit a greater farrago of unintelligible jargon than is to be found in the productions of any author, ancient or modern." But in this connection it should be remembered that Nashe is not the only author of the period whose works show great diversity of style. As Professor Saintsbury has remarked, in the writings of Sir Walter Raleigh, there are extraordinary alternations of commonplace and eloquence; and Raleigh, living later, had the advantage of better models. Contrast for a moment the phraseology of Elyot's 'Governour,' or Ascham's 'Schoolmaster,' with the English of the Authorised Version of the Scriptures. It is a different language; yet Nashe, occupying an intermediate posi-

tion between the two, even in his short career exhibits a marvellous improvement on the imperfections of the one, and a close approach to the excellence of the other. Indeed, it is impossible to accurately ascribe to any one particular author, or any one particular period, whether of days or years, the changes which were at this time continuously creeping over our language and literature. To my mind such calculations are about as satisfactory as the deductions of the celebrated Rabbi who proved by mathematical formulæ that Adam and Eve were created on the 6th day of September, a Friday, at half past four in the afternoon.

Nashe in moments of inspiration—and no one who has read his works can doubt that he had such moments—wrote pure, vigorous English; at other times he relapsed into the burlesque exaggerations of the day; but nevertheless it was to him, and to the efforts of men like him, that the English tongue gradually became freed from its dross, and appeared in all its copious grandeur. In justice to him it should also be remembered that he was almost the first prose writer who used the vernacular as a literary medium. He was preceded by Roger Ascham, Lyly, Philip Sidney, and Hooker; but, to again quote Professor Saintsbury, these authors chiefly wrote in Anglicised Latin. Nashe wrote almost entirely in the vernacular; his works only occupied a very short period, exactly three hundred years ago, from 1589 to 1600, and while he is always quoted with respect by those who survived him, he claims for himself, and with reason, an original and individual style. "Is my stile like

Greene, or my jests like Tarlton?" he writes, "this I proudly boast, that the vaine which I have is of my own begetting, and calls no man father in England but myself; neither Euphues, nor Tarleton, nor Greene." This is undoubtedly the fact: his manner is totally unlike Lyly or Greene, and in all humility I venture the opinion that it had greater influence than those two writers on those who succeeded him.

It is true that the authors who succeeded Nashe were better men than himself, but the very fact that they were better men may often blind the eyes of readers to the influence he may have exercised over them.

In one respect, at least, it is admitted by all authorities that gratitude is owing to Nashe. By his remarkably copious and original vocabulary he enriched the English language both directly and indirectly. In his preface to 'Christes Teares' he says:

"Our English tongue of all languages moft fwarmeth with the fingle money of monofillables, which are the onely fcandall of it. Bookes written in them and no other, feeme like Shop-keepers boxes, that containe nothing elfe, faue halfepence, three-farthings and two-pences. Therefore what did me I, but hauing a huge heape of thofe worthleffe fhreds of fmall Englifh in my Pia maters purfe to make the royaller fhew with them to mens eyes, had thē to the compounders immediately, and exchanged them foure into one, and others into more, according to the Greek, French, Spanish and Italian. My upbraided Italionate verbs are the least crime of a thoufande, fince they are growne into general requefte with every good Poet."

After the publication of his 'Lenten Stuffe' in 1599,

a most whimsical treatise in praise of the town of Yarmouth and the Red Herring, the Scaliger of fish, as he wittily calls it, a book in which he attains to the perfection of his odd sparkling style, we hear of him no more. When or where he died is unknown, and it is only from a Latin cenotaph by Fitzgeoffry that we learn he was dead in 1601.

The manner of his death likewise is a mystery; although from a passage in his disciple Thomas Dekker's 'Knight's Conjuring,' where Nashe is represented as having "shortened his days by keeping company with pickled herrings," we may deduce the fact that, like his companion Greene, he died from want and unwholesome food.

His character as a man we can only gather from his own works, and the few passages which personally relate to him in the writings of his contemporaries. But though gifted undoubtedly with a sharp and satirical tongue, although perhaps too continuously unmindful for his own interests of the precepts inculcated by St. Evremond—"I feel a pleasure in detecting their follies, I should feel a greater in communicating my discoveries did not my prudence restrain me,"—yet through many of his works, and especially through 'Christ's Tears,' there runs a softer and a kindlier strain. With all his sarcasm he never speaks lightly or indecorously of holy or noble things; and frequently, indeed, he writes as if he held before himself a high and a lofty ideal. Of his originality and wit there can be no doubt, and perhaps the best description of him that can be found is that in an old play, 'The

Returne from Parnassus' (performed at Cambridge in 1601):

"Let all his faults sleep with his mourneful chest,
And there for ever with his ashes rest.
His style was wittie, though it had some gall,
Something he might have mended, so may all;
Yet this I say, that for a mother wit,
Few men have ever seen the like of it."

If he had lived in other times, when the claims of literature had become more fully acknowledged, I earnestly believe that he would have left some work which would have given him a high place among men of letters; and, with the incubus of writing for bread removed from his genius, he would, in the words of his contemporary Lodge,—

"Have writ no more of that whence shame doth grow,
Or tied my pen to Pennieknaves delight,
But lived for fame, and so for fame to write."

In bringing the name and works of Nashe before this Society, whose primary and special object is the advancement of literature, I feel that, however incomplete and perfunctory may be the manner in which I have performed my task, my subject at least is worthy of attention, as concerning one who in a critical period of our literary history did much to help in the great and necessary task of forming that magnificent literary medium, the English Language.

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THE DRAMA OF THE XVI AND XVII CENTURIES COMPARED WITH THE FICTION OF THE XIX.

BY THE VEN. R. THORNTON, D.D., ARCHDEACON OF MIDDLESEX.

[Read January 27th, 1897.]

THE year 1564 is an epoch in the literary history of England. It was an important date in political history too. Elizabeth was settling herself on her throne, and had just been compelled reluctantly to retire (for a time) from her contest with the Guises. It was in April of this year that the peace was concluded with France which finally surrendered Calais, the last foothold of the English on French soil. In the same month a petty tradesman in a country town in England brought his eldest son to be baptized in the parish church. It seems somewhat of a bathos to commemorate this event in the same breath with the French treaty; but there is really no bathos, for one is as important in the history of our literature as the other in that of our relations with our neighbours across the Channel. The town was Stratford-on-Avon, the infant was named William, and his parents were John and Mary Shakespeare.

For a century and a half there had appeared no

great writer in England. At the death of Chaucer in 1400 and Gower in 1402 the English muse seems to have been stricken almost dumb. The confusion which followed on the Lancastrian usurpation, the wars of the Roses, the religious struggles of the earlier sixteenth century, and the reigns of terror under Henry, Edward, and Mary well-nigh silenced both the bard and the historian. A few names meet us here and there: Lydgate (d. 1450), Sir Thomas Malory (d. 1425), Skelton (d. 1529), the Earl of Surrey (d. 1547), Sir Thomas Wyatt (d. 1542), and in Scotland King James I (d. 1437), Gawin Douglas (d. 1522), Sir D. Lindesay (d. 1557), and William Dunbar (d. 1530), were links between the past and the coming age. The accession of Elizabeth marks the time when English literature, in prose and verse alike, seemed to wake with a start: poetry, science, and history revived under Spenser, Bacon, and Raleigh; and theology, which had been fiercely controversial, grew calmer as it flowed from the pen of Richard Hooker.

One form of literature, however, was not revived, but created,—I mean the dramatic. The mysteries, and their successors, the moralities, of the Middle Ages had been leading the way, certainly, up to the true, or, as we say, the *legitimate* drama. Then, all of a sudden, the dramatic Muses showed themselves, Thalia leading the way with Udall's comedy of 'Ralph Roister Doister' in 1551 (or earlier), and Still's 'Gammer Gurton's Needle' in 1565; Melpomene following with Norton and Sackville's tragedy of 'Gorboduc' in 1561, and Richard Edwards's 'Damon and Pythias' in 1566. And

then came a wonderful outburst of creative power, a wave of inspiration, which lasted on till 1642, to be succeeded in 1660 by a lesser wave, whose influence may be traced on, we may say, till the death of George Lillo, the jeweller-tragedian, in 1739.

To what causes we are to refer this phenomenon, the sudden rise of the dramatic school of writers, no one has been able satisfactorily to show. That all literature should receive an impulse from the commencement of a period of comparative quiet and freedom after an age of wars and persecutions, one can see to be antecedently probable; but why the genius of the period should betake itself to the stage, or rather erect the stage for itself, as a means of displaying its brilliancy, is hard to say. The people, I presume, needed amusement, as they always have done, and always will do. This had been to some extent provided for them by exhibitions arranged mainly by the monastic orders, though carried out by themselves; and the ornate services in the churches, and their festival processions and shows, supplied them with something to see and think about, which I hope it is not irreverent to call "entertainment." The Reformation had abolished all these, and people lacked entertainment. They wanted to see something of life—whether real or fabulous they did not care,—something to take them out of the monotonous course of their every-day existence. Though the printing press was now at work, books were still difficult to get and costly; and when they were procured, but few could read them. There was a demand for

such amusement as the stage, and that only, could supply; and the demand was answered. The first who answered it—almost the first in point of time, and immeasurably the first in point of dignity—was the infant of 1564, the great William Shakespeare, the tradesman's son of Stratford, whose name has become a "household word" (to use his own expression) not in England only, but in Europe and America.

You will see at once from these words of mine that I do not belong to that modern school of thought which disbelieves in Shakespeare, or considers the name, though possibly borne by a real person, to be used as a fictitious—in American a *bogus*—name for some genius, "unknown and unknowable," who was the maker of those wondrous histories and tragedies and comedies and romances. I confess that I am in some degree old-fashioned. I have lost my faith in Romulus and Remus, in Hengist and Horsa, in the truthfulness of the Romans and the treachery of the Carthaginians; and I give up both Æsop and Anacreon; but I still believe, in spite of Wolff, that a Homer was the first writer of the 'Iliad,' and that William Shakespeare, glover, and perhaps poacher, of Stratford-on-Avon, actually wrote the plays we now possess under his name, and probably a good many more which are lost.

He is a literary phenomenon, almost, if not quite, unique. With the scantiest possible education—a few years at a country grammar school—with "little Latin and less Greek," without a word (apparently) of any other language, French, Italian,

Spanish, though all were commonly read and spoken by educated people of his time; without a scholarly acquaintance even with his own language; marvellously ignorant in geography, science, and almost every branch of what we call general knowledge, he yet stands forth as all but unrivalled in his power of apprehending and delineating character, of describing the course of events, of picturing scenes, and as a master in the use of his native tongue. So grand is he that he overshadows all his contemporaries. People scarcely realise to themselves that there were any play-writers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries besides him; still less that there are more than one who, but for his transcendent greatness, would be held up as models of grace and jewels in our country's literary crown; and so while (to use the language of his great Puritan admirer)—

> "Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warbles his native wood-notes wild,"

it seems to be supposed that there are no other birds in the grove, except possibly a few pert and miserable sparrows. But though a "bright particular star," he does not shine alone. The thirty-five plays now surviving out of those which he produced between 1589 (probably his first, 'King Hen. VI,' first part) and 1611 (probably his last, 'The Tempest') are not the only dramas which have deserved to live. Ten years after the birth of the "Swan of Avon" another infant appeared—probably somewhere in Westminster, but we have no certain information on the point,—who was des-

tined to become his friend and disciple, and for a short time his rival. His father was a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Jonson; but we know little about him. The boy, Benjamin, never knew him, and was indebted for his education under the great Camden at Westminster School to his step-father, Mr. Fowler, a bricklayer. He survived his master, as he calls him—Shakespeare I mean, not Camden, —twenty-one years, leaving us two tragedies and fourteen comedies, of great but unequal merit. They excel just where Shakespeare's writings are deficient—in learning, scholarship, and accuracy; but they come short in pathos and humour. The two tragedies 'Sejanus' and 'Catiline' are fine and dignified, in spite of Bishop Hurd's unfavorable criticism, and they are evidently the work of a scholar. They do not introduce gunpowder into ancient Rome, nor carry us to the sea-coast of Bohemia. But they are stiff, and without sentiment, and we turn with relief from their pedantic correctness to a Romano-British Milford-Haven (in 'Cymbeline'), or "the still-vexed Bermoothes," wherever that may be. The comedies, with their keen and caustic satire and sly humour, while differing from Shakespeare's, may be put by their side as having an excellence of their own. 'Every Man in his Humour,' 'Volpone,' and 'The Alchemist,' are full of merit, which has been seriously depreciated by the inferior productions which their author put upon the stage after his unhappy brain had been damaged by over-conviviality and a stroke of paralysis. 'The New Inn' and 'The Magnetic Lady' are contemptible.

Another clergyman's son, two years younger than Jonson, holds an honorable place among the great dramatists of the time,—John Fletcher, son of Rev. Richard Fletcher, who became Bishop of Worcester in 1593, and of London 1595–7. The right rev. prelate is said to have shortened his life by an immoderate use of tobacco, and has not left behind him the reputation of being an ornament to the Bench.

His son seems to have been a good scholar, but careless and dissipated. He died of the plague in 1625, leaving some tragedies and several comedies of great excellence, exclusively from his own pen. But the greater part of his work was done in company with others, it being the custom of the time for authors to be "playwrights," and not only to provide the play, but make arrangements for its being acted: this was more easily accomplished by two or more than by one single-handed. We find Fletcher associated with Shakespeare (notably in 'Henry VIII'), and in "Two Noble Kinsmen" with Jonson and Massinger, as well as with minor luminaries, Rowley, Middleton, and Dekker. But the companion with whom Fletcher's name is habitually joined, so much so that they appear to many like a literary pair of Siamese twins, or a two-headed nightingale, is Francis Beaumont. He was, like Fletcher, the son of a person of position, his father being one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas. His birth is dated in 1586, ten years after Fletcher's; but this is probably an error. The difference between the two was very likely no more than four or five years, if so much. They lived in

the same house on Bankside, and "had the same cloaths between them."

It is curious that the younger man is always put first. We speak of the pair as B. and F., not F. and B.; and we are told that "Beaumont's main business was to correct the overflowing of Mr. Fletcher's wit,"—so at least says Dr. John Earle.

Though the names are so uniformly conjoined as adviser and advised, the two were not by any means uniformly in partnership. Possibly Fletcher was a little jealous. Of the fifty-two plays attributed to them only three were *certainly* joint compositions, and sixteen were certainly by Fletcher himself, most of them written after Beaumont's early death in 1616—the same year as Shakespeare's. Of the two, Beaumont is superior in dignity. His tragedy often rises to the level of Shakespeare's. Fletcher, on the other hand, is more at home in comedy, and sparkles from time to time with humour as real as that of the great master himself.

Coeval with Beaumont, a little younger or a little older, was Philip Massinger (or Messenger), born in 1584, playwright and ne'er-do-well. A letter is extant, at once pathetic and ludicrous, in which he, Nathaniel Field, and Robert Osborne ask for an advance of £5 to keep them out of prison, mentioning that money is due to Mr. Fletcher also, but that he is not in pressing need. He died suddenly in 1640, and was buried at St. Mary Overy, in the same grave as Fletcher had been laid in some fourteen years before. There is no headstone, but the register records the burial of Philip Massinger, "a stranger." Out of thirty-seven plays he is

known to have written, either by himself or in partnership with Field, Dekker, and others, we have seventeen and the remains of an eighteenth, and we have reason to believe also that he had a hand in 'Henry VIII.' The MS. of ten others was, in the year 1740, in the possession of Warburton, the Somerset Herald, and was, with several other papers of value, used by his cook for lighting her fire. Massinger had a large share in the dramatic inspiration of the age. He stands side by side with Jonson and Beaumont, and in the opinion of many comes next to Shakespeare himself. In tenderness and pathos he is unsurpassed, his comedy is real and not fantastic, and his characters are well and truly drawn. Massinger and Fletcher lie, as I have said, somewhere in the churchyard of St. Mary Overy (now called St. Saviour's, Southwark), while Beaumont is laid in Westminster Abbey. Memorial windows to the three have been placed in the church near which the remains of two of them repose, St. Mary Overy,—Massinger's last summer, the other two a few days ago.

In the pathetic, however, Massinger is rivalled, though not surpassed, by his contemporary John Ford, born in 1586. But in other respects Ford does not come near to Massinger, his pieces being hastily constructed and his plots horrible.

These followers and (so to say) partners of Shakespeare, of whom I have been speaking, form a grand quintette ; and one naturally inquires why, when Shakespeare is known to every one, they are little known and less read. The reason is not far to seek ; it is to be found in the terrible coarseness

of their dialogue, and the licentiousness interwoven into the very fabric of their plays. Shakespeare himself is far from faultless, as we know too well; but he has generally contrived to keep his plots pure, and to make the objectionable language separable from the rest, so that, thanks to Mr. Bowdler, we can place him on our tables. But the others are detestable. Massinger can be purged, certainly; an edition of his works castigated formed part of the Family Library published by Murray some sixty years ago. Jonson, too, is not very much worse than Shakespeare, and might be easily fitted for general readers. But Ford's plays, all except his historical drama of 'Perkin Warbeck,' and perhaps his comedy of 'The Lover's Melancholy,' are unreadable, and the very title of one is unpronounceable; and of Beaumont and Fletcher we have just one play, 'The Laws of Candy,' which can be considered perfectly readable, and one or two others ('Boadicea,' and perhaps Fletcher's 'Thierry and Theodoret') which might be tolerated. A few of Fletcher's comedies could be castigated. All the rest, however clever and sparkling, are utterly offensive. This is one reason why these writers are, in spite of their real merit, so little known; another reason is that they have not, like Shakespeare, created characters. Falstaff and Ancient Pistol, Miranda and Caliban, King Lear and Lady Macbeth, Hamlet and Shylock, are almost personal acquaintances; but we are not familiar with even such well-drawn characters as Captain Bobadil (B. J., 'Every Man in his Humour'), Volpone (B. J., 'Fox'), Zeal-of-the-land Busy (B. J., 'Bartholomew

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monton' has been attributed to Shakespeare), and his sacred poem, 'The Hierarchie of Angells;' and last of all, the *Rev. Robert Shirley*, sometime M.A. of Cambridge, and head master of St. Alban's Grammar School, then Roman Catholic convert and playwright, till the theatres were closed; then tutor and hack scribbler, till he died of the shock caused by being burnt out of his home near Fleet Street by the Fire of London.

The Shakespearian period came to a violent end. The school of dramatists was not permitted to exhaust itself, or expire of inanition; Shirley, the last of the Shakespearians, though not comparable to the master, is by no means devoid of merit of a high order. The fatal blow was given by the decree issued in 1642, under Puritan supremacy, for the closing of all playhouses. Whether this order was due to Puritan morality, or Puritan abhorrence of artistic beauty and grace, we cannot say—probably to both; without at all giving in to the latter, we may admit that when such plays as 'The Humorous Lieutenant,' 'The Coxcomb,' or even the tragedy of 'Valentinian,' took the place of 'Macbeth' or 'Twelfth Night,' it was high time that something should be done with the stage. Justly or unjustly, however, the Elizabethan period of the drama closed in 1642. The Restoration reopened the theatres, and Davenant (old Will's godson) bridged over the chasm between Shirley on the one side, and on the other Otway and Nat. Lee, the Bedlam poet, whose first productions (both of them) date in 1675. But the Restoration school was not the studio of Shakespeare.

It is a curious fact that our three great literary revivals coincide with the reign of female sovereigns. I have already spoken of Elizabeth's time. The reign of Anne, the "Augustan period" of English literature, as some term it, was the age of the Pope school of poetry, and of the 'Spectator,' of Swift's 'Tale of a Tub,' and Defoe's 'Hymn to the Pillory.' It is not of this age that I am now going to speak, but that of Anne's female successor. The Victorian era has had its outburst of genius. The English pen certainly was not still during the century (1751—1837) which separates Fielding from Dickens, as it was from Chaucer to Shakespeare. The Jacobite troubles and the American and French wars had not the effect of the wars of the Roses and the Reformation. There was, however, a special and peculiar outbreak of literary activity about the time of Victoria's accession. But its direction was not towards the stage; the brilliant authors of the Victorian period have not signalised themselves in the drama. There have been playwriters, it is true, of all sorts—good, bad, and indifferent; but one cannot say that dramatic excellence is a distinctive feature of the nineteenth century, as it certainly was of the sixteenth and seventeenth. The reasons of this can be assigned. First, the theatre used to be regarded by a large and influential section of English society as an abomination, and the feeling is not extinct among us. To be seen in a playhouse was, and is with not a few, to be branded as a suspicious character, whose religion was, to say the least, open to grave suspicion; and even to read plays—Shakespeare

perhaps excepted—was with many, and is still with some, to indulge in a dangerous pastime. And even with those whose opposition to the theatre is not so decided there remains a certain lingering prejudice against it, not perhaps *entirely* unfounded. There is a great difference between the theatre in *theory* and the theatre in *practice*.

Secondly, the occupants of the upper stories of the house are more fond of the melodrama than of the true and dignified tragedy or comedy. Screaming farces and burlesque operas are in favour with them; they delight in the honest blundering of a retired butterman, or the terrific combat of a brave midshipman with half a dozen cowardly pirates; they do not care for an Imogen or a Romeo. Some one may say, "How then was it that Shakespeare and his contemporaries contrived to be so popular? Had the gallery gods of 1600 a nicer appreciation of the real drama than those of 1850?" I reply that the deities of 1600 were propitiated by the profanity, coarseness, and indecency which defile the splendid creations of that time. The better sort tolerated the ribaldry and enjoyed that which was really enjoyable, while the others tolerated the dignified for the sake of the filth which disgraced it. Now, happily, neither pit—I beg pardon, "orchestra stalls,"—boxes nor gallery, will, speaking generally, tolerate anything impure or blasphemous,—I say *speaking generally*, for there have been sad exceptions:—so that the two classes of hearers require two entirely different styles of theatrical entertainment, since you cannot mix melodrama with solemn tragedy, or farce with true

comedy; and the style which pays best is that which suits the majority of playgoers, not the small minority, those who possess real critical taste. There is little, therefore, to call forth and stimulate true exceptional theatrical genius; it is very fine and grand, but it does not pay like dancing elephants and Bengal fire; just as Terence, in 163 B.C., complains that the 'Hecyra' he had adapted from Apollodorus was not properly judged, because the people were all agog to see a rope-dancer, and the 'Spectator' tells us how Pinkethman, the great tragic actor, was cut out by a puppet show.

The Victorian age has, however, its analogue of the drama of the Elizabethan. The people of the nineteenth century want their amusement, their vivid delineation of life, just as much as those of the sixteenth, but cirumstances are altered for them. They can read, and they can buy books cheaply. For them, therefore, the printed fiction takes the place of the acted fiction; the tragedy and comedy of the one age are represented in and superseded by the novel of the other. It will hardly be denied, I suppose, that fiction—tales and pictures of life—is the special product of our age, as plays were that of the age of Elizabeth and James I. And like the dramas of that period, our fictions deal with the imaginary and the possible, with history and the present time, with ordinary every-day life and with strange and thrilling adventures. We can show our 'Tempest' and our 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' our 'Macbeth' and our 'King Lear,' our 'Twelfth Night' and our 'Comedy of Errors.' And as the old dramas can

loud-toned concert of our own days. He is the undoubted father—or grandfather, shall we say?—of Victorian fiction. He must be allowed the Shakespeare throne in his department. Yet it is easier to find dissimilarities than resemblances. Two at least we must acknowledge,—that whereas Shakespeare and his scholars were well-nigh contemporary, Scott's sun was almost setting before that of his nearest follower (Bulwer) rose; and, again, that whereas Shakespeare's nearest follower was proud to call him master, and all avowedly or unconsciously strove to imitate him, Scott's immediate successor could hardly have acknowledged him as a model, and the next (Dickens), though without Scott he would scarcely have been possible, would have repudiated any and all indebtedness to him.

Who shall be our Ford? If ghastly horrors were to be selected as the point of similitude, Anne Radcliffe would be the person. 'The Mysteries of Udolfo' and 'The Romance of the Forest' are weird and terrible, like 'The Witch of Edmonton' and 'The Broken Heart.' But Ford is the dramatist of sad and blighted affections and the sorrows of love. In this respect, I think, we must assign him, as a counterpart, Charlotte Brontë. 'Love's Sacrifice' and 'Jane Eyre,' 'Villette' and 'The Lover's Melancholy' are so far alike that we cannot help fancying that Currer Bell might have written John Ford's plays instead of her own novels, had she lived in John Ford's time, and been trained in his school of brilliant indelicacy.

The dignified and carefully written tragedy and

comedy of Beaumont corresponds, I think, in more ways than one to the fictions of Bulwer, Lord Lytton. I do not say that Beaumont could or would have written 'The Caxtons,' but he certainly might have given us 'Ernest Maltravers,' and perhaps 'The Strange Story;' and Lytton in 1608 might well have brought out 'Philaster' or 'The Laws of Candy.'

Pathos and humour, sweetness and energy, distinguish Massinger; and we find them both in the gifted authoress of 'Adam Bede' and 'The Mill on the Floss.' I do not press the similarity. There cannot be a close comparison between the poor, drunken, starving Roman Catholic playwright, who begged for his third part of £5 to keep him out of prison, and the elegant and refined—and, alas! sceptical—associate of George Lewes and Herbert Spencer. Yet the author of 'The Virgin Martyr,' though he could not have achieved 'Romola,' might have written 'Amos Barton;' and the pen which produced 'Middlemarch' might 230 years earlier have diverged into 'The City Madam' or 'The New Way to pay Old Debts.'

I have no difficulty with the two remaining chief Shakespearians and the two especially brilliant among the novelists of our own time. The sparkling writer of comedy, the master of pathos, when he chooses to try it, is Fletcher in the seventeenth, Dickens in the nineteenth century. There is a great resemblance between the two; both somewhat careless in diction, both well acquainted with the ins and outs of lower and middle class life. There is this difference, that the dramatist wrote to amuse and

to get money; the novelist, though he did not leave the money out of his calculations, had always some high moral aim,—to level some abuse, or to hold up for admiration and imitation some neglected virtue.

The caustic satirist, the scholarly delineator of life as it is and ought not to be, is a title alike for Jonson and for Thackeray. They differ in this, that the novelist wrote with feeling, the dramatist with pedantic correctness. Jonson could not have produced Esmond, nor conceived Colonel or Ethel Newcome; nor could Thackeray have been the author of Sejanus or Catiline, nor 'The Staple of News.' But 'Bartholomew Fair' and 'Vanity Fair' have their points of similarity; 'Every Man in his Humour' is a counterpart, in its way, of 'Pendennis,' and the cynicism of 'Philip' is of a piece with that of 'Volpone.'

It would be tedious and fanciful if I were to institute a comparison between the minor Shakespearians and the other writers of fiction of our time; to put Green and Marlowe, Webster, Chapman, and Shirley by the side of James and Ainsworth, Charles Lever and Anthony Trollope, and the statesman-novelist about whose writings I dare not say a critical word, lest I should be accused of introducing politics into my paper. Yet I do think that resemblances may be traced, and that the old order of things is to be seen, by those who seek it, beneath the creations of the new order. "The thing that has been, it shall be;" literature, as well as history, repeats itself.

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I have been speaking hitherto of those contemporaries and followers of Shakespeare who have come very near to him, and indeed in some points rivalled him. But they were not the only children of the great dramatic age. The family is a very large one, and there are many of its members well worthy of mention, and of attention too. There was *Robert Greene*, M.A. of Cambridge—and possibly, though we hope not, a clergyman,—who expired at a drinking tavern of an overdose of pickled herrings and Rhenish; and poor tipsy *Kit Marlowe*, also M.A. of Cambridge, and atheist by profession; *George Peele*, M.A.Oxf., and *Lyly*, B.A.Oxf., the Euphuist; and *Nash*, the expelled B.A. of Cambridge, and jesting opponent of Martin Marprelate; *John Webster*, parish clerk and playwright, with his stage creation Vittoria Corombona, "the White Devil," a beautiful, clever, wicked woman; and *George Chapman*, the translator of Homer, with his sententious 'Bussy d'Amboys,' a sort of dramatised book of proverbs; *Middleton*, and *Rowley*, and *Marston*, and *Dekker*, and *Thomas Heywood*, Fellow of St. Peter's, with his 220 plays of very moderate merit (though his 'Merrie Devil of Ed-

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Now this is the only remark that suggests old age in Duncan, which dates controvert; but it evidently does so as a poetic figure to illustrate a weakness suitable to old age. The conclusion of St. Berchan's *résumé* is distinctive:

> "Afterwards the diseased king takes,
> Whose name was the Ilgalrach;
> Of that disease he dies,
> Such were his high tales."

This would suggest that he had not fallen in the fight, that his wound was curable, but that he died from the effects of bad blood afterwards. St. Berchan on Macbeth is effusive, and gives no word of blame throughout.

> "Afterwards the ruddy king will possess
> The kingdom of high-hilled Alban,
> After slaughter of Gael, after slaughter of Gall,
> The liberal king will possess Fortrenn.
> The strong one was fair, yellow-haired, and tall;
> Very pleasant was the handsome youth to me,
> Brimful of food was Alban east to west
> During the reign of the ruddy and brave king.
> *Seven* and ten* years
> Over Alban the sovereign reigned;
> Then, on the middle of Scone, it vomited blood,
> The evening of a night in much contention,
> Afterwards the *Son of Misfortune* will possess,"—

that is Lulach, the son of Gilcomgain and Queen Gruoch.

"Donald Bane, the son of Duncan, governs Scotland now," says St. Berchan, to date the conclusion of his work.

* In original "twenty" in error for ten.

Lulach reigned but a few months, being killed by Malcolm in March, 1058, as the chroniclers all say, by "stratagem, treachery, or treason."

Macbeth and Lulach were the last Scotch kings buried in Iona. The Archdean Monro, in 1549, gives an account of the island and of the tumulus or chapel in the sanctuary, "wherein lie forty-eight Scotch kings;" of the other tumulus where lie four Irish kings, and of the third where lie eight Norwegian kings. After that last royal burial in the Sacred Isle, which of itself proves Macbeth to be no usurper, "the old order changed, giving place to the new." I do not wish to say anything against Malcolm the Great-Head, or his canonized Saxon queen, Margaret Atheling; but we must not ignore the historical position. The accession of Henry VII of England was an exact parallel to that of Macbeth; but if we could imagine a son of Richard III growing up to manhood, and coming back to kill Henry VII and Henry VIII, and supplant their line permanently with his own, we should have to-day a very different account of the battle of Bosworth Field. Such was the position of Malcolm. It was easy for the successful survivor to beg the question of the righteousness of his cause by calling his predecessor a usurper and a murderer, and by appealing to the Acts passed by his grandfather for the succession. How little these really affected national custom was proved afterwards, when, on Malcolm's death, his brother Donald Bane succeeded him before his own son. Malcolm abrogated all Macbeth's laws, altered all his customs, and removed

his capital from Perth to Dunfermline. A new race of bards sang his praises, and they could hardly do that without spending their talents in dispraise of Macbeth. The kings' new earls, and their trains carried home the "Makers' Measures" to their castles to mould "traditional history." But the influence of Malcolm's second wife, Margaret, was even more powerful than his own.

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of the fourteenth century and the beginning of the next,—just about the same number of years after the life of Macbeth as we are now after the period of Shakespeare. Difficult as we find it to-day to reach full and true particulars regarding the life of the poet, we may calculate how much more difficult it was to reach truth concerning a king against whose memory so many adverse circumstances militated. The authors were both trained in St. Andrews as monks: the one, John de Fordun, became Canon of Aberdeen, and was believed to have written his history about 1385; the other, Andrew of Wintoun, became Prior of St. Serf's, in Loch Leven, Fifeshire, and apparently occupied himself with his History from 1395 till 1424. John of Fordun had a passionate desire to reconstruct the history of his country, and travelled far and wide with his precious manuscript in his breast, that he might add to or correct it at any likely source. His chronicle was carried on by Walter Bower to the death of James I. It was written, as most monkish chronicles were, in Latin prose.

Fordun tells how Kenneth II tried to change the ancient order of succession, and how his chiefs hated him for this, asserting that they were thus deprived of their ancient rights. Yet he takes an inimical view of Macbeth. He makes him "head of that turbulent family who had killed Duncan's grandfather." He blames Duncan for his weakness; notes that Macbeth killed him at Bothgownan, near Elgin, and took possession of the throne. He describes Macbeth as a usurper and oppressor. By

his later days the Romish doctrine of priestly celibacy had prevailed, and Fordun does not understand the marriage of Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld; so he alters, or as he thinks corrects, his title into that of the *Abthane of Dul.* He says nothing of Banquo, but records of Macduff that he was proscribed for his friendship to the late king's sons; and when he fled to England his property was confiscated. He says nothing of the murder of Lady Macduff. The story of Malcolm and Macduff stands nearly as we have it; but Fordun adds, rather bitterly, that the historian *William* ascribes to Malcolm no praise at all for the battle that unseated Macbeth, but all to Siward, Earl of Northumberland.

The chronicle of Andrew of Wintoun has a double value. It is not only the first history written in the vernacular language, but as it is arranged in rhyme it may be treated as a poem. Thus Wintoun appears first in order of modern Scotch historians, and third in order of Scotch poets, only Thomas the Rhymer, and Barbour, author of 'The Bruce,' having preceded him.

He does not seem to have consulted Fordun's work, and his history may be treated as a separate source. Though gossipy, it harmonises in all important points with other authorities, such as the English 'Fœdera,' and with the Register of St. Andrews. He is quite clear that *the Abbot of Dunkeld* married Malcolm's daughter, and became the father of Duncan. But he makes two strange slips. He makes Macbeth, Duncan's sister's son, which the dates controvert. He was of course his *aunt's* son. And he makes Gruoch the wife and

widow of Duncan, and disapproves of Macbeth marrying her afterwards, because of the forbidden degrees of affinity. He must have misread some text about "the royal widow," or "the queen," not realising that the royalty allowed by Macbeth lay in Gruoch herself, and was not derived from her first husband. A writer in 'Notes and Queries,' second series, vol. xi, p. 25, is also confused by this.

Wintoun makes one strange variation in ordinarily accepted history, of which, however, he was perhaps the best fitted of his time to judge. He says that Duncan had two legitimate sons, but that Malcolm was an illegitimate son by a miller's daughter. He gives that as the reason for Macbeth's indignation when Duncan created Malcolm Prince of Cumberland. Then, after expostulating with Duncan in vain, Wintoun says that Macbeth killed him "by hope that he had in a *dream*" of his youth. He saw three women pass by: the first said, "I see the Thane of Cromarty;" the second, "I see the Thane of Moray;" but the third said, "I see the king." All this he heard in his dreaming, and thought the women were likely to be the three weird sisters. Wintoun is the first to call Macbeth's action ingratitude, and his killing murder. He says nothing of Banquo, and tells the quarrel with Macduff in a lively way. Macbeth had forced his nobles to help him in the building of Dunsinane. The cattle sent by Macduff were weak, and failed under their burden. Macbeth threatened that if such a thing happened again he would put Macduff's own neck into the yoke. Macduff fled

to his castle at Kennachy, in Fifeshire. Macbeth followed. Lady Macduff held the king in parley till she saw a sail upon the sea; then, pointing to it, told Macbeth that under that south-bound sail there sat Macduff, and that if ever he came back he would work the king trouble for threatening to put his neck under a yoke. Wintoun says nothing of the murder of the lady; and of this he would have had an especial opportunity of hearing, as her castle was in his diocese, and local tradition lasts long. A deep cleft in the bold rocks of Kincraig, west of Elie, in Fifeshire, is still known as Macduff's Cove; and tradition says an underground passage once communicated with the castle. The village between the cliff and Elie is still called "The Earl's Ferry," but there is no hint of murder in the humorous rendering of the story "how the lady laughed at the king."

Macduff fled to England; "the lawful two refused to come with him;" but Malcolm, "the stark and stout," at least listened to him. He, however, feigned himself to be guilty of all vices, which Macduff excused—all but falsehood. Then Malcolm explained that he only tested him. In all the scene there was no blame of Macbeth. Indeed, Wintoun's description of his reign runs—

"All hys tyme wes gret Plenté
Aboundand, baith on Land and Se.
He was in justice rycht lawful,
And til his Legis all awful.
When Leo the Tend was Pape of Rome,
As Pilgrime to the Curt he come,
And in hys Almys he sew silver,
Till all pure folk that had myser,

And all time oysed he to wyrk
Profitably for Holy Kyrke."

Wintoun then goes off to tell what he names "stories" about Macbeth. It was said he was the son of the devil and a witch. It is quite probable that Margaret's churchmen named him a child of the devil, and bardic imagination had elaborated the details. Wintoun says that Macbeth's mother told him that no man of woman born would be able to kill him, and he had a "phantasy" that he would never be defeated until Birnam Wood should come to Dunsinane. This was well known, hence Malcolm's order to cut down the branches and bear them on the march.

Wintoun makes a nameless knight, evidently not Macduff, pursue Macbeth closest in the cruel chase. Macbeth addresses him as "Lurdan," which means a fool, and warned him off; but he pressed on, killed the king, and cut off his head.

A hundred years later a new batch of historians arose in Scotland. John Mair, or Major, a Scotch tutor in the Sorbonne, spoken of as the Prince of Divines, wrote a history in Latin prose between 1518 and 1521, which was published in Paris. He follows Fordun fairly, rather condenses him, and adds no legends. He does not mention the name or story of Banquo. Probably stimulated by his example, as well as by the encouragement of his friend and patron Bishop Elphinston, Boece (1465—1536), the friend and fellow-student of Erasmus at Paris, the first Principal of the University of Aberdeen, wrote anew the history of Scotland in Latin,—based upon Fordun of course, but enlarged by the

addition of Bishop Elphinston's collections and his own gleanings and imaginations. This was published in Paris, 1527. It was the credulity and want of discrimination of Boece that confused the true elements of Scotch history with fable, and made Lord Hailes bitterly say of him, "The Scots had been reformed from Popery, but not from Hector Boece."

In regard to our story, he first gives the name of Doada to the daughter of Malcolm II, who was mother of Macbeth, and describes her son as a man of power and genius, but by nature cruel. It is Boece who first invents the story of Banquo, or at least interpolates him into history. He even introduces him into Macbeth's private dream. Therefore the weird sisters had to step into the outer world, tell Macbeth of his father's death, which happened twenty years before, and hazard the prophecy to Banquo that his children should be kings. He does not give Banquo a very noble *rôle* to start with, however. The tax-gatherer of the king, he was defied, wounded, despoiled, and driven back in scorn to his weak master, who sent forth a small army to punish the rebels. This also was swept away; and Macbeth had to go to restore order with all the more severity because of the weakness of his cousin. The story of Duncan's defeats, of his cowardly treachery to the Danes, poisoning them by mekilwort or deadly nightshade when he could not fight them in the field, is expanded. Macbeth's indignation at the appointment of Malcolm Prince of Cumberland; the instigation of his wife to seek revenge from the weak and incapable king for his

neglect; his summoning a council of his friends, Banquo among them, and the march forth to Bothgownan where they slew the king, are all told fully.

All historians say that Macbeth made good laws, but Boece is the first who records the laws themselves. I am inclined for many reasons to think there is some foundation of truth in the draft given. No one had any interest in inventing anything that would tell in Macbeth's favour. It is true that among these laws appears the feudal doctrines that all inheritance shall be of the king's gift; the knightly oath to defend women and orphans and the commonweal, sworn also by the king; the inheritance of daughters, and the dowry of widows. But one special law, which may be said to concern itself with compulsory technical education, I would like to note: "Counterfeit fooles, minstrels, jesters, and these kind of juglers, with such like idle persons, that range abroad in the country having no special licence of the king, shall be compelled to learn some science or craft to get their living; if they refuse so to do they shall be drawn like horses in the ploughs and harrows." Now by the very language of this law Macbeth would raise all the proud blood of the professional minstrels and story-tellers of the country against him, and such a state of feeling would combine with the courtly foreign influences to dethrone him from his true place in Scottish history.

Boece describes Macbeth's reign fully as wise and just up to a certain date.

In the story of Hamlet by Saxo-Grammaticus

there comes a hitch, so difficult to be explained that some have thought there were two Hamlets. So in all later histories of Macbeth comes a hitch, as if there were two Macbeths. The earlier and better one is derived from the old records; the later and worse one is woven out of interested statements and bardic "stories." The date given for his decline is interesting. After ten years of good reigning he becomes smitten by a fury of cruelty and oppression. That would bring us to 1050, the very date at which he is believed to have gone to Rome to see the Pope. So all his wickedness must have happened after his absolution—a sad consequence of the rite if the authors only realised it. He killed Banquo then, and nothing ever succeeded with him afterwards. Boece invents the story of Fleance. He first says that Macbeth killed Lady Macduff and her children, and probably through poetic justice allowed Macduff to destroy Macbeth instead of the "Lurdan" of Wintoun. He mentions Lulach shortly as one of the "faction of Macbeth," also killed by Malcolm, and speaks of Malcolm as if he succeeded at once, instead of after a three years' fight.

Boece unfortunately wrote his history in Latin. John Bellenden, Archdean of Moray, was appointed to translate it into Scottish prose for the use of the young James V about 1533, published 1540; and William Stewart, poet, and Master of Arts of St. Andrews, was directed by Margaret the queen, daughter of Henry VII, widow of James IV, and mother of James V, to translate it into Scottish verse for the use of her son. It seems to have

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She collected round her, troops of Norman and Saxon friends, and of Romish priests. These all pronounced against the civilisation they found in the north, against the earlier form of Christianity introduced by St. Columba,—more spiritual, and at the same time more human than the papal type. The new priests supplanted the old Culdees, and the new stranger clerics in the pay of Malcolm and of Margaret, ignorant of the old history of the land, became the transmitters of their tradition and the manufacturers of written history. But they tried to ignore how the national spirit rebelled against the foreign influences that affected the king, and how it looked fondly and sadly back to the good old days of King Macbeth, a king so powerful, so prosperous, so faithful, so hospitable, and withal so *national*.

The name and fame of Iona was gradually obscured in mist, and the traditions of St. Andrews were elaborated and pushed back in time, so as to antedate the coming of Columba. The daughter of the Scottish Malcolm and the Saxon Margaret, Matilda, became the queen of the Norman Henry I of England, and carried her traditions south with

her. William Warner, in 'Albion's England,' says of Edgar Atheling,—

> "His flight Scotch-queened his sister, she regraded English blood;"

and thus in both divisions of the island there was a reason to look unfavorably on Malcolm's predecessor. Nothing ever occurred to restore honour to the memory of Macbeth, though even after the death of Luctacus he was not childless. The signature of Cormick, a son of his, appears as witness to a charter of Alexander I in the 'Chartulary of St. Andrews.' A son of Lulach also survived. Strangely enough, the 'Ulster Annals' record in the year 1085 that "Malsnectai, son of Lulach, ended his life happily," at the same time that "Domnal, son of Malcolm, King of Alban, ended his life unhappily."

The passion for pedigrees increased during the next century. The family of William the Lion was worked back to Noah; and when Walter, the Steward of Scotland, was married to Marjory Bruce, he also would have to elaborate a pedigree. And then probably Banquo was invented, or at least fitted in. After Edward I had destroyed all the authentic records he could get at, he attempted, by a collection of various allusions to Scottish history preserved in English writers, to substantiate upon paper the unfounded English claims, and a good deal of apocryphal matter became interpolated for that purpose.

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colm II—also a murderer,—the grandfather of Duncan. The superstition of Duffe, the revenge of Donewald, the guilty imaginations of Kenneth, the vice of Cullen, the covetousness of Gryme, are all added by Shakespeare to Holinshed's picture of Macbeth, as well as "the manifest vices of Englishmen,"—a phrase that Shakespeare was too patriotic to quote. When Malcolm charges himself with all the seven deadly sins, to test his visitor, Macduff in Holinshed does not apply to Macbeth more than cruelty and usurpation.

The character that Shakespeare saw looming out of the seething and chaotic past of Scottish history was a national representative of the kings preceding Malcolm Canmore, made clear by a foreshortening of history; a generalised idea of race, worked up, like the superimposed photographs of Galton, which bring out the generic peculiarities. Only Galton's become representative of general characteristics in a faint, blurred way. Shakespeare's generalised ideas became a real man, with character clearly outlined, distinct, and individual.

Holinshed wrote in three lines what he had to say of Lady Macbeth; but Shakespeare also combines with hers the story of Donewald's wife. In her remarkable ending one sees traces of Shakespeare's study of Timothy Bright's 'Treatise on Melancholy, containing the causes thereof, and reasons of the strange effects it worketh in our minds and bodies' (1586), one of the publications of Shakespeare's Stratford friend, Richard Field, the apprentice and successor of the great printer, Vantrollier.

The story of young Siward Shakespeare took from Holinshed's 'England' (borrowed from Henry of Huntingdon). The dates are run together to increase effect. Young Siward died in 1054, old Siward in 1055; Macbeth in 1057, the same year as Thorfinn of Orkney; and Lulach in 1058.

But I have long been convinced that Shakespeare's inspiration was further assisted, and that he consulted another history of Scotland than Holinshed, and one, too, that was not published until long after his date.* If he did so, the probability that he wrote the play by royal request is immensely increased. Master William Stewart's poetical translation of Boece, already noticed, was finished in 1535. There were doubtless many manuscript copies at one time. Most certainly King James would have the original manuscript, and it is quite possible that he lent it to the poet of his royal company of players, or employed a clerk to read it to him. Various divergences from the original, various amplifications of the text, either based on tradition or poetic invention, with a tendency to aggrandise the Stuart line for which the poet sung, give a distinct character to this work. It very largely supplements the stories of Macbeth and his wife. In every case in which Stewart differs from Holinshed, Shakespeare follows Stewart! Of course we must select from his rendering the characters that Shakespeare combines in Macbeth and his wife.

It is Stewart who makes Donewald's wife bid her husband look up clear, and leave all the rest to her. It is Stewart who turns the conversation after

* Stewart's "Croniclis," first printed in the Rolls Series, 1858.

supper to Donewald's indebtedness to the king; (Macbeth had nothing to be grateful for). It is Stewart who suggests the idea of a swoon, not in the lady, however, but in Donewald himself:

"Dissimulat syne, for to fall in swoun
As he wer deid thair to the erth fell doun,
Sone after syne quhen that he did retorn
Out of his swoun he stude lang in ane horn."

It is Stewart who expands the feelings of the Kenneth who murdered Malcolm into visions similar to Macbeth's. It is Stewart who represents Macbeth brooding over the king's injuries, and who suggests the opinions of others as to his character before his wife induced him—

"For til destroy his cousing and his king . . .
So foul ane blek to put into his gloir,
Quhilk halden wes of sic honour befoir."

It is Stewart who sketches the character of Lady Macbeth fully, and speaks of her scolding her husband, and calling him a coward. It is Stewart who describes Macbeth as a fatalist throughout, and who sketches the picture of him standing, paralysed by the forest having moved, refusing to fight, while his followers desert him who would not defend himself. It is Stewart who broaches the idea of perpetuity to Banquo's race, who should reign "til the warldis end." So many other suggestions, phrases, and words even, given only by Stewart, are followed by Shakespeare, that I can only believe that he either directly consulted Stewart's work, or some other play based on that work. Shakespeare's "right copious and happy industry" was famed by his contemporary, Webster,

in his preface to 'Vittoria Corambona, or the White Devil,' and we need not shrink from the idea because it required labour.

The supernatural element in Macbeth was also distorted from its natural colouring and due proportion by royal influence. Holinshed and Stewart distinguish, what Shakespeare does not, the stately figures of the three weird sisters, that reveal unsought, the truth, and the witches, dealers with Satan, whom the falling king afterwards sought, when he learnt, to his cost, that "they keep the word of promise to our ears, and break it to our hearts."

Both historians had suggested, in the description of the sickness of King Duffe, some of the characteristics of the witches. Others are suggested in the trial of Dr. Fian, 1591, in league with the witches, who were said to have tried to drown the king crossing from Denmark. In the description of this trial called 'Newes from Scotland,' it is said that the "witches sailed in sieves." A pamphlet on the subject, with additions by Archbishop Harsnett and Thomas Baker the Antiquarian, appeared in 1595. 'Summer's last Will and Testament, 1600,' says "Witches for gold will sell a man a wind;" but there is no time now to linger over the many minor details that enrich our conceptions of Shakespeare's work.

Reginald Scot's 'Discoverie of Witchcraft' had appeared in 1584.

But another volume had affected Shakespeare more than all these, one even yet too scantily noticed by commentators. King James himself had published in Edinburgh in 1597, and in London in

1603, a 'Book on Dæmonologie.' A book written by a king under any circumstances was not likely to pass unnoticed; but a book written by the king whom Shakespeare was planning to honour might not be ignored. The king had proved the existence of witches and evil spirits against Scot the Englishman, who had denied them, and asserted their wickedness against Wierus, the German physician, who had excused them. He analysed the motives of those who sought to pry into the forbidden future. Such evil practices, he said, were generally begun "from curiosity, revenge, or greed of gear;" (the first witch shows revenge in Act i, sc. 3). The king divided sorcerers into two classes: powerful necromancers, tempted by desire of knowledge, who could command Satan; and witches of inferior power, who served Satan for reward. The king informs us that witches are ugly and old, and hence Shakespeare's ghastly picture of those "that should be women."

The introduction of Hecate to the other three witches has been accounted for by the romantic nature of Shakespeare's genius. But if he had intended the first group to represent the inhabitants of the eldern world, or had studied the classic attributes of the Parcæ, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, he would have found to these often added a fourth, called Proserpina, Diana, or Hecate. R. Scot, in his 'Discoverie of Witchcraft' says, "The witches believe that in the night-time they ride abroad with Diana, the goddess of the pagans" (b. iii, c. 16); and the king states that "the fourth kind of sperites, which by the Gentiles was called Diana and her

wandering Court, and by us called Phairie," Diana Triformis, or Hecate, might thus naturally enough mingle with other uncanny things of darkness.

In the 'Hamlet' as acted in Germany, 1603, Phantasmo says, "O Hecate, thou queen of witches." In the prologue to the same play also the three Furies address Night by the name of "Hecate."

"The Witch" of Middleton was later, and borrowed from Shakespeare. Macbeth's were not called witches at the first. Dr. Simon Forman, describing the play on the stage in 1610, says, "There stood before them three women, fairies or nymphes."

King James had fully described the four different kinds of spirits that follow and trouble certain people. The first were Spectra, or Umbra Mortuorum, haunting houses and solitary places. Another kind assume a dead body, wherein they lodge; "they can easily open without dinne any door or window and enter thereat, . . . where they appear . . . . either to forewarn people or to discover to them the will of the defunct, or what was the way of his slauchter, as it is written in the Book of the Histories Prodigious." Was the vision of Banquo one of these embodied spirits sent to convict Macbeth? King James might well think so, if he pleased, remembering what he himself had written. And therefore I think that a real ghost must have appeared on the stage in the original play, so as to be visible to the spectators, the other actors being supposed not to see it, rather than that the audience should be forced to imagine Macbeth's vision as his fellow-actors did. The triumph of Shakespeare's art lies in his power of satisfying the two

conceptions. Let the king please himself and see his ghost; Shakespeare reserves to himself his kingdom in the world of psychology. Only his imaginative characters see either witches or ghosts, only his most imaginative character in its highest states of tension sees visions and hears voices—sees the dagger and hears the voice, "Sleep no more." Macbeth's conscience having become hardened, gave him no terror before Banquo's murder, till at the feast he said, "Would he were here," and his imagination woke! The vision of Banquo rose, not as he saw him last, but as the murderer described him, "with twenty mortal murders on his crown."

King James says, "I think it is possible that the devil may prophesy to them when he deceives their imaginations in that sort, as well as when he plainly speaks unto them at other tymes for their prophesyings." The falsehood of the witches' words are proved to Macbeth, who sought them; and proved true to Banquo's issue, who sought them not.

Incongruous with the northern spirit as is the semi-supernatural suggestion regarding the genius of Banquo, it acts as another delicate compliment to the king, and shows traces of Shakespeare's reading of his Plutarch for his Roman plays. "Under him my genius is rebuked, as it is said Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's" (Act iii, sc. i).

3rd. When the industrious Shakespeare had prepared his material, the poetic Shakespeare elaborated his conception of a contrast to his Hamlet. Macbeth was thrown back in time, and cast loose from Christianity. His weakness in good, and his strength in wickedness alike, are shown to arise

from his having no elevating ideal, no inner saving faith outreaching to the Beyond. He had no wakeful conscience of his own, keen-sighted and ready to detect the first movements of great sins; but only a jumble of customs, desires, and fancies, a utilitarian creed based on love of approbation, whose highest standard was "the golden opinions" of others. That lost, he had no internal moral force to support him in his high duties, and he fell from bad to worse. He was quite willing to commit murder if he thought he would not be found out. His lower self, tainted by sin, sought out wizards and witches, and he tried to secure his throne by blood. His imagination was the concrete and limited imagination of a savage, who feared the supernatural, yet would jump the life to come to attain his earthly ends. He was brave and determined, and his physical courage never failed, though for a moment his manhood quailed before the terrible vision of the murdered Banquo, and at the mortal sight by which he discovered "the juggling of the fiend that lied like truth." But the poet carries back our sympathy to the vanquished man, who, alone and deserted by men and spirits, willed to die with harness on his back. And this is the mission of the true tragic poet. Full of crime as Shakespeare made Macbeth, he painted of him a picture grand in its lurid colouring, equalled only in power and in interest by the "Satan" of Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' And from the stories he contracted into Macbeth's life, Shakespeare evolved a play on broad elemental lines, a picture of Destiny, stern as a Greek tragedy, or rather as three Greek tragedies, a trilogy of

crime, triumph, and punishment; a play in which romance and love-making, by-play and fun, have no place; in which even the pure matronly love of Lady Macbeth was clouded from the very outset by ambition; and yet, taken all in all, it remains, perhaps, the play most widely read and deeply studied of all.

The character of Lady Macbeth is even more Shakespeare's original creation than that of her husband. There is nothing in literature that one can note as a parallel. The character of Rossa, painted by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, in his play of "Mustapha," seems modelled after hers, but lacks all Shakespeare's finer touches. Through the early scenes of the play comes a faint whisper of the hidden wrongs of Macbeth and his wife, that induce them so readily to yield to the temptation of opportunity, showing Shakespeare's suppressed study.

Hasty readers are apt to blame Lady Macbeth for being the temptress of her noble husband. But even in the play Shakespeare shows that the thought had occurred to Macbeth before he spoke to his wife:

> "Stars, hide your fires,
> Let not light see my black and deep desires,
> The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be
> Which the eye fears, when it is done to see."
>
> Act i, sc. 4.

His hesitations arose only from doubts of the prudence of present action, through the dread of losing these precious "golden opinions." The admiration his wife awakened in him by her bold counsel stimulated him to try to keep *her golden opinion* and risk the others. When she urged, not the crime, but promptness and decisiveness in

action, he hesitated; but when, descending to his lower level, she showed him how he might do it, and yet evade suspicion, he yielded at once. She was more fearless and impetuous than her husband; more direct, more self-sufficing, and more interiorly simple. Her imagination was of a colder, more intellectual type. Warm in her affection for her husband, she was proud of his kingly qualities, and wished him to be free to exercise them. The weak, indolent king, whose sole prop Macbeth had been and was, had ungratefully slighted him by making Malcolm the centre of attraction at the time that Macbeth was the true hero, and had given the untried youth the inheritance the brave man deserved.

The weird sisters had said that "Macbeth in spite of all would be king." Let him become so now, while the country honoured him and needed him, while Duncan was weak and Malcolm was young. They would go away to their southern capital, and it might be at the risk of his own life were Macbeth to follow him and attack him there later. Regardless of other considerations, she drove towards her end. It was only after it was attained that her conscience awoke, and waking, never ceased to gnaw. She at last recognised the moral elements of responsibility and retribution, and in her bitter remorse stands on a much higher plane than her husband. Her clear intellect recognised their united action to be *sin;* and acknowledged that she, the sharer in the one, shared all the other sins of her husband that flowed from that one. Macbeth deadened his imagination and blunted his feelings by repeated crimes; his wife

thinned the veil of sense, and let her late-born imagination reign, while brooding over the terrible past, until it made her mad.

Shakespeare, with consummate art, restores somewhat of sympathy for her, as he had done for her husband. He never could have written the speech of Malcolm with which the play closes, as it generally is printed. He would never have cast away his labours, or demeaned his art, by recalling the thoughts of his listeners to the evils of "this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;" but would have left them to go to their homes with the tragic feeling aching in their hearts, and the lesson of his play moving their souls, that in the beginning we must stay evil and avoid crimes, and that we ourselves are not sufficient so to do without a standard higher than ourselves. Other scenes show alteration by an inferior hand, such as the second scene of Act I; but these last words are an addition, similar in nature to those historic glosses that I have tried to show you have been added through the centuries to the contemporary portrait of the brave king whose strong hand sustained eleventh century Scotland during seventeen years.*

* Dr. Garnett kindly suggested to me that it may be worth noting that Milton, who, in spite of his Puritan predilections, honoured Shakespeare even to reverence, seemed to have been dissatisfied with his treatment of Macbeth. Among the list of the subjects that he drew up in his youth, as plans for his work, he notes for tragedies 'Scotch Stories, or rather British of the North Parts.' 2. 'Duffe and Donewald,' a strange story of witchcraft and murder. 3. Kenneth, who, having poisoned Malcolm Duffe, is slain by Fenella. 4. Macbeth. The matter of Duncan may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost." Thus he separates the two main elements of Shakespeare's story, and seems to think another conception than that of Shakespeare desirable (Masson's 'Milton,' ii, 115).

NOTES.

Note 1.

List of Kings of Scotland from Dungallus to Malcolm III, showing Pedigree of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.

DUNGALLUS, of the old Scottish race.
Alpine, united the royal races of Picts and Scots.
Kenneth I, eldest son of Alpine, 843–859.
Donald, second son of Alpine, 859—863.
Constantine I, eldest son of Kenneth, 863—877.
Ethus, or Eocha, second son of Kenneth, 877—878.
GREGORY, last descendant of Dungallus, 878—889.
Donald, son of Constantine, 889—900.
Constantine II, son of Ethus, 900—943.
Malcolm I, son of Donald, 943–4.
Indulph, son of Constantine II, 954—962.
DUFFE, eldest son of Malcolm I, 962—967.
Cullen, son of Indulph, 967—971.
Kenneth II, second son of Malcolm I, 971—995.
Constantine III, son of Cullen, 995—997.
KENNETH III, or Gryme, son of Duffe.
Malcolm II, son of Kenneth II, 1005—1034.
Duncan, son of Bethoc, 1034—1040.
Macbeth, son of Doada, 1040—1057.
LULACH, son of Gruoch, 1057—1057–8.
Malcolm III, son of Duncan, *m.* Margaret Atheling, 1057–8—1092.

Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland.

Bodhe.

Bethoc or Beatrice *m.* Crinan. — Duncan.

Doada *m.* Finlegh. — **Macbeth.** *m.* Gruoch after death of Gilcomgain.

GRUOCH *m.* (first) Gilcomgain. — **LULACH.**

Malcolm, killed by Malcolm II.

Translation of the Oxford Interlude of Banquo.

NOTE 2.

The short "play" presented before the king on his visit to Oxford, outside the north gate of the city, by the students of St. John's. Three pretended sibyls thus hailed him as from the forest:—

"Report is that prophetic sisters once
Sang endless realm, great king, unto thy race.
Fertile Lochaber Banquo owned as Thane,
The sceptre not to Banquo, but his seed,
They prophesied in everlasting gift,
When Banquo leaving the court, was hid in the forest.
We three similar fortunes sing to thee and thine,
When thou, much longed for, comest from the woods to the town,
And we salute thee—

1. Lord of Scotland, hail.
2. Hail, King of England.
3. Chief of Ireland, hail.

1. Hail, who to Gaul hast title, lands elsewhere!
2. Hail, whom erst severed Britain wholly owns!
3. Hail, mighty King of Britain, Ireland, Gaul!

1. Hail, Anne, daughter, sister, wife, mother of kings!
2. Hail, Henry, thy fair prince and Britain's heir!
3. Hail, Charles, the leader of the Polish wars.

1. Nor bounds to fate, nor dates to these we fix.
The globe your realm, the stars your fame shall bound.
Repeat thou, King Canute of fourfold praise,
Exceed thine ancestors and match the sun.
Nor bloodshed, wars, nor anxious times we plant,
No frenzy is in us, but we are warmed
By the divinity moved Thomas White,
The London knight, in dreams to build this house
Unto the Muses? Unto God, and guardian John.
For Christ's precursor bade this loved of God,
And chiefest care, go to the house of Christ
To worship. So, this salutation made,
Go, and the academy rejoice at thee."

M. G.

The title-page of the volume bears 'Vertumnus, or the Oxonian Anniversary, 29th August, 1605, erected on the stage before King James, Prince Henry, the nobles, and the Johnsmen. London, Nicholas Aker, printed by Ed. Blount, 1607.'

Quotations from Stewart on the lines treated by Shakespeare.

NOTE 3.

Line 35,939, page 518, vol. ii, Stewart's 'Croniclis of Scotland.'

"That samen tyme wes sindrie men of gude,
Richt fair and young, of Donewaldus bloode,
Throw ill counsall of lordis in that land,
Rebellaris war all of that samin band.
This Donewald oft previt in that place,
With fair trettie for till obtene thame grace,
Bot all for nocht, that tyme it wald nocht be,
Without mercie tha war all hangit hie.
Quhairof that tyme consauit hes greit yre
Into his mind, hetter than any fyre,
With appetite, for to revengit be,
And ever he mocht, with greit crudelitie.
Dreidand to be suspectit of that cryme,
With pleasant vult dissimulat that tyme,
At all power ay for to pleis the king,
As he had rakkit richt litill sic thing.
This Donewald that tyme he had ane wyffe,
Quhilk tenderly he lovit as his lyfe,
Persauit weill hes be his said maneir,
His countenance, his sad and hevie cheir,
That he was warnit of his will that far,
The langar ay apperand to be war.
Dreidand at him displesit was the king,
Rycht oft at him scho askit of sic thing,
This Donewald, as kyndlie is to be
Unto his wyfe, so tender luif had he,
As leill luiffaris to uther sould be kynd.
He schew to hir the secreit of his mynd,
How that he wes commouit at the King;
Content scho wes richt hartlie of that thing;
And he culd nocht his purpose weill cum till
That causit him to want part of his will.
This wickit wyfe quhen scho hard him so tell,
Into hir mynd baith furious and fell,
Persauit weill his haitrent at the king;
Content scho wes richt hartlie of that thing,
For quhy herself was of the same intent.
For hir freindis the king that time had schent

For thair tressone, befoir as I haif told,
This wickit wyffe that bitter wes and bald,
Consauit hes with greit crudelitie
Ane wickit wyle for to revengit be.
And to hir husband in the tyme scho said,
'Blyn of your baill, se ye be blyth and glaid,
And slaik also of all your syte and sorrow:
All salbe weill, I find yow God to borrow,
To my counsall, and heir I tak on me
Of all injure thow sall revengit be.
Considder now thow hes at thi command,
Of all this castell ilk syre and seruand,
Rycht bisselie for to obey the till,
To satisfy all thi desyre and will,
At thi plesour intill all gudlie haist,
Hes thow nocht Duffus for to be thi gaist,
Without belief of tressoun in thi cuir,
Quhilk hes the wrocht sic malice and injure?
Hes thow nocht seruandis also at thi will,
All thi command at plesour to fulfill?
How can thow find,' scho said, 'ane better tyme,
To be revengit of this cruell cryme?
Hes thow nocht now this Duffus in thi cuir,
Hes done us baith so greit harme and injure?
Dreid nocht,' scho said, 'suppois he be ane King,
Tak litill tent or terrour of sic thing,
Sen mony ane with litill red full sone,
Siclike befoir to sic tirannis had done.
Thairfoir,' scho said, 'as all the cace now standis
And he umschew at this tyme fra thi handis
In all thi lyfe, thocht thow wald neuir so fane
Thow sall nocht get so gude ane tyme again.'
This Donewald quhen he hard hir sa so,
Oft in his mind revoluand to and fro,
Syne at the last deliuerit hes rycht sone,
To tak his tyme sen it was opportune,
Throw hir counsaill quhillk causit hes sic yre,
Into his breist, hettar no ony fyre.
Keipand full cloiss all thing within his spreit,
Yit neurtheless with dulce wordis and sweit,
Rycht jocundlie wald commun with the King
That he suld nocht suspect him of sic thing.
The King him louit also ouir the laif,
And in the tyme moir credence to him gaif,

No ony uther, so courtes wes and keynd,
And held him ay for his maist afald freind.
Is none that better mai dissaue ane uther
No he in quhome he traistis as his brother,
And of his lautie is nothing suspect,
Als of his mynd knawis the haill effect;
That is the man, traist weill, ouir all the laif
That eithast ma his creditour dissaif."

Then he goes on to the murder, as does Holinshed, but suggests also Macbeth's meditation before the murder—

"He was aboue all eurthlie thing
So far adettit to that nobill king," &c.

The Visioun of Kenneth, after the murder of Malcolm Duffe, runs thus (line 37,439):

"So hapnit (it) syne efter on ane nycht
In his sleip be ane visioun and sycht,
Him thocht that tyme he hard ane *voce* apeir
Quhilk said to him with ane loud voce and cleir,
'O Kenethus! tak tent heir to my sawis
Thou trowis God thi cruell cryme misknawis
That thow committet with sic violence,
Quhen thow gart poysoun Malcum Dufe the prince
Of Cumbria, quhilk air wes to Scotland.
For caus, he said, 'thow tuke sic thing on hand
Throw sic desire that thi posteritie
Suld bruke the croun with haill auctoritie:
Quhairfoir,' he said, 'the God omnipotent
Decreittet hes be his rycht judgment.
Rycht sone on the sic ane vengeance sould tak,
Till all thi realme salbe greit skayth and lak
And to thi airis rycht lang after the
Rycht greit trubill without tranquillitie.'
When this was said the voce vaneist awa
This Kenethus, in his bed quhair he la,
Siehit full soir with mony langsum thocht,
Fra that tyme furth that nycht he sleipit nocht,
So greit terrour in his mynd he tuke,
That all that nycht he wolterit and he woik."

The Revenge of Fenella somewhat suggests the action of Lady Macbeth (line 37,561. The story of Macbeth begins, line 39,705):

"In Forres toun, quhair that this King Duncan
Hapnit to be with mony nobill man

Quhair Makobey and Banquho one ane da
Passit at morn richt airlie for to pla
Than hand for hand intill ane *forest grene*
Thrie wemen met, that wyslie war besene,
In thair cleithing quhilk wes of elritche hew,
And quhat tha war wes nane of thame that knew.
The first of thame that Makcobey come to
'The Thane of Glames, gude morn to him,' said scho,
The second said withoutin ony scorne
'The Thane of Caldar, Schir, God you gude morne.'
The hyndmest, with plesand voce benyng,
'God save you, Schir, of Scotland salbe King.'
Then Banquho said 'Abyde ane litell we;
Ye gif him all, quhat ordane ye for me?'
Than all tha thre maid ansuer to that thing,
Said 'Makcobey of Scotland salbe King.
Syne sone efter, be adventure and strife,
With lak and schame sall loiss baith croun and lyfe;
And neuir ane of his successioun
Fra that day furth of Scotland bruke the croun.
And thou, Banquho, tak gude tent to this thing,
Thow thi awin self sall neuir be prince no King;
Bot of thi seid sall lineallie discend
Sall bruke the croun onto the worldis end.'
Quhen this wes said tha baid all three gude nycht,
Syne suddantlie tha vaneist out of sycht;
And quhair awa, quhither to hevin or hell,
Or quhat tha war, wes no man yit can tell."

Line 39,761:

"This King Duncane as ye sall understand,
This ilk Malcolm maid Prince of Cummerland,
In that belief, in storie as I reid
Immediatlie he sould to him succeid.
This Makcobey thairat had greit invy,
That he did so, as ye ma wit weill quhy,
For he traistit efter the Kingis deid
Immediatlie to succeed in his steid;
And thocht King Duncane did him greit offence
Of Cumberland that wold nocht mak him prince
Efter the law that maid wes of beforne,
Rycht mony yeiris or thair fatheris wer borne,
Quhairfoir he thocht he did him greit unrycht,
Quhilk in his hart ascendit to sic hicht,

And far hiear than ony man can trow;
For this same caus that I haif schawin yow,
Bayth nycht and da it wes ay in his thocht
Thairof to be revengit and he mocht.
Than to his wyfe he schew the fassoun how
Thir sisteris said, as I haif schawen yow.
And of the werd as tha that tyme him gaif
Quhairof his wyfe did in her mynd consaif
That he wes wrangit rycht far with the King;
Syne him awin self scho blamit of that thing.
'Thow neidis nocht,' scho said, 'uther presume
Bot it maun be as God hes gevin dume,
In to the self quhilk is so just and trew,'
Be sindrie ressones that scho till him schew,
'Traist weill, scho said 'that sentence is so leill
Withouten place fra it for to apeill,
That it ma nocht retreittet be agane,
Quhilk in the self so equall is and plane.'
Quhen this was said, than scho begouth to flyt
With hym that tyme, and said he had the wytt
So cowartlie that durst nocht tak on hand,
For to fulfill as God had gevin command.
'Thairfoir,' scho said, 'revenge yow of yon King,
Sen grattious God decreittit hes sic thing.
Quhy suld thow dreid or stand of him sic aw,
So blunt, so blait, berand himself so law,
That war nocht thow and thi aucthoritie,
With all his liegis he wold lichtlied be?
And now to the sin he is so unkynd,
Thairfoir scho said I hold the by thi mind,
To dreid the man the quhilk for the is deid,
And throw thi power oft of his purpois speid.
Now tarie nocht thairfoir; speid hand, haif done,
And to thi purpois se thow speid the sone;
And haif no dreid, for thow hes all the rycht
Grantet to the be gratious God of mycht.'
This wickit wyfe hir purpois thus hes sped,
Sic appetit to be ane quene scho hed;
As wemen will, the thing that they desire
Into their mynd burnis hetter nor fyre
Baith da and nicht withouten ony eis
Quhill that tha get the same thing that tha pleis.
Ressoun in theme has na auctoritie.

. . . . . .

This Makcobey, quhilk wes bayth wyss and wycht
Strang in ane stour, and trew as ony steill,
Defendar als with of the commoun weill,
So just ane juge, so equale and so trew
As be his deidis richt weill befoir ay schew
Syne throw his wyfe consentit to sic thing,
For till destroy his cousing and his King,
So foull ane blek for to put in his gloir,
Quhilk haldin wes of sic honour befoir.
To his friendis his counsall than he schew,
Quhome in he traistit to him wald be trew,
And speciallie to his cousing Banquho,
And mony uther in the tyme also
The quhilk promittet glaidlie with thair hart,
In that purpois that tha suld tak his part.

. . . . . .

Quhen that he saw his tyme wes opportune
Befoir the King appereit hes richt sone.
First he begouth in sporting with him thair,
And syne of him for to complene richt sair,
Defraudet haid him sua of Cumberland,
Sa oft for him in mony stour did stand.
Without he wald that tyme revoik rycht sone
All thing thairof befoir that he had done,
Traist weill thairof and mony of the lawe
In tyme to come sic service for to have.
And so tha fell ay fra the les to the moir,
Quhill tha crabit on everie syde so soir,
Accusand uther baith of word and deid,
Quhill at the last even to the werst it yeid,
On everie syde to pairties than tha drew
This King Duncane that had with him sa few
Amangis thair handis suddantlie wes slane."

Of Macbeth, Stewart says, line 39,953—

"Baith speir and schield to all Kirkmen wes he
And merchandis alss that saillit on the se,
To husbandmen that laborit on the grund
Ane better King in no tyme micht be fund."

". . . . . But Macobey the quhilk so weill began
He changit sone intill ane uther man."

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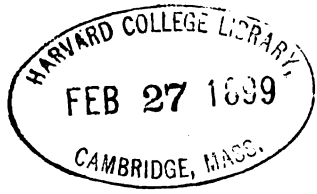

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ΔΕΝΔΡΟΦΟ'ΡΙΑ: RESEARCHES FOR AND EXAMINATION OF STILL EXISTING PEOPLE, LANGUAGES, CUSTOMS, AND REMAINS MENTIONED BY HERODOTUS, STRABO, ETC., IN INDIA, THRACE, ITALY, AND WESTERN EUROPE.

BY DR. PHENÉ, F.S.A., V.P.R.S.L.

[Read November 25th, 1896.]

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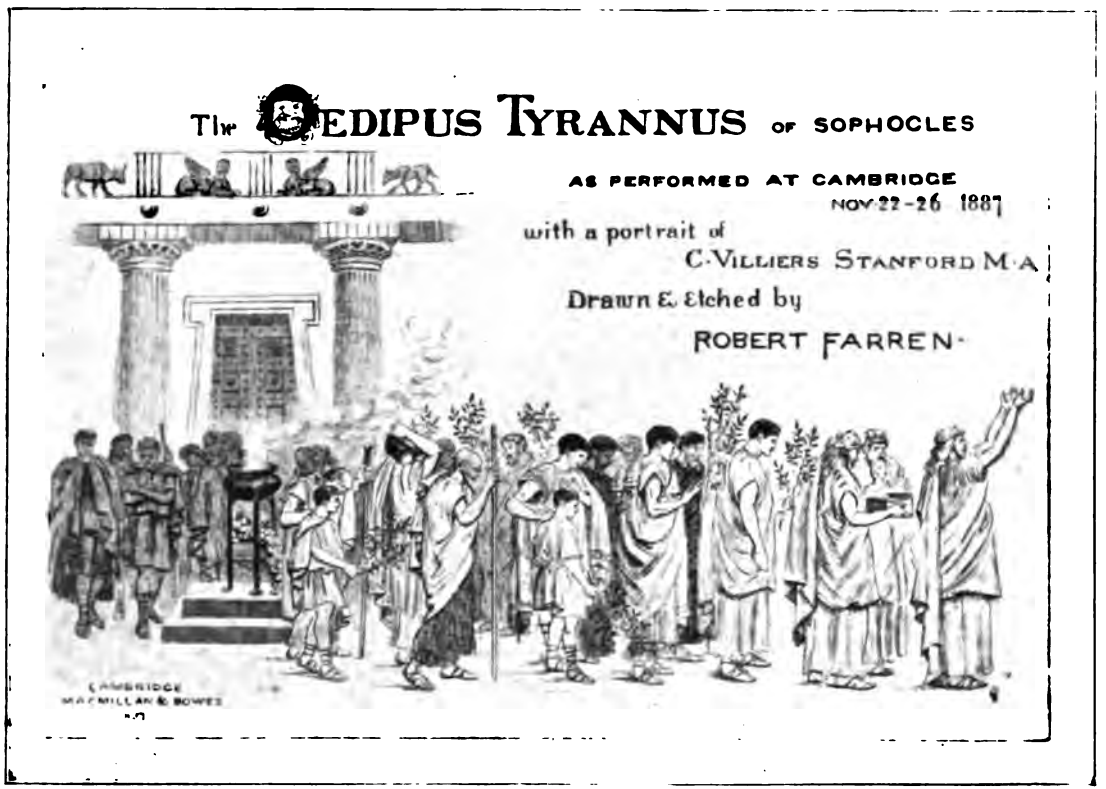
Δενδροφορία. Tree Transporting.

Of all the religious ceremonies of the Greeks, Dendrophoria appears the least known. This arises from its close connection with the rites with which it was associated, indeed amalgamated with, as well as from its various sections which were localised, as Daphnephoria and Thargelia, the fig procession (the latter always accompanied by human sacrifice), which were of course dendrophoria under special or local titles. The bearing in procession the sacred olive, daphne, kissos or ivy, the carrying the thyrsus, the laurel wreaths for victors in the Olympic and other very celebrated games in Greece, the conveying coronals of bay, laurel, ivy, the vine, olive, oak, and other trees, were all sections of the dendrophoria. In short, while so little individually identified, it was really the universal cult permeating each and every sacred ceremony.

Nor was it confined to the Greeks alone. Like all Greek customs, it had a foreign origin. Nothing is more remarkable than the paucity of Greek originality in its mythology compared with its ever-grasping appropriation of every religious ceremony of the surrounding nations. The introduction of the lotos and other sacred plants in the hieratic architecture of Egypt, which the Greeks imitated by substituting the acanthus, is only parallel to their appropriating the men and animals in Assyrian temples, and inserting them as decorations in their classical metopes. Adopting all such features, they beautified and refined them till their



Procession of Greek Dendrophoroi carrying boughs and the *χύτρος*.

architecture and ceremonies became as visually poetic as their poetry became graphic and expressive. In this sense there is not a Greek or Latin poet, and hardly a Greek or Latin poem, which does not treat in some way of the subject; while all the great historians and geographers of antiquity were compelled indirectly to notice it.

Under the rites of dendrophoria the most solemn and the most cruel ceremonies were screened. The golden bough was a supposed passport even to Hades itself; while the laurel wreath emblemed earthly supremacy and the favour of Zeus, the supreme deity.

That dendrophoria was an Asiatic custom is widely shown from the early Brahminical sculptures of the conveyance of trees of worship, the abundant legends of trees and tree worship, the introduction of floral and arborescent decorations in the temples to their gods, and the sacred offerings of fruits and flowers, and, not least, the adoration shown as an Asiatic custom, when they cut down "branches off the trees, and strawed them in the way," indicating the presence of a divine person.

The tenacity with which it was maintained required the most unmitigated rigour of the pagan Roman Senate to relax, and all the force of Constantine, Theodosius, Valentinian, and other Christian emperors, to suppress. Yet it lingered in the outskirts of the Roman Empires in Western Europe and in Asia, exciting the anger of the Councils of the Church, and still flourishes in India without being extinct in Europe, abiding notably in the orchard districts of Britain and Brittany.

That its operations have been most beneficial to modern civilisation is beyond doubt, bringing to the West the rich fruits of Persia and India, and the graceful trees of Thrace and Italy; while under British rule, with no mysticism, the food fruits given to India, as the apple, repay the debt with interest.

It is difficult to decide how original ideas come into play. The mind is often retentive, and for a long period a germ, the origin of which is to its possessor unknown, bursts into force, and the mind of its owner is almost compelled to operate.

It was probably in this manner that traversing, for quite different reasons, the sacred way from Delphi and Thebes to Tempe—the sacred way along which Apollo himself is mythologically asserted to have gone to be purified from the sin of homicide for the slaughter of the Delphic Pythonic high priest,*—my mind wandered from its pur-

* It is not necessary here to give the evidences for this description of Apollo's penance. The subject is treated of at length in my "Excavations and Researches in Argolis, Phocis, Bœotia, and other Parts of Greece" ('Brit. Archæological Journal,' December, 1895).

A moment's reflection will show that Apollo was deified for substituting for the detested Pythonic ceremonial, with its human sacrifices, the bright, cheerful, benign Heliacal worship, the grand representative of which latter he became. And that to achieve this it was essential to debase the former by seizure of the most celebrated fane of the Pythonic Oracle, Delphi.

As the new religion made homicide a grievous sin, and as possession of the oracular seat could not be obtained without a contest, the success entailed bloodshed, for which the chief actor had to do penance.

The Greeks in treating of their divinities, who were deified men and women—except Zeus, the omniscient, the source of mind and

MT. PELION. MT. OSSA. MT. OLYMPUS.

VIEW FROM THE GULF OF SALONICA.

View of the Olympian Range. Taken during a six months' yachting cruise, in the Author's Greek yacht, among the islands and the adjacent coasts of Greece and Asia. 'British Archæological Journal.' See various papers on "The Troad," "The Seven Churches of Asia, Patmos, &c."

pose, and instead of being absorbed by history, rambled into the adjacent and enticing meadows of botany and arborescence.

I did not strive against it, the difficulty would have been too great, for the overpowering beauty of the then surrounding floral districts set aside the inquiry into the past, and I resigned myself to the *rosa laurea*, the beautiful daphne, Apollo's own flower, and, as it were, in the Elysian fields forgot the subject of my pursuit, only to awake to a new interest in it after a sleep of refreshing joy.

And this was the Daphnephoria?

The way of the Daphnephoria?

The way that every nine years the boy priests of Apollo had trodden, that even he, a god, might be cleansed from the sin of slaying a man; the way along which the ruts of the chariot wheels of the sacred procession still mark deeply the rocky spurs of Mount Ossa, and where the purifying waters of the Peneius lave the roots of that mountain, and its northern and majestic snow-hoary father, Olympus itself.

Here in this river-cut gorge, perhaps opened by the crash of a primeval earthquake, was Tempe, the solemn and grand beauty of which indeed indicated purification from sin. No wonder that Olympus was made the abode of the gods when no better deity was known. No wonder that access to it needed the purification conferred on the penitent ere he approached the sacred precinct.

wisdom,—always divested the subject and person of human belongings so as to intensify their divine attributes; hence all reference to the human nature of the deity was carefully eliminated: but the facts speak for themselves.

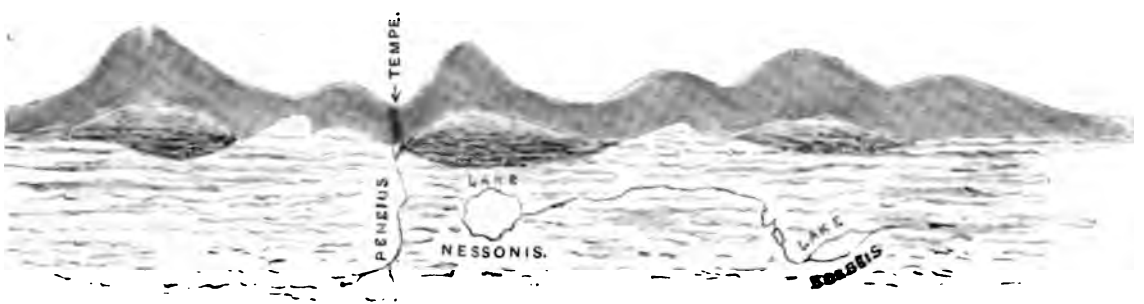
No wonder that its impenetrable altitude, shutting out man and beast, needed no command like the Sinaitic one, to debar unhallowed footsteps.

The whole course by Pelion and Ossa, as well as some parts of the Salonic Gulf, reveal a magnificent range of the *triple* mountains, which are *so* identified by the Monastery of the *Holy Trinity* on the south side of Olympus itself,—mountains with their succeeding intermediate sinuous undulations in the shape of an enormous serpent, Olympus forming the serpent's head on which the gods, metaphorically stationed, crushed the gigantic python.

The Greek theogonies abound with passages so similar to the Hebraic that the view impressed the idea that the edict of Eden had caused the selection of this mountain for the ponderous dignity of the source of the thunderbolts of Jove, while humiliated at its foot the god-like man bowed in penitence at the altar of Tempe. This feeling becomes intensified when the two summits of Olympus reveal, as it were, the head of the python cleft in twain, when the blue streak of sky is seen between its rocky heights as though indented by these thunderbolts.

Here, before Zeus, bowed even Apollo himself, and acknowledged himself to be but a secondary power. Was it not a place for a solemn noontide dream? The Vale of Tempe! the spot of purification for a god!

But why Daphne? Why Daphnephoria? True, it was Apollo's own plant; true, like the rosy lips and pearly teeth of beauty, its pink and white blossoms kissed the stream which nourished them;



MT. OLYMPUS. MT. OSSA MT. PELION

A VIEW FROM MOUNT KRITIRI

AND THE PLAINS OF THESSALY.

Taken in the Author's travels in Greece. See "Researches and Excavations in Argolis, Phocis, Bœotia, and other parts of Greece," 'British Archæological Journal,' 1895.

true, its sweet flowers covered the marshy swamps and absorbed the malific and deadly emanations, purifying the plains from plague and pestilence—enough in itself to have originated the story of slaying the python ;* but was that sufficient to cause a great and sacred ceremony to be named from it ?

What was the ceremony ?

Down from Parnassus and Helicon to Thebes, amidst beauteous woods, wended the procession of Apollo's priests with a sacred following. The chief, a priest, was a boy just bursting into manhood ; he was crowned with gold. They carried emblems of the sun, the moon, the stars, a procession perchance such as Joshua commanded to stand still on Gibeon ; a procession (if so) brought out in great magnificence from the fane on the high place, Gibeon, to awe by its emblems the resistless conqueror from Egypt, whose progress the sacrifices of Balak had in vain been offered to arrest. The priest and his assistants carried also boughs of the daphne, and at Tempe they stopped and turned again to Delphi, bearing new daphne from Tempe.

And was that all ? I inquired, wishing to bring to light some old, some never-dying tradition. No, the other party turned back also. What other party ? Those from Pythium.

Where is that ? By high Olympus.

The peasants say that even now, when the people of Pythium † come to Tempe they gather the daphne to carry back, as did the Theoroi from Delphi.

* Πύθω, to rot.

† This of course refers to the locality, the remains of the old city being very few.

Was this an idle tale to amuse a stranger? There could be no object in it; my dragoman had never misled me. But in a moment the thought arose, that the periodical celebrations in the temple of Apollo Pythius on one of the summits of Olympus, now occupied by the monastery of ἁγία Τριάδα, were connected with the Pythian daphnephoria of Delphi; and if so, why?

Is there no daphne at Pythium? It does not grow there as it does here, the bleak winds from Olympus are so cold.

But they love it? Yes.

So the daphnephoria was to convey the daphne to the high Olympus, to plant in the plain at its western and sheltered foot.

The sin-convicted Apollo was not to cross the water of separation, but his offering of the beauteous daphne was to be borne by the priests of Olympus itself to the sacred mountain, the abode of unapproachable purity, and by continued renewal to deck the altars of Jove.

So far the daphne; but the vine was also transported from place to place, colony to colony, by the Greeks.

The planting the sacred olive by the goddess Athena herself in the Erechtheium connects the utility of the deified olive with the beauty of Apollo's daphne; while the wild olive intertwines and mingles with the daphne amidst festoons of wild grapes in the Thessalian plains, showing the indigenous—hence, with the Greeks, sacred—source of the three. But the cultivated olive was planted in the temple of Erechtheus, and in connection with the trident of

Poseidon, the serpent deity of the sea, indicating its importation by sea; in any case it would have been imported by Athena. It was considered one of the most sacred objects in Athens, and was apparently the subject of contest between Athena and Poseidon for possession of Attica.

With the olive came peace; Cecrops joined Athena against Erechtheus, and abolished the human sacrifices in the worship of the latter.

There are strong indications that this tree came from Asia Minor, and that its cultivation in Greece was due to the Asiatics.

In the recent decipherment of Accadian and Babylonian inscriptions Maspero describes the fruit-trees of the district as so numerous that Babylonia must have resembled one great orchard.

The mysteries of Ceres, as practised at Eleusis, consisting of the burial and death and resurrection of grain, and its importation and exportation or dissemination, are too well known to need comment, except that the rites were presided over by the dragon-borne Demeter, like Apollo's python in the daphnephoria, and the serpent-man Erechtheus at the Erechtheium.

Precisely the same ceremonies took place in transplanting and importation and exportation of the vine, with the ever-present Bacchanalian serpents.

The rites of the Bacchanalia differed wholly from the daphnephoria; the latter was an acknowledgment of sin for taking the life of man,—in short, an abandonment of a previous institution of human sacrifice. The former was founded on human sacri-

fice as a fundamental part of its ceremonies, from which it was never expunged. The enormities were so extreme, and human life was taken so recklessly, on the ground that the missing persons had been claimed by the god, that the ceremonies had to be abolished by a decree of the Roman Senate. Wherever these institutions were, there the person and life were unsafe, as, indeed, was the case sooner or later with all dragonistic worship. The horrors of these orgies cannot be put in words, but when information of what occurred reached the Senate of pagan Rome, the blanched cheeks of the senators told of the determination to blot them out with the sword, although the information given revealed that near relatives of the senators were parties to the unholy acts.

Still they existed in secret, as the Theodosian Code of Laws, which was issued by Theodosius II in A.D. 433, and adopted by Valentinian III in the Western Empire, contains a reference to them, for which I am indebted to an energetic student of the Roman law, my friend Mr. R. Wright Taylor. It quotes an edict of Constantine, A.D. 315, to the effect that in whatever towns collegiæ or guilds of Dendroforoi existed, they were to be merged into the guilds of the Carbonarii and Fabri. By this their unity was abolished, and their rites became extinct; they are described as a heathen collegium.

The subject, fortunately, does not necessitate further reference to them. The connection with them is simply to show that wherever the Bacchanalia were introduced there was also the introduction

of the planting of the vine. And wherever a Greek colony was established, there was side by side with it the Bacchanalia.

The following quotations will aid the subject.

"Sir Edward Buck has for years past, as Secretary to the Government of India, in their Revenue and Agricultural Department, shown the capacity for taking infinite pains in the endeavours he has made to acclimatise exotic food-yielding plants in India, and he is likely to be more fortunate with the chestnut tree than even with the apple tree, the successful introduction of which by him at Simla, and elsewhere along the lower Himalayas, is one of the greatest dietary boons conferred by us on the people of Northern India."

"Yet with all the enlarged knowledge placed at our disposal by modern botanical science, and with the whole equipments of an empire outstretched over every quarter of the globe at our command, how little shall we ever be able to accomplish in promoting an interchange of economic plants between the East and the West, and adding in this way to the happiness of mankind, compared with the unstudied, casual, and almost unconscious transformation effected in the vegetation of the countries of the Mediterranean Sea, with such incalculable results in the increase of their material wealth, and the impulse thus given, and still operative, to human civilisation, by the propagation throughout them of the worship of the gods of Phœnicia and Greece! The vine (with wine) followed the Phœnician worship of Dionysus, 'the Assyrian Stranger,' the son of 'Samlah' or Semele; the course of its westward cultivation being marked by the promontory of Ampelus, now Cape Cavalos, in Crete, Mount Ampelus in Samos, the promontory of Ampelus in Macedonia (Chalcidice), by the land of Œnotria, *i. e.* of 'Vine-poles,' the name already given to Southern Italy before the time of Herodotus (B.C. 484—? 434), and by Ampelusia (the

el-Arish or '*Vineyard*' of the Arabs), now Cape Spartel in Mauretania or Morocco."

"The place-names in Canaan derived from the grape and the wine-press indicate the immemorial period at which mankind learned to prize the vine and the fermented juice of its clustered fruit. In Deut. viii, 7, 8, Canaan is described as 'a land of vines, fig trees, and pomegranates.' 'The Valley of Eshcol' means the valley of 'grapes,' and Moresheth Gath, Gath-hepher, and Gath-rimmon were all so named from their wine-presses. Sibmah, Engedi, and Helbon were widely famous for their vines, and those of Helbon still retain their ancient reputation. The vine, indeed, was one of the national emblems of the kingdom of Judah, and appears as such on the coins of the Maccabees. Although originally a native of the Hindu Kush, the Elburz, and the Caucasus Mountains, it already appears on the tomb of Ramses III, B.C. 1200. It is repeatedly sculptured on the 'Nineveh marbles,' either realistically, as on the slabs now in the British Museum, representing Sennacherib [eighth century B. C.] before Lachish, and again besieging some other as yet unidentified city, and the 'noble Asnapper' ('Sardanapalus,' *i. e.* Assurbanipal, seventh century B.C.) feasting with his queen-consort under *gloriettes* of vines, enarched between cypress trees; or conventionally, as in innumerable representations of the symbolical 'tree of life,' formed of the date palm,"—

"'Encinctured with a twine of leaves.'"

"Similarly, the occurrence of the place-names of Phœnicus on the coasts of Cilicia, Lycia, Ionia, Laconia, and Libya, of Phœnix in Crete, Phœnices and Phœnicusa in and about Sicily, and of Phœnice near the modern Marseilles, and again in the Red Sea, indicates the westward course and extremest westward limits of the cultivation of the date palm from Phœnicia, the land of the 'red' skins (*cf.* Phœnix, the 'red' bird)" ("the date palm was always the cognizance also of the Tyrian colony of

Carthage"), "to which the date palm was aboriginally transplanted, by way of Tadmor or Palmyra, from the delta of the Tigris and Euphrates; where, in succession to the cedar, or some similar pine tree, it was, in association with the vine, worshipped by the ancient Babylonians as the symbolical and sacred tree of life. Quite naturally, therefore, among the Greeks the date palm became consecrated to Phœbus Apollo, the god of light and life. The laurel also followed the worship of Phœbus Apollo; and the olive, which gave its name to Elœa in Æolis and in Epirus, and to Olynthus in Chalcidice, that of Pallas Athene; the white lily (of the Annunciation) of Here; while the cypress of 'Ashtoreth of the Zidonians' (in her male form of Asterios she is the father of Europa), 'and the pomegranate of Hadad-rimmon, with the myrtle and rose, were gradually identified with that of Aphrodite.' The pomegranate appears as 'Aaron's rod that budded' on the reverse of the coins of Simon Maccabæus, B.C. 143—135. There it is called by numismatists the 'triple lily,' but it is the identical pomegranate spray so often represented on the 'Nineveh marbles' in the hands of the Assyrian kings when worshipping before the tree of life. The rose still appears on the reverse of the coins of Rhodes, B.C. 400—168, in association with Helios, who is a variant of Hadad-rimmon, on the obverse." "Hazazon-tamar, or Engedi, and Baal-tamar indicate the advance of the date palm along the southern caravan route from Tadmor into the land of Canaan." "On the coins of Crete, B.C. 336—280, we find the date palm and eagle, with the legend IEPA on the reverse, associated with the head of Zeus on the obverse."

The above extracts are from the valuable "Report on the Cultivation of the Spanish Chestnut," by Sir George Birdwood, who goes on to state as follows:—

"It is impossible to stigmatise as superstitious, beliefs

and rites that conferred such enduring benefits on the world. But for them the civilisation of Europe might possibly never have advanced beyond that of the Newer Stone Age, preceding the Age of Bronze, ushered in with the westward advance of the commerce and religion of the Phœnicians; and it is evident, in view of the facts here adduced, that they were the divinely appointed means for working out, in the longsuffering patience of Providence, the eternal purposes of God toward man."

It will be seen, as the subject unfolds itself, that these apparently disjointed examples are merely used as an introduction to a wide-spread custom of Greek and other colonists carrying with them their sacred trees, by means of which their course westward can even at this remote date be traced to the very shores of the Atlantic.

The Bacchanalia were ceremonies introduced by the colonising Greeks into Italy with their sacred vines and other trees. The Latins called the Greek deity Dionysus, Bacchus; hence the Dionysia of Greece were called in Italy Bacchanalia.

The original ceremonies (Dionysia) were, except for human sacrifice, comparatively pure. The grossness arose in Italy in much later times. But in the Dionysia proper the actual mode of transporting the sacred trees by cuttings or by growing plants is described by Suidas and others, the very name of the day of the ceremony being called after the flower-pots—χύτρος—in which the growing plants, and sometimes seeds or seedlings, were made sacred offerings to Dionysus, on the 13th day of the month *Anthesterion*, about the end of February, the best time for transplanting and propagating trees. In Mr. R. Farren's etchings at pp. 2 and 32 (used

with permission), the case or χύτρος for seeds or seedlings is borne in the one instance by a priest, in the other by a priestess. In the Indian examples

Sculpture from the old Temple of Buddh-Gayâ in the Bengal Presidency, showing the Indian conveyance of trees in pots.

the full-fruited trees are in the pots probably as transported. The same ceremony, in its broader features, is pictured in the early sacred Brahminical sculptures in many parts of India, strongly indicating that Dionysus brought these ceremonies from India after his conquest of that country. These are, amongst other examples, sculptured on the Topes at Bharhut, Amravati, Sanchi, &c., and probably represent older sculptures.

But the vine and olive were not the only trees so conveyed to other lands. Dionysus was the patron of

cultivated trees.* He was said to have discovered all tree fruits, amongst which apples and figs are particularly mentioned,† and he was called "well-fruited."‡ The May-pole and Jack-in-the-green are figures of the retention in England of his rites, as well as the Easter and Christmas decorations; while some of the ceremonies of the Ambrosia, Thargelia, &c., are localised by traditions and still existing remains, such as fig ceremonies and blessing apples. Fig-tree wood was most sacred in Indian sacrifices.

These conveyances of the growing plant in earthen jars or pots very much reduce the marvellous, which crops out in some of the traditions. That, for instance, of the legendary Glastonbury thorn, for these traditions of tree planting not only extended to Britain, but always as and with *sacred* trees, and always in connection with the serpent. The story of Glastonbury is that Joseph of Arimathea being weary, rested on his staff on the hill at Glastonbury, and that the staff took root, and the plant has ever since blossomed at Christmas.

There is a point no one has dared to touch, nor would it now be introduced but for finding a place in Norway named from St. Olaf planting the cross, or, as it is termed there, the stock, as he used the stock of a tree, the place being named Stocken. The same name is found in Huntingdonshire, probably from the same cause, on the conversion of the pagan Danish settlers there. This points to a very

* Cornutas, 'De Naturâ Deorum,' 30.
† 'Athenæus,' iii, pp. 78 C., 82 D.
‡ 'Orphica,' Hymn 1, 4, l. iii, 8.

remarkable feature, which, but for my finding the name of the cross so used in Norway, I should not mention.

BHARHUT.

SANCHI.

AMRAVATI.

Sculptures from Bharhut, Amravati, and Sanchi, showing full-fruited espalier-trained trees in pots.

Cæsar gives a list of the objects of worship in Britain and among the Gauls, but there is one he does not mention. The writers who do mention it

are later, and historically within the Christian era; and although they describe it as an established object of worship, there appears nothing to indicate its being older than Christianity. The object is described as a truncated tree with two extended lateral branches, and the name of this asserted deity was exactly that of the Christian's object of worship, the form being that of the cross. The name differs only by an aspirate, "Hesus."

As the British Christian traditions of sacred trees extend back to the time of Joseph of Arimathea, they take us up to one of the earliest dates in the Christian times, and the adoption of the cross as an object of worship is much less marvellous than the story of the growth of the staff of the pilgrim.

The Druids had previously worshipped a tree—the oak; how readily, then, would the converted Druids have adopted another, or the same tree truncated, while the inculcation of the wise and mild doctrines introduced with it were so similar to their higher theological maxims! The oak was also sacred to Dionysus.

I have therefore selected for the title of this paper the word Dendrophoria—the carrying or transporting of trees, and Dendrophoroi—the tree carriers. But one word before the wider feature of the subject is opened. The process, although not much dwelt on by Greek writers, was one of the most sacred of their ceremonies, and reveals to us how the otherwise improbability of conveying trees to distant lands was carried out by the trees in pots.

The reputed marriage of Zeus and Hera—the

Roman Jupiter and Juno—on Mount Thornax, in Argolis, was attended by *all the deities of Olympus.* All, moreover, gave presents, and Ge or Gaia—the earth—presented to Juno an orange tree brought from the dragon-guarded orchard of the Hesperides.

With the collection of incidents already given there is nothing improbable in the transportation of an orange tree from the Atlantic to Greece for so grand a ceremony. The myth of the marriage is easily explained. Hera was the only female deity in Olympus said to have been married. She was married to Zeus, *i. e.* purity. She was the *introducer or founder of marriage;* hence the story of the marriage. All the deities of Olympus, *i. e.* all the benign deities, sanctioned and applauded her act; they all gave presents, and the fruitful orange was taken from the charge of the terrific dragon deity, and conveyed to the far eastern shores of Greece to bless with luxury and abundance those who abandoned the dragonistic orgies, and conformed to the new institution introduced by Hera, whose ceremonies, the Heræa, were completely antithetical to those of the dragonistic Demeter.

It is remarkable that nearly all the large stone monuments of Europe are on the Atlantic seaboard, and it will be seen that in the Greek and Asiatic colonies in the south of France and the Spanish coast, in the west and north-west of France, the south and west of Britain, and along the coast to Scotland, and on the east coast of Ireland, these stone monuments abound.

It will be seen further on that the districts so colonised by Greeks and Asiatics are the districts

to which these sacred trees can be traced, and in which they still exist; and that it was so is shown from the many decrees from religious councils against this worship in connection with these stone monuments.

From about 658 to 789 the Councils of Nantes, Arles, Tours, Toledo, Rouen, Aix-la-Chapelle, and in England decrees by Canute and Edgar, bringing the dates down to near the time of the Norman Conquest, fulminated anathemas against the worshippers of sacred trees and stone monuments in particular in these districts; and as the serpent could not be excluded from the sacred trees, of which he was the special guardian, against the serpent also by implication. The sun and moon and woods were also included, but as the superior mental cults of the sun and serpent were tenaciously followed by the higher classes down to the times of the Templars they are kept in the background. All these councils were held within the area of the sacred trees and stone monuments. More than one half of the Christian era has witnessed the persistence in worship of these objects, which still lingers in the secluded glens of all these countries.

A sacrifice to Baal is recorded in a recent volume of the Scottish Antiquaries' 'Transactions,' 1889–90, p. 391. I have myself witnessed midnight ceremonies of propitiation to the evil powers in Brittany, and the great dragon ceremony at Terascon.*

A sculptured figure of Astarte, near Baud in

* See the 'Builder,' pp. 959–60, August 30th, 1879, for my description of that ceremony.

Brittany, is still worshipped. So persistent was the worship of menhirs that the priests carved on them Christian emblems, as they could not suppress the worship.* The figure of Astarte just referred to, which is life size, has been repeatedly taken from its pedestal and secretly buried, but the very next sunrise has seen it on the pedestal again. I have some of the sacred stones of Brittany in my own grounds at Chelsea. Much of this is known, though not apparently correlated, but from extensive travel and wide research I have fortunately succeeded in tracing by the highest literary authorities of ancient history and modern science the courses of the Greek and other tribes, not only by their once sacred trees which are still existing, sacred trees which even now bear their original names, but also the places of location of the tribes, which bear likewise even now the names of the people who worshipped them, and brought them as holy relics from the countries of their first occupation. These people carried also sacred stones and other emblems; the story of the various journeys of the sacred stone, now the seat of the British coronation chair, is well known. The menhirs in Ireland were crowned with gold, like the boy priests of Apollo, and the sun and serpent emblems are multitudinous. Recent discoveries of human-faced serpents sculptured in the most durable stone, and used as altars in the

* Trees were not only supposed to be the abodes of gods, but to possess the spirits of gods. They were also said to be married, and to possess animal properties.

Rude and sculptured stones were also reverenced, and in Indian mythology mountains are said to be married and to produce divine offspring.

north-west of Britain, attest this; these bear all the appearances of foreign art and importation, and are intensely old. Some of the particulars of these surveys and researches will now be detailed.

To make the matter a little familiar at the opening, a reference to the great and recognised mission and benefaction to mankind in the discovery and propagation of the culture of grain under the pagan attributes of Ceres will be useful. And in doing so it may be observed that the name of that pagan deity is still retained in the word cereal. This and the vine, also introduced under like solemn ceremonies, are great commercial elements of to-day, and employ an immense proportion of the workers of the world.

It follows that the systematic introducers and propagators of *food-bearing fruit-trees*, although so far they have received no recognition except as the performers of mysterious rites, which also appertained to Ceres and Bacchus, are entitled to the same consideration. According to their light they viewed the matter as a divine benefaction, and it will be seen that some of our greatest luxuries and most wholesome and beneficial fruits are derived from these systematic tree-carriers over the whole of the then known world, even to the then remote and distant islands which now form the seat of the British Empire.

As an example, take the following modern scientific description of the properties of pomaceous fruits, from which it may reasonably be concluded that much of the vigour, mental and physical, of the modern races is derived from the retention and cultivation of these trees introduced by the ancient

immigrants from Greece and Asia into Western Europe.

According to the analysis of an American chemist,

"The apple is composed of vegetable fibrin, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, lime, and much water. The German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, lecithin, of the brain and spinal cord. It is perhaps, for the same reason, readily understood that old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit to renew their powers of mind and body. Also the acids of the apple are of signal use for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action, those acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters, which if retained would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions or other allied troubles. Some such experience must have led to our custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose, and like dishes. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralise any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat. It is also the fact that such rich fruits as the apple, the pear, and the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach rather than provoke it. Their vegetable sauces and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity."

The French *savants* who aided Napoleon III in his translation of Cæsar point out that almost the whole of the south of France, as it is now known, was completely under Greek institutions and the Greek language prior to Roman rule and the introduction of Christianity. The communication with

Britain must therefore have been constant, and the Greek festivals must have been well known. This is also plainly conveyed by Cæsar in his 'Commentaries.'*

I have myself taken the whole distance from Marseilles to Brest on foot, and found it to abound with Greek words and Greek customs. The Greek words make one of the great difficulties in the patois, which is itself a Greek word.

The sketch I am about to give of sacred trees may be introduced by my observing that while I searched Brittany for a period of six years, with a party of relatives, all of whom were keen on the marvellous antiquities of that lesser Britain, I took into my category of subjects botany, one seldom embraced in such researches, but which I found, and as experience will prove, is intimately connected with archæology, and will throw much light on history. In the present case I shall confine my observations to the title given to this lecture—Δενδροφορία, or the carrying of trees; Δενδροφόροι—the tree carriers.

My attention had been for some years drawn to the fact that the legendary lore of all districts where any great combat with a dragon was recorded spoke of a fruit in connection with either the place, the dragon, or the combat. This fruit, sometimes described as apples, or an apple, sometimes as berries, sometimes as golden apples, in the various districts I had visited, became with me a matter for search, and, if possible, of identification.

Considering the great antiquity of some of the

* See my lecture on "Old London," 'Brit. Arch. Journal,' June and October, 1897.

legends, and the still greater antiquity of the times to which they referred, it was not surprising that in some instances I either failed to identify the matter I was in search for, or that when I did, the identity did not appear very striking. Races of plants die out in localities, even those indigenous to them, through change of position, exhaustion of soil, and climatic variations. And so it may also be that similar changes may produce varieties in species, which may render their exact identification difficult or doubtful after long periods. It is by no means intended to intimate that the flora of the various localities referred to differs from that of the surrounding areas when in a purely natural condition; but, historically and poetically, one feature is to be anticipated, a feature we may fairly assume to have been introduced, or even if not, at least improved by manual operation, that is cultivated products.

It matters not whether we look into the classical story of the Hesperides with its python; whether we take King Arthur in his encounter with the dragon-worship of the pagans, surrounded as he was by the influence and power of Merlin; whether we go physically into the region of Devonshire and Cornwall, the seat of his lordly castle Tintagel; or to Glastonbury, the very name of which, "Avalon," anticipates my argument; or to Pembrokeshire, with Olwen and Iduna; whether we cross *La Manche* and land in the cider district of Brittany, or take "the long cry to Loch Awe," following the Fingalian-Arthurian course from west to east, and guide our skiff to the scene of the encounter of Fraoch

Elān;—in each case, attending the various mysterious legends are the universal, everywhere prevailing trees bearing a special fruit, not unfrequently the fruit of discord.

Setting myself to unravel the reason, without success, in spite of German explanations of the mythology of the fauna and flora of tradition, I thought it better to make a personal investigation of each district to see if local habit or custom, tradition or superstition, could help me to understand the matter. The interest of the narratives heightened as I approached and examined each locality, beginning with the berries which lured the unhappy Fraoch of Loch Awe to his deadly encounter with the python of the isle. Then to Glastonbury, more properly Avalon, where King Arthur is supposed to sleep, with its enormous pythonic earthworks; to Devonshire and Tintagel, where he was born, then to the Avalon of Brittany, and finally to its wild moors or *Landes*. Here I noticed what appeared to me a peculiar kind of fruit, and secured it to be submitted to a more critical examination than my own. I was fortunate enough to obtain the assistance of one of our best botanists, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a most careful recorder, who kindly read up the various authorities on the subject, so far as they went, and worked out botanically the remainder of the question for me. At the time I gave him the specimen he was quite unaware of my reason for wishing to know more of it. I simply stated that I had procured it from what appeared to me a very remarkable tree, and applied for its proper descrip-

tion and name; and it was not till he had kindly furnished me with such botanical evidence as I am about to submit to your consideration that I informed him of the reason which induced a search that had ended in my procuring a specimen of what seemed to each of us particularly interesting. And I should probably not even then have informed him, or have occupied his time with matters so foreign to his professional pursuits, but that the information he gave me carried the question to Persia, a district abutting on that to which I had been endeavouring to trace the origin of the Arthurian legends.

The story of Arjuna, in the Indian poem "Mahabharata," contains all the leading features of Arthurian romance, even to the equivalents of Merlin and Pendragon;* but there was one great want—there were no similar fruits. That this particular fruit which I had discovered was not indigenous in Western Europe everything tended to show, but when its apparently primitive locality was found to be Persia, I felt that this fruit had been present though not mentioned (so far as I had observed) in the great poem of India; though it seems strongly indicated in a Buddhistic story in which "Rama," a Rajah of Benares, finds in the jungle a tree, the root, leaves, fruit, and bark of which cure his own leprosy, and enable him to cure that disease in others, notably in the person of a princess named Priya, whom he then marries.†

* See my paper on "King Arthur and St. George," R. S. L., 1895.

† The word Priya assimilates to Pirus, *infra*.

The information I had procured, as well as the actual examples or specimens, have been commented upon more than once by part of the Continental press, which has quoted certain articles in botanical publications to which my friend professionally contributes.

A difference of opinion existed as to the identity of the specimen I had discovered, and this difference of opinion led me *not* to bring the matter before the public for a long period.

Taking high botanical authorities, as Messrs. Durieu de Maisonneuve, Desvaux, Decaisne, and others, as my reason for reviving the case, it appears to me that for all reasonable botanical purposes the matter is sufficiently explainable, *even though those who differed from my friend in opinion should be critically correct.*

The point, in short, as I understand it, is, technically, some difference which the statements of the authorities I have named appear, if not to overrule, at least very considerably to reconcile.

It may be well here to give some of their statements independently of the writer of the articles pointing out that—

"The Plymouth plant does not appear to be quite the same as the French or Persian specimens, but it is so similar that no one who knows *how greatly the foliage, flowers, and fruits (of certain trees), pears and apples, sometimes differ even on the same individual tree, and how much variation is observed in seedlings from the same tree* or *the same fruit,* could doubt the possibility that the one form *might* be a seedling variation from the other."

Desvaux states that the tree now in question is

common enough in Anjou, with berries the size of the hawthorn; also in Haute-Bretagne, where it is called *poirasse*, to distinguish it from the *common* wild pear. Decaisne states that the pears of the tree now spoken of are known in Brittany under the name of Besi, or Bezizolles. Durieu de Maisonneuve found this plant in the Girond near Canau, and also near Bordeaux. He states everything points to the conclusion that this is the original stock of certain cultivated trees.

Mr. Boswell Syme comments on a variety found by Mr. Briggs in Devonshire.

That climate sometimes may produce a difference is to be gathered from the foregoing. Boissier states,

"Valde singulare est hanc spĕciem in Gallia occidentali et, ut videtur, spontanée occurrere, specimina ex agro Andegavensi praeter pedunculos et petiolos juniores magis tomentosos Persicis quoad folia, et fructus similia videntur."

May not time, or climate, or culture have produced the change in the specimen found by me in Brittany?

But in addition to these evidences these trees are really *nationalised*. Professor Karl Koch, who travelled for four years in the Caucasus and Persia, divides the present pear trees into three originating species, one of which is *Pyrus persica*.

Decaisne considers that cultivation of the *principal* species of *Pyrus* produced certain secondary forms which were the progenitors of our present varieties, all of which he attributes to *one original*, which he subdivides into *six races*,—the Keltic, the Germanic,

the Hellenic, the Pontic, the Indian, and the Mongolic races (of trees).

Commenting on papers read by me before the British Association in September, 1875, and other learned societies in the same year, the article in question quotes an article in November of the same year on evidences adduced by me for the pre-occupation of Western Gaul, and also South-western Britain, by a peculiar people having strong Oriental characteristics, *anterior to the invasion by the Cymry*. Since the reading of those papers I have pursued the subject by personal travel and investigation, and have followed the same evidences not only to the north and east and west coasts of Britain, but thence into the Mediterranean, to India and Persia.

Notwithstanding these evidences, let it be assumed for argument that the specimen which I discovered is *not* the actual one in question, and then, even assuming *I had never found it*, there is still ample evidence of the tree in question in the East and in Western Europe. Assuming, then, that the specimen in question is *not* the one it was first assumed to be, that in no way affects the historical points, as there are amongst the examples already referred to well-known specimens in the British Museum from Devonshire, and in the Kew Herbarium from the Girond in France, showing its localisation in Western Europe; while the same tree is found on Mount Elburz in North-east Persia, according to Bossier ('Flora Orientalis,' vol. ii, p. 653). It was found there by Professor Buhse.

The articles already mentioned point out that in

Brittany wild pears, and this among the number, are known under the name, already stated, of BESI, or Bezizolles,* whence the name Besi applied to certain cultivated pears, and that it may very probably be the origin of certain early apple-shaped pears. Its geographical distribution in Persia and in Western Europe was inexplicable, but now (referring to my information given to my friend subsequently to my receiving the above information from him) he says—"but now seems to be reasonably accounted for."

Abandoning as immaterial the question as to the plant I discovered being the actual one it was thought to be, the matter is merely introduced to show that my search led me to a peculiar fruit, the information respecting which led me to my researches in the East. It was not likely to rest at this point with me. Instigated by my so far successful search, and the additional information kindly given me by my friend as to the investigation by others, I at once began to work up the Eastern part of the question, as it seemed to me this tree, apparently not indigenous to Western Europe, must have been imported from the East by Orientals migrating westward; perhaps—and it seems to my mind strongly confirmed—*who* were the introducers of the Arthurian legends. And if I may presume so far as the first of these opinions, I then find corroborative evidence in support of the latter; and if that can be only approximately established, we have one grand point in the ethnology of the primal races of Western Europe tolerably demonstrated.

* From σωλήν, from the shape.

In the first place, two towns in that part of France are still named Besse. Bayeau was, before the coming of the Normans, called Bessin, and on consulting Herodotus I find that, in his description of the march of Xerxes, book 7, ch. iii (cxi), he makes mention of the Sâtræ, who, he says, were of all the Thracians an unconquered and independent people, remarkable for their valour, inhabiting lofty mountains covered with snow, *but abounding in all kinds of trees.* On the summit of one of their highest hills they have an oracle to Bacchus. The interpreters of the revelations of this oracle are the *Bessi:* a priestess makes the responses, as in the case of the Delphian Oracle, and in as ambiguous a manner (see next page). These Bessi of Bacchus are also mentioned by Ovid. On the route westward we find the same name in Besidiæ in Italy, closely similar to the Besadæ near the Ganges.

Now if these people came to the West they would bring their name and also their religion with them, as well as amongst their trees any seeming the most sacred.

One kind of tree, the apple, has from the earliest times of which we have any record been a sacred object for good and for evil, and so also has the serpent,—thus the Egyptians worshipped a good and an evil serpent deity; and although the historical apple may not have been the fruit we know by that name, the mere association with it indicates that the fruit we describe as the apple must have had a significant importance.

The apples of Merlin are clearly *our* apples, from

Priestesses of Dendrophoroi dedicating boughs and the χύτρος.

the description of his orchard in 'Myvirian,' t. i, p. 151. Merlin says,—

"I have 147 apple trees of great beauty, the branches of which are covered with verdant leaves; the shade is delightful as well as the fruit, and its protection is confided, not to a dragon, as in the garden of the Hesperides, but to a charming youthful girl with flowing hair and with teeth brilliant as pearls amid roses."

147—with the ancient Asiatics the numbers 3 and 7 were most sacred, and their use still exists amongst us in several ways. 3 multiplied by 7 became intensified,—it made 21, the legal period of responsibility; that number again multiplied by 7 makes 147, a number of superlative sanctity. This sacred orchard was then, like several such gardens, in the charge of a beautiful damsel. But although the dragon is not in charge, Merlin, the necromancer, was himself the guide and adviser of Pen, the head dragon, whose badge was worn by Arthur. That Arthur, a Christian king, waging war against the dragon-worship of the pagans, should adopt the title and assume the badge of the head or chief dragon (dragon priest), seems at first sight contradictory. It is one of the evidences of Orientalism. It was the custom to take the insignia of the vanquished, as with Achilles and Hector, Apollo and the Pythonistic chief priest, and a thousand other examples.

Th n legends ɾ ɔd halfway to
Per ɔek custo riating the
post lestroy ɔus Arthur
and ɔth re un, each
adop he dr stroyed,

—Arthur that of Pen-Dragon, Apollo that of the Python.

There is always a lady in the case. In the most classical myth, the three, or, according to Apollodorus, four beautiful nymphs, under the name of Hesperides, form the title of *that* story.

But Hesper (sometimes Vesper), the evening, first indicated Italy, then Spain, then the Atlantic islands, showing a direct course of travel from the East to the West, and with the twilight of the dawn would be and was figured under the title of the two Açvenâu, or Aswins (sons of the sun) in Vedic poetry, the classical Dioscuri. The sex changes as they come west, but the story is *one*. In succession, Italy was Hesperia, Spain was Hesperia, the Atlantic islands Hesperia, or Hespera, each noted for its pomaceous fruits or apples.

If time permitted, reasons could be given for finding in the Roman Pomœrum, notwithstanding its derivation, a change to the Pom*a*rium; as the land could not be used for the plough, or for building, but there was no prohibition against trees. That such space should be planted with trees and beautiful avenues is only probable, and, as already shown, was an Asiatic custom in Babylonia; and that these trees should be fruit-trees is a matter of course. The goddess Pomona, the Pomorum Patrona, presided over fruit and such ornamental gardens. Hence the damsel in Merlin's garden was probably Pomona, whose vow of chastity would describe her condition as a *damsel*, while the sacred number 147 would indicate the sanctity and inviola-

bility of the place. Ἑωσφορος, Hesperus, was the bearer of the golden orb of light.

The Sâtræ described by Herodotus were just the people for originating bold explorations; free, unconquered, and purely self-dependent, with their own religion—such as it was—their own customs, with the knowledge of the uses of trees and herbs. Hardy, and dependent on simple products, bold mountaineers, the Asturians seem to meet the description; living in proud seclusion in their mountains covered with snow, as none but those who have been through the Asturias can realise. Their name, with a mere transposition of the first two letters, becomes Sâturoi, of whom presently.

But we find a religious establishment on an island at the mouth of the Loire, south of Brittany, in which the ceremonies and rites of Ceres and Persephone were not only practised by an exclusive colony of Orientals, as described by Strabo, but which customs are externally kept up even to the present day. The colony is stated by Strabo to be of Samnites, but as the Sâtræ were little known, and the rites of Bacchus practised by both these people were the *same*, it is not improbable that the Sâtræ were so described by him.

The Sâtræ were clearly not a people, but belonged to the Bessi,—in short, were such of the Bessi who worshipped Bacchus in the Bacchanalian dress of satyrs, or goats, the goat being sacred to Bacchus. As such they were called by the Greeks Sâturoi; by the Latins Satyri, clearly the Sâtræ.*

* Sir William Jones considered the Indian Rama the same as Dionysus or Bacchus, who is stated "to have conquered India with an army of *satyrs*."

The importation of a sacred fruit would be a matter of no slight interest, even in those days, and its spread along the shores of the Atlantic by people of an Oriental caste, such as the Basques (Bessi), a type of whom is found in Brittany about the ancient city of Vannes, would be the natural result,—really only secondary to Ceres and her corn sowing, which was itself semblanced by her daughter Persephone eating the pomegranate. The latter worship was kept alive by the mysteries, the cereal worship and the cereal culture also travelling in the same way westward as did the Bacchic.

Wine vied with corn in the sacred ceremonies, and was no doubt on an equality with it; but the philosophic Greek mind was more impressed with the actual death of the corn out of which sprung not only new, but multitudinous life, so forcibly put before them by St. Paul and others. Hence it survived.

But there was a meaning in all this beyond the grain dying and reviving again, beyond the mere food properties of the apple and its inspiriting fermented juice. The apple in every form—solar, stellar, as ambrosia, as the food of the gods, and in an inferior sense of men—was an emblem of immortality, as the dying producing corn was of the resurrection. It is noticeable that it was the Gallic people, still retaining the ideas of the apple, who, in naming the potato *pomme de terre*, evidently saw in it the same prolific property as in the corn.

We have, then, the name of the *priesthood* of the

Sâtræ still existing in the geography and horticulture or flora of the west of France; and that name is the identical one borne by them—the Bessi. We have, though as an unmeaning pageant, the ceremonies of the priesthood of Bacchus still existing in the very spot described by Strabo as occupied by the priesthood of Bacchus in his day, and the people who practise these ceremonies are a fine, independent, distinct, and exclusive race, whose presence there can be traced to no historical or known account except that of Herodotus, as quoted.

We have a grand precedent for the sacred tree bearing the same name as the priests in the oak and Druid, but with a difficulty which appears easily removed. In this case it would seem that the *tree* had been named from the Bessi, or priests of Bacchus. It is much more probable that the name of the greater or more important—the priest—was transferred to the tree, than the reverse; and if we may take this as an example, the Greek word for oak, also a tree of eatable berry-like fruit, was probably applied to that tree, which was held sacred by *several* nations, in consequence of the Druid priesthood *using it as a sacred tree.* Such a line of evidence might perhaps set at rest the antagonism on the derivation of the Druid from the oak, as the Keltic priests were probably existing even before Greek was a language, and the Keltic mysteries were certainly known to the early philosophers of Greece.

There is still one remarkable corroboration of the above as to the Bessi. According to Herodotus, Xerxes, continuing his march, passed the Sâtræ and

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Taking high botanical authorities, as Messrs. Durieu de Maisonneuve, Desvaux, Decaisne, and others, as my reason for reviving the case, it appears to me that for all reasonable botanical purposes the matter is sufficiently explainable, *even though those who differed from my friend in opinion should be critically correct.*

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"The Plymouth plant does not appear to be quite the same as the French or Persian specimens, but it is so similar that no one who knows *how greatly the foliage, flowers, and fruits (of certain trees), pears and apples, sometimes differ even on the same individual tree, and how much variation is observed in seedlings from the same tree* or *the same fruit,* could doubt the possibility that the one form *might* be a seedling variation from the other."

Desvaux states that the tree now in question is

common enough in Anjou, with berries the size of the hawthorn; also in Haute-Bretagne, where it is called *poirasse*, to distinguish it from the *common* wild pear. Decaisne states that the pears of the tree now spoken of are known in Brittany under the name of BESI, or Bezizolles. Durieu de Maisonneuve found this plant in the Girond near Canau, and also near Bordeaux. He states everything points to the conclusion that this is the original stock of certain cultivated trees.

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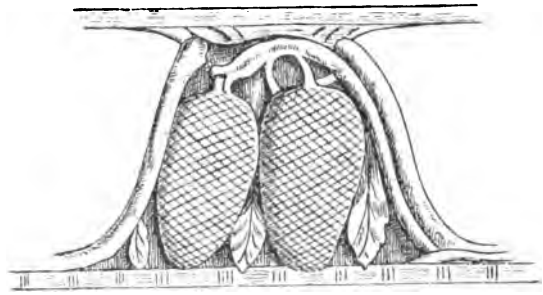
left, and intersecting each other, from the insertion of the stalk to the tip."—E. Moor. (See Plates, pp. 43 and 45.)

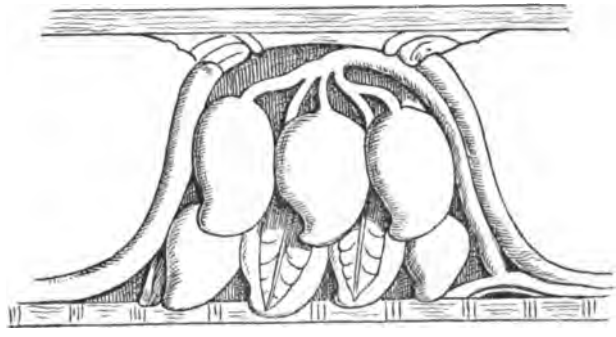
That is exactly like a pineapple, but the shape and size of the pear as above described.

This is exactly the form in the hands of the Assyrian priests.

I simply give these facts, but the argument would also apply to the fir cone, as the fir is also sacred to Bacchus.



RAMPHUL, THE FRUIT OF RAMA.



SITAPHUL, THE FRUIT OF SITA.

Sculptured fruit of Rama and Sita on espalier-trained pear-leaved trees; from stones in the neighbourhood of Kalamjar.

The Assyrian sacred tree between the winged quadrupeds called griffins—clearly borrowed from the tree of life guarded by the winged cherubim—

is not only not a fir or pine tree, but a trained espalier-like tree, full of fruit of this misnamed cone as applied to the fir tree. It was used as the signet of the kings. The thyrsus is described as being headed with the fir cone. This is not so; it is clearly the apple of Rama. Sometimes the thyrsus had berries, which may have been ivy berries, as ivy was often twined round the wand or stem; the berries also may have been grapes, or the apple berries of the Bessi, the original source of the fruit of Rama.*

I have here an example from Persepolis showing the stalk at the base of the pear shape. The other pear, Sitaphul, is described as of a perfectly smooth surface. (See Plates, pp. 44 and 45.)

I exhibit a cippus representing the Egyptian Horus, holding in his hands animals for food, and the branches of trees with apple or pear shaped fruits, overshadowed by Typhon, who would ravage and destroy the fruits and flocks.

In the portico of the Temple of Tentyris, in Egypt, the panels are decorated with tazzas, apples, and boughs of trees; on the *plafond*, or ceiling, stars, or discs as apples, are mixed—apples, as will be seen, were sometimes stars, sometimes stars were apples. At Luxor, the Uræi, or sacred serpents, have above their heads not the sun disc, but over each an apple with its stem, as plucked from the tree; as equivalent to grapes represented on the tazzas as still on the vine.† The sacred symbolism of fruits was great.

* One shape figured in the British Museum of the Pirus is the same as the fruit of Rama in form.

† When in Athens I suggested to Professor Rhousopuolos that the summit of the Acropolis must contain many fragments of interest. Recent researches have revealed eight figures in marble,

The tree of oblivion grew in the Garden of the Hesperides, according to Ælianos ;* in short, Lethe or forgetfulness. Apollodorus places this garden in the north, amongst the Hyperboreans (Britain), under the rule of Selene, the moon, which agrees with the apple region sought by the Bessi; while the orange and citron would be the golden apples of the South, and the *Western* Hesperides.

In India the ambrosial tree, the tree of immortality in Brahma's Paradise, like the moon, was also placed in the north on Mount Meru, near the *sea of oblivion*, guarded by a dragon.

But the tree of ambrosia, that is sweetness, is the tree of Golden Apples, or, as some put it, of golden figs, *i. e.* pear-shaped apples—the exact form of the fruit of Rama. It is this tree, the flowers of which are alone worn by Siva (Shiva) under the name of Mahādēva, which distils honey; the fruit and flowers are of exquisite fragrance and sweet taste. This was the supposed food of the gods in Greek mythology. It is physically represented in my photographs as being eaten by the Hindu deities. I have eaten both kinds.

The ambrosial tree which produced these apples is, as already observed, placed on Mount Meru, the Hindu Paradise. In the Greek and Vedic stories it means immortality. In the case of the tree

of maidens, each holding an apple apparently as a votive offering to Minerva. It may therefore be assumed that the apple orchards of Babylonia and Thrace had been adopted in Greece.

But as the fruit of Rama was a cultivated one, may not this, as well as the Western pear-shaped fruit, have originated in the Pirus or Besi?

* Gubernati's 'Zoological Myths,' vol. ii, p. 410.

already mentioned, which had the power of cure, and that in the sacred writings, which was for the healing of the nations, there is a close resemblance. In the latter case it is called the tree of life. A tree of life is mentioned as being in Eden. But the tree of life last mentioned is described as bearing twelve manner of fruits. The ambrosial fruit had also the gift of healing mortals, and even of making them immortal. The Greek and Vedic descriptions agree—it was sweeter than honey, and of a most delicious odour. As to the latter, Juno is said to have perfumed her hair with it when she adorned herself to captivate Jupiter. There is a tradition that Berenice, the wife of Ptolemy Soter, was saved from death by tasting ambrosia administered to her by Venus. It is said to have made Tithonus immortal. Homer records that Apollo, by rubbing the body of Sarpedon with ambrosia, saved it from putrefaction.

It is interesting to note that it is recorded that the tree of life had to be guarded, lest man should eat of it and *live for ever*. And it is also curious that it was not guarded before the Fall, apparently implying that up to that time he could, perhaps did, eat the fruit, and was, and would have remained, immortal but for his breach of covenant. The introduction into the Vedic accounts of the dragon or serpent in connection with this tree, which, although the serpent was and is still worshipped in India, is admitted in this case to represent evil, is still more indicative of the primitive account ramifying to the eastward.

It is remarkable also as indicating that a fer-

mented liquor was made from apples and pears, in the most ancient times, as well as from the vine. The rites called Ambrosia, which clearly refer to these ambrosial apples, were in honour of Bacchus. This becomes the more remarkable because the lofty position of the Sâtræ, whose residence amidst the snowy mountains of Thrace abounded with trees, would clearly not have produced the vine, though the Pirus, being of mountain origin, would grow well there. And the district in Brittany where the so-called Samnites held, and still hold their ceremonies, is an apple and cider country.

Dionysius Periegites asserts that the rites of Dionysus were in use in Britain.

But the god Dionysus had a special ceremony during the vintage. It was called Ambrosia, and in the apple districts of Gaul and Britain, the apple being so closely identified with Ambrosia, these rites of the Ambrosia were probably celebrated. So many sacred stones in Britain bear the name of Petræ-ambrosiæ, that the question, even without the literary authority, would seem clear, the more so in face of the remarkable ceremonies at the time of cider-making; and the groups of stones, as the "Merry Maidens" in Cornwall and elsewhere, at which periodical festivals and circular dancing were held, support this. The Greek dances at their ceremonies were circular ones, and are still in use.

The identity between these Sâtræ and the Samnites, which I have assumed above, is not mentioned merely on the grounds of their both practising the rites of Dionysus or Bacchus. It is strongly corroborated on such grounds as—*first*, the geo-

graphical route, which has been identified with the course of progress westward of the Bessi, the Sâtrian priests of Bacchus, is throughout accompanied by marked characteristics of the Bacchic ceremonies. But the line of travel of the Besi is also identically the route of the Sâtræ. Some writers think the Sâtræ to have been only a tribe of the Bessi. Pliny says, "Bessorum multa nomina;" so that if parallel features can be found between the Sâtræ and the Samnites, they may be separate tribes of the Bessi, or even the same tribe under other names.

The places they are recorded to have first occupied, though widely apart (*i. e.*) in Thrace and Italy, are identical in description. The Thracian is described thus:—"A mountainous region covered with forests and snow;" the people were distinguished "by their great bravery." The Samnite district in Italy is described as follows:—"A rugged group of mountains clothed with extensive forests, and retaining the snow on its summits for a large part of the year." And it may be well to repeat here the description of the place of the Bessi in Western Gaul.

Bessé, the place referred to in Brittany, is a rude mountainous place on La Braye, near its junction with the Loire (Liger). It is in the vicinity of the remains of original forests, the old oaks of which still cover its hills.

The Asturias, or with the initial transposed, as is so often the case in place-names, Saturias, close to which the people and the plant Bessi have been found (*i. e.*) at Bordeaux and northwards, fulfils in

every minute point the descriptions of the above places in Thrace and Italy. The people so named Asturians, Saturians, or Saturoi, or Sâtræ bear all the characteristics of the Sâtræ above described.

Then, again, as the Sâtræ are, as above, thought to be a tribe of the Bessi, so the Samnites were classed as a tribe of the Sabines. The Greeks called the Samnites Saunatai, which approached Sâtræ. They are also called Safini, Savnitæ, or Safnitai. They are admitted to have been immigrants into Italy. They were identified with the Sabines apparently simply because they occupied part of the Oscan territory. The confusion of titles given to them shows they were not known as a nation, but as an incursive tribe. Their geographical course can be traced as in the case of the Bessi. We followed the Bessi from India, from beyond the Ganges to Assyria, Persia, Egypt, the coast of Asia Minor, near the Troad, in the Propontis, to Greece, Italy, Spain, and Brittany. The part of Italy, Bescia, was in Samnium, the country just described as in or near the Oscan territory.

The Sâtræ can also be traced by some less clearly defined names, which will follow after the more direct ones, from the Satraidee of Ariana, a Hindu name in Asia or India, to Persia by Arabia Felix (a district fertile in trees, and odoriferous trees in particular) to Phrygia. They are found in Satræ, a city in Crete; Satrachus, a city and river of Cyprus; Satria, a city of Italy; Satricular, also in Italy, and indeed a city of the *Samnites* of Italy; Satricum, another town in Italy; the Satrocentæ, a people of Thrace *near* the Sâtræ of Thrace;

Sattala, Satula, &c., which might be overlooked but that one of their places in Italy near their other settlements, and apparently *in common with the Samnites*, was named Saturna; and Saturia, in Calabria, again not far from the Samnites of Italy. The latter people can be traced on the same route by their settlements in India, Egypt, Crete, Italy, to Gaul, and in many cases near the Sâtræ, strongly indicating a variation in name of the same people.

The legends follow the same course. Together with curious illustrations in my possession I obtained a number of Hindu sacred bronzes from temples when in India, some of which I exhibit. Re-commencing again with India, the golden apples of the Hesperides, which, quite irrespective of actual fruit, the latter I take to be symbolic only, as representing the setting stars, and even the sun and moon are seen prefigured in the Indian symbols, as we find from an illustration the sun and moon are resting on boughs of apparently apple trees, above the Hindu god Mahādēva, in an avatāra represented by Vīra Bhadra, while the fruit of Rama is tendered to him.

Then as to ambrosia: the Romans are stated to have been observant of reverence to the earth producer; and as they obtained their rites from the earlier nations located around, among whom were the Sâtræ and Samnites, if indeed they be not one and the same, the procedure as to leguminous roots, &c., that is *pommes de terre*, without necessarily the signification of the potato, was as follows:—They first poured mead and honey round the root to propitiate the earth; then they cut

round the root with a sword, while looking toward the east or west; then the root was taken from the earth and held high up, and not permitted to touch the earth. Cold iron was not to be used, but *gold* or *red-hot* iron. The diggers had to use the *left hand*, had to be unbelted and unshod, and to state the purpose to which the fruit of the earth had to be applied. As to the herb "hope," whatever that may be, I find the following:

"'Tis a priceless herb, I trow, dig it deftly, soft and slow, o'er it, are set guards to watch thee; thou wouldst forfeit, should they catch thee, thy dearest pledge of happiness."

To return to the superterranean apple or fruit, the legends are always associated with astronomical or celestial figurations. Thus the horned moon becomes the horned cow, as Isis, the moon, was figured by a cow. But the moon sets, and the horned moon (cow) dies. This is figured under burial of the cow, or, as the legends state, the bones of the cow. These are entrusted like Merlin's apples, not to a dragon or python, but to a fair girl (the Aurora). Her stepmother (the night) orders the cow-maid to pasture the cow (the moon) and to spin. Not being able to do both, the cow-maid prefers to keep her cow and pasture it well. The grateful cow (the moon), to repay the kindness, puts gold and silver upon its horns to spin, that the maiden shall not be rebuked. In the morning the girl appears upon the mountain with the gold and silver yarn, *i. e.* in robes of gold and silver given her by the good fairy, the cow moon. The old woman (night) kills the cow, and the girl sows its bones in the garden, when, instead of the cow, a

tree with gold and silver apples on it grows up (the bright morning stars and the waning stars of night). The maiden offers one of the apples to a young prince (the rising sun), who marries her.

The evanescent heralds of the advent of the golden apple, or the golden rising sun, were the same in character, colour, and in the brief nature of their existence and power.

Aurora is here the fair girl guardian. The colours of Aurora are the same as the pink, or red and white in apple blossom.

It has not been pointed out hitherto that the three sister Hesperides were the same, *i. e.* Aurora and the two twilights; if four, the calm moonlight also. The colours of the twilights were the blanched white fading into the, in some less frequent instances, faintly yellow (moonlight); while the red was Aurora, the beautiful golden-haired girl, with teeth like pearls amid roses "of Merlin's orchard." All these were combined in Pomona.

Ladon, the dragon of the Hesperides, where the sun, moon, and stars set, is quite understandable, but the dragon in the Paradise of Meru, where the sun rises, is not, except on the supposition of the original account having spread with the Semitic race to India.* We have noted *en route* the apples

* The traditions from which Moses wrote Genesis must have been the *sacred* ones which Abraham by his emigration from Chaldea, at the time when the Chaldeans were lapsing into Sabianism, carried away intact, and was thus compelled to keep pure. The district he left was that of the Babylonian orchards in which the apple, called in India the fruit of Rama and of Sita, would flourish, and hence would have been looked on as the apple of Paradise, but reclothed in the Indian traditions. The male and female names of two deified ancestors, who were married, given to its two forms,

with their stalks over the heads of the sacred Uræi at Luxor, in Egypt. This route is no creation of my own. It is the route which, apart from the evidences I have adduced, is the route of the golden apple of discord thrown amongst the goddesses by Discordia *for the fairest*, which caused the rape of Helen, the Trojan war, and the triumph of the horse of Apollo's chariot of the Sun at the destruction of Troy. The examples I have given concentrate around the Troad; they take us to Thrace, the Peloponnesus, to Italy, where in a southern island Persephone eats the golden apple of night or winter.

Time limits the subject; a single glance or two at Britain and Scandinavia must suffice. But we have no time for the death of Baldur, the sun, by the golden-berried mistletoe shaft of Loki. Gawain, one of the Knights of King Arthur, carried as a badge, a golden apple, *i. e.* a star, as Arthur represented the sun. Arthur sought the Isle of Apples to die, that he might be healed of his grievous wound, (death) and rise immortal. To get there he was conveyed in a barge of draped women (night) from Cornwall, or the land of Lyoness, of the West, invisibly, *i. e.* underground, to the East, Avalon, the Isle of Apples, the region of stars, where he sleeps, and whence he is to rise again.

Rama and Sita, support this; hence its sacred import and attributes. Rama was the offspring of the Sun (*i. e.* God). Sita, his spouse, was immortal *in her beauty and purity*; aided by Agni (spirit, fire), she was seen amidst the flames unharmed. These attributes were clearly those of the two occupants of Eden before the Fall. Sita was captured (beguiled) by the evil power Ravana, "Lord of malignant beings," and was only saved from destruction (immediate death) by the difficulty being *bridged over*.

But there is another side to the question. Time would not permit reference to the abundant features Central Italy affords, where the serpent, the apple, the egg, and a thousand other points would delay us too long. But the egg is clearly one of the forms of the golden apple. It is concealed; when revealed, it is a sphere of gold, floating, as it were, in translucent ether. The bursting of its prison heralds a new life, like Osiris in the chest of Typhon. But here is the region of Persephone, whose story turns upon the golden apple, the pomegranate, which figured so prominently in Hiram's work on the Jachin and Boaz columns in the great temple; elevated on the chapiters to imply a celestial import; the seed fruit of the earth to imply a terrestrial one, it was an unwritten symbol of the sentence "thy seed shall be as the stars of heaven for multitude." These were not Tyrian idols, but symbols of the promise to Abraham. But it was in the dark recesses of the earth that Persephone eat the forbidden fruit, the chest of Typhon, the crust of the egg again. Still she rose and the earth brought forth abundance. All this is symbolism, but there must have been an exact meaning covered too; less powerful, no doubt, than the rising sun, or the resuscitation of nature; still one of real importance, and which apart from the golden glory of the heavens, fixed, though it probably did not originate, the term golden. For the precious mineral would have been discovered long after the golden sun was known, and probably, though in language we know not, was named from the golden appearance of the sun, and so has retained its relationship of

name through countless languages to our day, as the golden race of men were also, no doubt, from their luminosity.

In a purely white and tenacious crystalline *rock* were to be found rounded lumps,—apples of gold, in short; but they could only be obtained by great labour from its adamantine grasp. Hidden in the recesses of its pure white covering, it was a solidified repetition of the golden apple, the star, sun, moon, of the egg floating in its translucent envelope.

But is this figured in story? Yes, together with the precious finds, so precious that the early races and the early kings of the earth amassed together the gold, not for exchange, and currency was unknown, but for the pure decoration of the person in the age of gold.

The apples of *discord* were clearly not fruit, but golden apples of personal decoration; the discord arose from their dedication as to the fairest, or in the case of Hippomenes to the successful. They were apples of death to Atalante's suitors, and to the Trojans and others. It is emblemed in the story of Olwen, the representative of wisdom.

> "Wisdom cannot be gotten for gold nor silver;
> The gold and the *crystal* cannot equal it."

Odin gave to Mimer the golden apple of his eye for a draught of wisdom. And Olwen was like Iduna, who gave the gods the golden apples of immortality, and essential to the sustentation of virtue and honour to King Arthur's Court. King Arthur and all his knights sought her for a year and failed to find her; then a select body of men of *wisdom* and

science were entreated to undertake the quest, in which they succeeded, and the beautiful maiden was, like the cow-moon maiden, found in her retired grotto of crystal arrayed like the "king's" daughter, "all glorious within" in "garments of wrought gold"—the garments of wisdom.

The valuable report by Sir George Birdwood, supplemented by reports from British Consuls and men of science, given in the Indian Government Blue-book, "Report of the Cultivation of the Spanish Chestnut," follows, though with an entirely different line of research—the progress of the introduction and propagation of the sweet chestnut, a wholesome food-bearing tree of great beauty, in so close a course of transit westward with that shown in the foregoing description that it is manifest that this tree, afterwards so abundant in Spain, whence its modern name (Spanish), was also one of the trees imported by the Dendrophoroi.

Some interesting remarks were made by the chairman, Mr. James Curtis, at the close of the paper, tending to show that up to the present time places have acquired names from the introduction of food-bearing trees, as the walnut, which fact exemplifies a singular retention of this custom.

THE RELATIONS OF EGYPT AND EARLY EUROPE.

BY PROFESSOR FLINDERS PETRIE, D.C.L.

[Read May 26th, 1897.]

TILL within recent years Egypt was supposed to stand apart from the history of the rest of the world; Egyptian matters were looked on as being as much isolated by themselves as Chinese, and nothing was recognised from foreign sources in that land earlier than Alexander's conquest. Now all is changed; and it is seen that in most places that may be examined there are some remains of other races, and connections with other lands. Nothing is stranger in the history of research than the way in which certain crude axioms arise and blind the view, so that nothing is noticed that may be inconsistent with them; and yet, when once broken down, fresh proofs of their absurdity are seen at every turn. Such was the axiom of the unchangeable character of Egyptian art. Now, on the contrary, every age, every century, almost every reign is known to have its distinctive characteristics, and it would be as reasonable to remark on its sameness as it would be for a man to say that all games of chess were alike because he does not understand the moves. Another favourite axiom, till within the last year or two, was that Egyptian work begins

full-blown, and that nothing can be found earlier than the finest work; now every explorer is tracing out the elements, and finding the stages of growth which led up to the historical splendours, and fresh remains of the prehistoric and unhistoric ages are being continually found. So it has been with the axiom of the isolation of Egypt; now both East and West are being linked with its history in every season's work.

Setting aside, however, for the present the fascinating problem of the sources of the various invading races that were united in the population of Egypt, we will begin by noting the connections with the West in historical times. Recently we have found an alien civilisation on Egyptian soil, which appears to have been Libyan in origin, and to have occupied the upper country between 3300 and 3000 B.C. Some explorers would put it at even an earlier date, before the historic starting-point at 4000 B.C. But the difficulties in which such a view would land us, on both the Egyptian and European sides, are so great that we must rather adopt other explanations of the few facts that point to the earlier period. That these remains are not later than the XIth dynasty, about 3000 B.C., and that they belong to Libyan tribes, every one is agreed who has worked or written on the subject.

In the graves of these Libyan invaders are found vases of a style which is entirely foreign to Egypt ('Naqada,' pl. xxx); these are so rare that it appears that they were imported, and not made by the people who buried them. The material of black pottery, the decoration with incised lines filled with

white, the forms and the patterns, are quite disconnected from other pottery of either the Egyptians or their invaders. But the same material, the same decoration, cognate forms, and similar patterns have been found at various other parts of the Mediterranean; at Ciempozuelos in Spain ('Boletin Real Academia de la Historia,' Madrid, xxv, 436), in Bosnia, and in the lowest town of Hissarlik (Schuchhardt's 'Schliemann,' figs. 18, 19) such pottery has been found, and in each case associated with the same class of culture as in Egypt, namely, the early use of metal before stone tools have yet been displaced.

How such pottery came to be thus widely spread can be seen from other vases found in the same graves ('Naqada,' pls. xxxiv, lxvi, lxvii). On these the most constant decoration is a painted figure of a great galley; and these galleys carry different standards, showing from whence they hailed. As such galleys have been much used in the Mediterranean in later ages, but never in Egypt, it is more likely that they belong to the sea in these earliest instances; and this is shown by their association on the vases with the ostriches, which were well known in North Africa, but not in Egypt in historical times. In the figures, then, of these galleys we see the means by which a widely extended trade was carried on in the Mediterranean, and can thus understand the diffusion of a peculiar class of pottery from north to south, and east to west, over that sea. Another class of the pottery ('Naqada,' pls. xxxiv and xxxv), with spiral patterns, has a similarity to the early Cypriote pottery; not only in

the spiral, but in the manner in which it is put on with a row of brushes making parallel curves.

Another connection with Europe is seen in the figures of the steatopygous type known now among the Korannas on the Orange River in South Africa. Several clay figures of women ('Naqada,' vi, 1—4), seated on the ground or standing, were found in the graves. These have the steatopygous form, with the enormous thighs and great lumbar curve which are so characteristic of the Koranna. Similar figures have been found in Malta; those in stone are commonly called the Kabiri, seven of them having been found in the megalithic temple of Hagiar Kim; and another is in the Malta Museum, made of clay like those found in Egypt. This type existed also in earlier times in Europe, as three or four ivory carvings representing it have been found in the palæolithic rock cave of Brassempouy in Southern France ('L'Anthropologie,' vi, 129). Hence this strange variety of man appears to have been steadily driven southwards, from France, from Malta, from Libya, from Somaliland, step by step, until it is only known now in the south end of Africa.

The similarity of a four-edged copper dagger, which was found in a grave of the Libyan invaders, to the type of dagger or rapier known in Cyprus and in Mykenæ, should also be noted.

Next coming to a later age of the XIIth dynasty, or about 2500 B.C., some important connections may be traced with Crete. The recent explorations of Mr. Arthur Evans there have brought to light some sealstones ('Hellenic Journal,' xiv, 327) which are almost identical in pattern with the

scarabs of the XIIth dynasty in Egypt. Also some years ago pieces of a very unusual painted pottery were found in the rubbish of a town of the XIIth dynasty at Kahun; nothing like it was known, and few people would grant its age, although the external evidence was complete. Since then, however, some pottery of the same fabric and colours has been found in Crete associated with other early remains.

The black incised pottery came up again in a rather different form and style in Egypt, associated with the XII—XIIIth dynasty at Khataaneh, at Kahun, and at Tell el Yehudiyeh; and this points to the continuance of the Mediterranean trade, and its contact not only with Libyan invaders, but with the full Egyptian civilisation.

And in this same age appears in Egypt, on the pottery at Kahun, a series of symbols which appear to be foreign, and to have alphabetic values, as they are occasionally grouped. Such symbols occur again later on the pottery of another foreign settlement at Gurob in the XVIIIth dynasty, both of these places being at the mouth of the Fayum province. And now recently Mr. Arthur Evans has found that these signs comprise nearly all the signs that he has collected from seals, quarry marks, and pottery of the Mykenæan period in Crete and in Greece ('Hellenic Journal,' xiv, 349).

On turning to the next great period of history, the XVIIIth—XXth dynasties in Egypt, and the so-called Mykenæan age in Greece, the interchange of products is so frequent, and the dating of the Greek civilisation is so close, that it is becoming a

misnomer to speak of it as a prehistoric age at all. We really know as much of the people, the works, the trade, and the date of the flourishing age of Mykenæ as we do about many countries and periods which we are pleased to call historic. Certainly it is far less dim than the condition of our own country after the Roman evacuation.

The spiral patterns are one of the main links between Egypt and Mykenæ. The quadruple spiral found on Egyptian ceilings is similar to that which decorates the Mykenæan work, as on one of the gravestones. There is, however, one constant difference in the usage; the Egyptian placed his spirals with the lines joining the nearest centres running diagonally to the outside of the space, the Mykenæan placed them in lines parallel to the outside. Another favourite combination was the introduction of lotus flowers to fill up the angles between the spirals as on Egyptian borders, and modified on the ceiling of Orchomenos.

It should be noticed, however, that the Mykenæan lost the true idea of the lotus flower, not being familiar with it in nature, and modified it into a design which owes its grace entirely to an artificial geometrical character from which all natural beauty has departed. This is the surest sign of a borrowed motive when we find it unintelligently reproduced.

Another form of ceiling design is the long-linked S spirals as used on the ceiling of the tomb of Neferhotep, and more schematically in another ceiling pattern. Now this design suffers the same unintelligent copying and substitution of a geome-

trical for a natural form on a gold breastplate from Mykenæ (Schuchhardt's 'Schliemann,' fig. 256).

Again we find the lotus border, which in Egypt is always shown hanging downward as a garland of flowers, turned both up and down so as to fit together, and joined with the S scrolls as in the

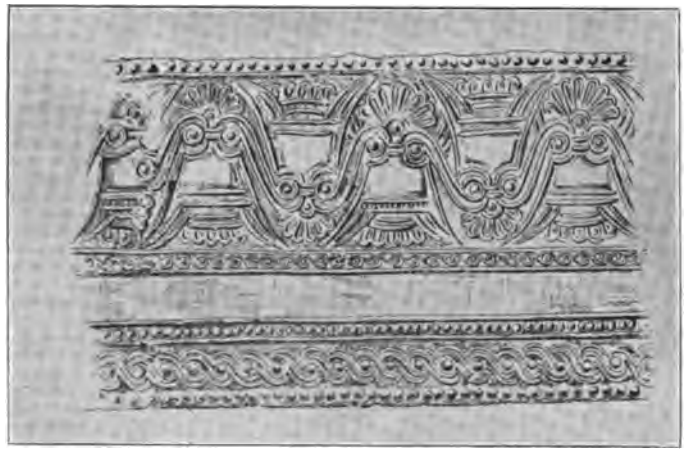


FIG. 1.—EMBOSSED GOLD BAND, BŒOTIA (Eph. Arch. 1892, xii), SHOWING LOTUS FLOWERS REVERSED.

Egyptian form on the ceiling. Not content with reversing the lotus so as to fill the intermediate spaces, the Greeks adopted the lotus border standing upright entirely, and so ignored the natural design of the pendant droop of the flowers which the Egyptians always observed. Here, again, borrowing of designs is plainly shown by the original meaning being lost to sight.

It is not my purpose to enter on the further travels of these motives. The connection of Celtic ornament with Mykenæan is so generally agreed on, especially since Mr. Arthur Evans' studies upon it,

that it is not necessary to argue that point. Sufficient for our starting-point in Europe is it to show that the motives of Mykenæan art are the same as those used by the Egyptians, and that the perversions of them from nature to convention and geometry all occur on the Mykenæan side, thus proving that art to have borrowed from Egypt, and not to have independently invented such designs.

The adaptation of spirals to the surfaces of columns is found in Egypt at Tell el Amarna (pl. x), the spirals being arranged as usual with lines joining the nearest centres running diagonally; and spirals are also the characteristic ornament of columns at Mykenæ. But here the adapter kept to his idea of a band of spirals, and got over the stiffness of such on a column by turning his bands diagonally. It is remarkable to see how the radical difference of diagonal spirals and banded spirals is carried out so thoroughly each in its own peculiar home.

We must now turn to the very important question of the connection of date between Egypt and Greece. This subject has been the ground of more persistent controversy, and a more eager desire to deny legitimate evidence, than any question of modern times outside of the theological world. The active attacks on Schliemann's conclusions, when all his discoveries were called Byzantine, and the later vehemence of Lieutenant Botticher's theory that Hissarlik was a cinerary cemetery, have yet their present parallels; a full statement of the evidences, therefore, which show the date of the Mykenæan civilisation is desirable.

The well-known inlaid daggers, with figures of

warriors fighting, are so familiar in illustration that we need not produce them here; and the parallel of their workmanship, with bands of figures in gold and niello inlaid in the bronze blade, to the similar mode of decoration on the dagger of Queen Aahhotep is so well recognised that we need hardly refer to it. It is agreed that this gives a strong connection between the Mykenæan methods and those used in Egypt in the beginning of the sixteenth century B.C. There is, however, another dagger, not so generally known, which has other parallels in Egypt. On this we see a cat hunting in the marshes, catching ducks amid the papyri; and we

FIG. 2.—CAT HUNTING DUCKS, DAGGER. MYKENÆ.
(Mitt. Arch. Inst. 1882, viii.)

note also the wavy line of the canal across the field. Now in Egypt the hunting cat is often seen, as on a well-known fresco in the British Museum of the XVIIIth dynasty, or about 1500 B.C. And on the wall paintings at Tell el Amarna there is a piece showing the same drawing of a canal as a wavy bend, with papyri at its side. The other side of the dagger from Mykenæ again shows the same design; and the fishes in the water are

closely like the Egyptian paintings, both in the early tombs and at the temple of Deir el-Bahri. Note also the manner in which the feline hind legs are stretched out straight behind, and then see just the same treatment in the lion springing on a bull, on the pavement fresco at Tell el Amarna, of about 1380 B.C.

FIG. 3.—LION SPRINGING ON BULL. FRESCO. TELL EL AMARNA PAVEMENT.

Turning to more definite dates than those of style, we find a long series of precisely dated remains, both in Egypt and in Greece. A tomb which I opened at Kahun gave a series of burials which are dated by scarabs of Tahutmes III to about 1450 B.C. At first I hesitated at dating the tomb so early as these remains, because it contained beads which I did not know to have been made

quite so far back. Since then I found exactly similar beads in a foundation deposit of Tahutmes III, and hence I can have no hesitation in placing the burials to that reign. This change of dating is only due to having been perhaps over-cautious in adopting, to begin with, the latest possible date that could be supposed indicated. At 1450 B.C., then, may be dated a fine vase of the Mykenæan or Aegean style with ivy-leaf pattern, found in this tomb. To this same date also belong the figures (Fig. 4) of vases of unmistakably Mykenæan style in the paintings of the tomb of Rekhmara at Thebes, brought as tribute by the Kefti of the Mediterranean. One of them here shown has the same fluted body (Fig. 5) as a cup from Mykenæ; the same band of

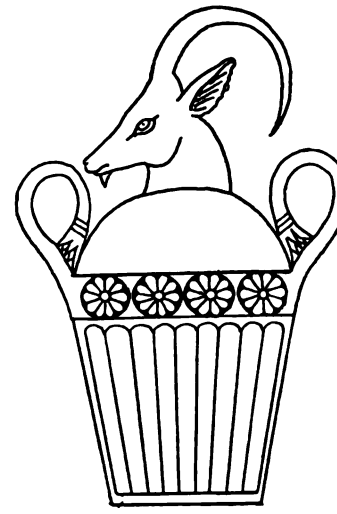


FIG. 4.—VASE, TOMB OF REKHMARA (Prisse Art).

FIG. 5.—FLUTED GOLD CUP. MYKENÆ.
(Mycenæ, No. 342.)

rosettes (Fig. 6) as on another cup from Mykenæ; and the decoration of an animal's head in metal

FIG. 6.—GOLD CUP WITH ROSETTES. MYKENÆ.
(Mycenæ, No. 344.)

as a cover, which reminds us of the bull's head in silver from Mykenæ, which may well have been a vase cover. Other vases in this tomb also resemble those of Mykenæ in forms and designs.

Passing on now for about fifty years to the reign of Amenhotep III, there is a large scarab of that king found in a grave of the Mykenæan cemetery at Ialysos ('Mykenische Vasen,' Taf. E, 1); a piece of glazed ware with the king's name found in a building by the lion gate of Mykenæ ('Ephemeris,' 1891, iii, 3 and 4); another piece of glaze of this king found in the forty-ninth grave of Mykenæ ('Ephemeris,' 1888, iii, 156); a scarab of his queen Tyi, found in a room of the palace at Mykenæ ('Ephemeris,' 1887, xiii, 21); and another scarab of Tyi found in grave 93 of the cemetery, of Mykenæan age, at Enkomi in Cyprus, now in the gem room, British Museum. Here are five clear datings of one single reign, about 1414—1379 B.C.; and, so

far as is known, the scarabs of this king and queen were never imitated in later ages; certainly the glaze and colours of these pieces belong to the period of this reign.

In the next reign, that of Amenhotep IV, who changed his name to Akhenaten on his change of religion, we have even more abundant evidences. At Enkomi, in Cyprus, was found a fine gold collar of Egyptian work in tomb 93 of the Mykenæan cemetery; there are nine different patterns of gold pendants in this, and eight of the nine are well-known designs of the time of Amenhotep IV, but are not found in a century later; the ninth type is a variant of these, which I do not remember having yet met with. Even the lotus, which is one of these forms, and is so common in Egypt in all ages, has here the very narrow petals and special curve which is exactly like the lotus inlay of this reign. In the same cemetery was found a metal ring of Amenhotep IV, probably before his change of religion, as the god Ptah is named upon it; many scarabs of this king name the gods, before his conversion to the monotheistic sun-worship. Further, every point of the style of this ring in form and engraving is exactly like numerous metal rings of the reign. Beside this another metal ring was found at Enkomi, which appears to be a Cypriote imitation of Egyptian work. The design is a king sitting on a throne with a queen handing him a lotus; the engraving and the design is exactly in the style of Amenhotop IV, and the motive is strikingly like that of the scene in a tomb at Tell el Amarna, where the queen stands before him helping

him to wine. It should also be noted, as showing that these can hardly be later revivals, that the fabric, the massive style of the bezel joined in one smooth mass to the ring, is exactly that of this reign, and is unknown in later times. Although some late rings are massive, the bezel is always partly detached from the ring, and no one who knows these styles of form could ever mistake one for the other. But in Egypt itself is one of the most prodigious datings of this reign, in the great waste-heaps of the palace at Tell el Amarna. Here about a hundred dated objects of this reign, and of that before and after it, were found, without a trace of any later objects whatever. Mixed with these dated objects were over 1400 fragments of Mykenæan vases, which probably represent about 800 whole vases. In the palace itself scarcely anything remained, and very few dated objects; yet here nine pieces of Mykenæan ware were also found, giving in fact a higher proportion to the dated objects than is seen in the rubbish mounds. No form of archæological evidence could be more decisive, as, owing to the great quantity of both dated objects and pottery, and the total absence of anything after 1350 B.C., there is no rational possibility of chance admixture or mistakes. Beside these many other pieces of Mykenæan pottery have been found at Gurob, in a town of about 1500—1150 B.C., which serve as additional illustration, and some of which are absolutely dated to about 1400, 1350, and 1200 B.C.

Of more vague datings there are Egyptian agate pendants in the grave 3 at Mykenæ, and at En-

komi, like those of about 1250 B.C.; the anchor-like design on Mykenæan gold work (graves 3 and 4) is like that on a vase from Gurob, about 1250 B.C.; the hollowed rock-crystal knob painted inside from Mykenæ is of the same fabric as hollowed rock-crystal scarab painted inside from Gurob about 1280 B.C.; the gold pin with a hole in the middle found in grave 66 at Enkomi is the same as one found at Gurob; the blue glass from grave 1 at Mykenæ is of the same colour as that of Ramessu II about 1250 B.C.; the blue glazed ware in grave 2 at Mykenæ is like that of Ramessu II; and a great quantity in grave 66 at Enkomi is identical in colour, form, and design with vases of Ramessu II, about 1250 B.C., and was undoubtedly made in Egypt.

A scarab in the British Museum from Kurium has received some notice, owing to its being found with a Mykenæan vase of late style. The scarab is very closely similar to one of Ramessu II in outline, form of the back, and mode of cutting, and such fabric is not known in later times. It bears a figure of the god Thoth seated, with the sun and moon on his head, perhaps referring to his connection with the god Khonsu. This type of Thoth, either as an ibis-headed man or as a baboon, is one of the commonest designs on scarabs of Ramessu II. I know of some sixteen with this god, two of which have the winged disc over the head, as on the Kurium scarab. If I have paused thus to show how in style and subject this scarab is identified with the works of Ramessu II, it is because this has been by some curious chance attributed to a far

later age, and has been set forth as a dating point. How such a mistake arose it is hard to say. In the Enkomi cemetery another scarab of Ramessu II was also found. Some blue glaze from the beehive tomb at the Heraion is of the same colour as that of Ramessu II; and the glazes in grave 4 at Mykenæ most resemble those of about 1200—1100 B.C. Lastly, there are two or three later data. False-necked vases of the Mykenæan type are found represented on the tomb of Ramessu III (1150 B.C.), but the patterns are not like those already noticed, and seem to belong to a later style; other false-necked vases of debased style are found dated to about 1180 B.C. at Gurob; and a very debased form in rough pottery is found as late as Ramessu VI, about 1120 B.C., at Tell el Yehudiyeh. The latest datum ever claimed is that of a false-necked Mykenæan vase in the British Museum, which is said to have been found in a tomb of a grandson of Painezem, who died somewhere in the tenth century B.C. But on the same authority (whether English or Arab is not known) it is stated that the following objects were found with it:—a wooden hippopotamus, which is perhaps of about 2600 B.C., a white burnished pilgrim bottle, certainly of the end of the XVIIIth dynasty, about 1400 B.C., a glass scarab from a pectoral of about 1300—1000 B.C., and a violet glazed vase and cover, which is probably of Ptolemaic age, and certainly not before 500 B.C. It is impossible to attach any historical value to such a jumble of objects, which appear to be just a dealer's chance grouping imposed on an unwary buyer at Thebes.

To resume, then, we have absolute datings of the following reigns:

Two of Tahutmes III	1503—1449 B.C.
Five of Amenhotep III	1414—1379 B.C.
Three of Amenhotep IV . . .	1383—1365 B.C.
One of Tutankhamen	1353—1344 B.C.
One (and many vague ones) of Ramessu II .	1275—1208 B.C.

(Later examples are only debased imitations.)

Besides these numbers of examples, there are the hundreds of vases of Tell el Amarna under Amenhotep IV, which we cannot count separately; and many close parallels of style which may with all reasonable grounds be safely attributed within fifty years either way, and which all agree with the dating in the above reigns.

To turn again to the similar designs, we have on the fresco pavement at Tell el Amarna a most spirited figure of a bull galloping amid the papyrus thickets ('Tell el Amarna,' pls. iii, iv). This is much the same subject as is seen on the gold cups from Vapheio (Schuchhardt, p. 350), only in the Greek instance the hind legs of the bull are placed together more like the treatment of the legs of the cats on the Mykenæan dagger, or the lion on the Tell el Amarna pavement. Yet the broad fact is, that just in the very town in Egypt where remains of many hundred Mykenæan vases are found, we meet with, for the first time, most spirited drawings of instantaneous motion. Greece and Egypt take the same step at the same time; which was the borrower we cannot yet say. Another instance of a graceful little figure of a galloping calf may be quoted from the same pavement.

We even find the same mythological or fabulous

gryphon in both lands. Below is shown the bird-headed gryphon of the god Mentu, as figured on the axe made by King Aahmes about 1580 B.C., and found with his mother Aah-hotep (Fig. 7). Next is the galloping gryphon in gold work found at Mykenæ (Fig. 8). With these we may compare an

FIG. 7.—GRYPHON ON AXE OF QUEEN AAH-HOTEP. XVIII DYN.
FIG. 8.—GRYPHON OF GOLD. MYKENAE (Mycenae, No. 272).

exquisite piece of wood carving (Fig. 9) found by Lepsius in Egypt, and believed to have come from the tomb of a priest of Astarte, named Sarobina, evidently a foreigner, who died in the reign of Amenhotep IV. The work appears to be purely Mykenæan, and it is one of the finest pieces of that style. Not only have we the gryphon on it, but

also the palms and the cloud-pattern which appear on the Vapheio cups.

FIG. 9.—WOOD CARVING. MEMPHIS (Berlin Museum).

To sum up, then, we may say that some pieces of workmanship are allied with Egyptian work of about 1600 B.C., but the continuous series of connections begins at about 1500 B.C., and runs on to about 1200 B.C., after which two or three debased examples last till 1100 B.C. After that there is no trace of connection until we reach the Psammetic age. Moreover we may distinguish plainly an earlier and a later style in the Mykenæan vases, and these correspond according to the objects found with them to about 1500—1350 B.C., and 1350—1200 B.C. Lastly, we may turn to an instance of the borrowing of Greek work in the seventh century from the Egyptian type, as shown in a limestone statuette from Naukratis, compared with a glazed figure of pure Egyptian work. The

influence of Egypt on historic Greek art has long been recognised; but it was probably more due to the statuettes of bronze and glaze that were carried by trade all over the civilised world, than influenced by the great statues in Egyptian shrines, which were probably seldom seen by a foreigner.

It has sometimes been supposed that the Egyptian work of the XXVIth dynasty was revived by Greek influence, but such is certainly not the case. Fortunately the Egyptian often placed dedications on his bronzes, and these recording the name of the owner suffice to show pretty closely the date of the bronze, owing to the rapid changes in the fashion of the names. In this way it is possible to arrange a chronological series of bronzes; and when this is done, it is seen how steadily the Egyptian art deteriorated from 1000 B.C. down to the Roman age. There is no trace of any lift due to Greek influence, and the mixture of styles that sometimes ensued was only a mutual degradation.

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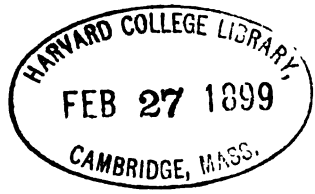

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THE CONDITIONS OF A COLONIAL LITERATURE.

BY WILLIAM DOUW LIGHTHALL, M.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read June 23rd, 1897.]

THERE were two Oliver Goldsmiths. One all know well,—the friend of Samuel Johnson, and author of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' and 'The Deserted Village.' The other was so obscure that my belief that he is unknown to every Fellow but three of the Royal Society of Literature is not likely to be challenged.

The obscurer Goldsmith was a grand-nephew of the greater. He lived in Nova Scotia, where he was a Collector of Customs during the first quarter of this century; and in 1825, in humble imitation of his great-uncle's 'Deserted Village,' he published a poem entitled 'The *Rising* Village.' In the beginning he thus addresses his brother Henry, grandson of Goldsmith's brother Henry, to whom 'The Traveller' is dedicated:

"If then adown your cheek a tear should flow
For Auburn's village and its speechless woe;
If while you weep you think the 'lowly train'
Their early joys can never more regain;
Come turn with me where happier prospects rise,
Beneath the sternness of Acadian skies.
And thou, dear spirit, whose harmonious lay
Didst lovely Auburn's piercing woes display,

Do thou to thy fond relative impart
Some portion of thy sweet poetic art;
Like thine, oh! let my verse as gently flow,
While truth and virtue in my numbers glow;
And guide my pen with thy bewitching hand,
To paint the Rising Village of the land."

He then depicts the rise of a colonial hamlet:

"Oh! none can tell but they who sadly share
The bosom's anguish and its wild despair,
What dire distress awaits the hardy bands
That venture first on bleak and desert lands;
How great the pain, the danger, and the toil
Which mark the first rude culture of the soil,
When looking round, the lonely settler sees
His home amid a wilderness of trees:
How sinks his heart in those deep solitudes,
Where not a voice upon his ear intrudes;
Where solemn silence all the waste pervades,
Heightening the horror of its gloomy shades,
Save where the sturdy woodman's strokes resound,
That strew the fallen forest on the ground!"

At length—

"The golden corn triumphant waves its head."

Next, the settler escapes a band of attacking savages, and—

"Around his dwelling scattered huts extend,
Whilst every hut affords another friend."

And—

"His perils vanished and his fears o'ercome,
Sweet hope portrays a happy, peaceful home.
On every side fair prospects charm his eyes,
And future joys in every thought arise.
His rising crops, with rich luxuriance crowned,
In waving softness shed their freshness round;

By Nature nourished, by her bounty blest,
He looks to Heaven, and lulls his cares to rest.
* * * * * *
In some lone spot of consecrated ground,
Whose silence spreads a holy gloom around,
The village church, in unadorned array,
Now lifts its turret to the opening day.
How sweet to see the villagers repair
In groups to pay their adoration there!"

After an invocation to "heaven-born Faith," the coming of the merchant and the doctor are described, and after them the chance schoolmaster,—

"Some poor wanderer of the human race,
Whose greatest source of knowledge or of skill
Consists in reading and in writing ill.
* * * * * *
While time thus rolls his rapid years away,
The Village rises gently into day.
How sweet it is, at first approach of morn,
Before the silvery dew has left the lawn,
When warring winds are sleeping yet on high,
Or breathe as softly as the bosom's sigh,
To gain some easy hill's ascending height,
Where all the landscape brightens with delight,
And boundless prospects stretched on every side
Proclaim the country's industry and pride!
Here the broad marsh extends its open plain,
Until its limits touch the distant main;
There verdant meads along the uplands spring,
And grateful odours to the breezes fling;
Here crops of grain in rich luxuriance rise,
And wave their golden riches to the skies;
There smiling orchards interrupt the scene,
Or gardens bounded by some fence of green;
The farmer's cottage bosomed 'mong the trees,
Whose spreading branches shelter from the breeze;

> The winding stream that turns the busy mill,
> Whose clacking echoes o'er the distant hill;
> The neat white church, beside whose walls are spread
> The grass-clad hillocks of the sacred dead."

In the work of Oliver Goldsmith, jun., we have an exact exemplification of the earliest colonial writing. Amid the rude conditions of an incipient community literature is an exotic, its representatives are handicapped by a thousand difficulties, their performances are puerile, and the marked quality in those performances is servile imitation of whatever masters chance to be to hand. The year 1825 is, in a colony, a long time ago. Seriously, it has the actual flavour of antiquity; for antiquity is a relative matter, depending on historical changes and not on simple lapse of time, and in the colonies changes come swiftly. The relativity of the sentiment of antiquity was once brought home to me during a trip on one of the Rhine steamboats, when I happened to remark to a friend that the Gothic cathedrals of the region ceased to impress me with their age, because I had just come from the ruins and monuments of Rome. "That," said he, "is what I felt about Rome; I had just come from Egypt."

The intellectual changes which have taken place in Nova Scotia since 1825 render the work of its literary men of to-day a great contrast to that of Oliver Goldsmith, jun. The object of this paper is to give some account of the usual stages of development of a colonial literature.

Before we reach the younger Goldsmith, however, there was a time when things were even cruder,

and when no attempts at anything akin to literary writing were made except by an occasional tarrier from some older centre of culture. Some makers of jingles on local subjects there were, but they were unworthy of record and have perished with their generation. The clearing of bushland with the axe, the building of a log home, the cultivation of scanty crops under difficulties, were too arduous to leave room for a love of books, even had the books been procurable; while the official, professional, and military classes, or rather class, to whom such tasks were not appointed, was too small to be of account. Add the almost total lack of high-class schools, the solitariness of the stray lover of books, the bad roads and slow mails, and one easily understands how only an occasional clergyman, retired officer, or the spouse of, say, some chaplain in a garrison town, can be found paying court to the pen. Thus Mrs. Frances Brooke, wife of such a chaplain at Quebec about 1766, wrote the first Canadian novel, 'The History of Emily Montague.' A remarkably trashy novel it is. Its form is that of a series of letters between several highly affected society persons, and the point of the book is that Emily cannot possibly marry Colonel Rivers because he has only his half-pay and the prospect of an estate of about £400 a year; so she swoons and languishes to the extent of three volumes! In feeling and every other quality it is but a ridiculous imitation of Richardson's 'Pamela,' first published in 1741, twenty-five years before.

Such was the stage which preceded 'The Rising Village.' With works such as the latter there was

one striking advance; there was at least an attempt to treat subjects taken directly from surroundings in the new land. Here is found the first faint spark of the divine fire of originality. The ideas of 'The Rising Village' would never have suggested themselves in England; they aim at creating a picture of the hopes and struggles of a new country. But there is this limited originality in choice of subject only, the treatment and the diction remaining slavishly imitative. In reading through a number of the small, crude, badly printed volumes which form the output of a period of the kind—such as the Canadian verse collection in the Toronto Public Library—whose value is solely historical as illustrating the origins of thought, it is wonderful how rare even so slight a spark of originality is. It is through such a perusal that one realises the extreme difficulty of thinking absolutely fresh thought, unaided by any kind of pioneer or model. If the Hugos, Tennysons, and Goethes seem to us to have creative powers, we may ask ourselves what they would have been without the hints and impulses given them by precursors; and we learn to value the work of those who first made studies of the beauty of the new world of objects around them, and began to divine the special sphere of colonial art—the development of that new world's native store of the beautiful. Let one go with an Indian for guide far along some primeval chain of lakes and streams, and he will learn of a majesty and a loveliness which have not been touched by the literature of Europe. Let him become a reader of the quaint French chronicles of the early pio-

neers of New France, and he will find there a field of chivalry full of tempting subjects for the pen. Let him put his ear to the heart of a new nation, and he will discover a fountain of emotions ready for the poem and the novel.

Besides those commonplace themes which will be found in all volumes of fifth-rate verse, we meet in the output of the period mentioned a certain proportion upon 'The Canadian Maple Leaf;' upon 'October,' with its crystalline air and wondrous forest colours; or upon some lake or river near the writer's home; and almost always something on the Indian, full of false, half old-world sentiment. In, for example, 'The Huron Chief and other Poems,' a volume published at Montreal in 1830 by Adam Kidd, take the lines—

"I'm the chieftain of this mountain—
Times and seasons found me here;
My drink has been the crystal fountain,
My food the wild moose or the deer.
* * * * *
But though I've shared the worst of ills
The Christian foeman could devise,
Yet on those wild untravelled hills
Of him I'd make no sacrifice."

The true Indian never spoke nor thought like that! Here is the true Indian, from a poem by Pauline Johnson, the Mohawk poetess of to-day:

"He turned like a hunted lion. 'I know not fear!' said he.
And the words outleapt from his shrunken lips in the language of the Cree:
'I'll fight you white-skins one by one till I kill you *all* . . . .'"

And these are the words of his wife:

"'Stand back! stand back, you white-skins, touch that dead man to your shame;
You have stolen my father's spirit, but his body I only can claim.
You have killed him, but you shall not dare to touch him now he's dead;
You have cursed him, called him a cattle thief, though *you* robbed him first of bread;
Robbed him and robbed my people: look there at that shrunken face,
Starved with a hollow hunger we owe to you and your race.'"

This is the Canadian verse of to-day, however. To return to the earlier period, here is 'The Maple Leaf' subject in about its common form:

"All hail to the broad-leaved maple,
With its fair and changeful dress—
A type of our youthful country
In its pride and loveliness.
'Mid the dark-browed firs and cedars
Her livelier colours shine
Like the dawn of a brighter future
On the settler's hut of pine."

It is needless to illustrate the echoes of Byron, Moore, and Wordsworth in these productions; they are much the same as the corresponding class of poetasters in Britain.

It will be remarked that nearly all the foregoing references have been to verse, not prose. The reason is that verse, not prose, is the usual early form of attempt at literary expression. It is a curious fact that colonial literatures tend to begin with poetry.

At length a third period arrives. The country becomes settled, roads improve, men prosper, towns grow, good schools and libraries multiply, and books are imported largely. The thought and art of the colony then commence to march with those of the great world, and a true colonial literature takes root, the evolution of which, roughly speaking, proceeds as follows:

First.—Historical sketches.

Second.—Poetry.

Third.—Natural science.

Fourth.—Fiction.

Fifth. — Philosophy, moral and political, and thence to psychology and the more difficult and complex flights.

We can easily understand why historical sketches come first, as they are a necessity to certain controversies, and to some public and private interests. But why does poetry come next?—that is to say, earliest in point of spontaneity?

There seem to be two reasons: one, that verse does not in its lyrical and simpler forms demand as severe an effort as a long work of fiction; another, that it is the natural medium of incoherent feelings and thoughts, owing to its greater element of music. The motives now in question are incipient local patriotism and incipient perception of the local materials of art. I shall not burden the listener with the crude steps by which these sources of inspiration have developed, but shall exemplify their possibilities by passages from present writers.

William Wilfred Campbell's 'To the Lakes' will illustrate local beauty:

"With purple glow at even,
With crimson waves at dawn,
Cool bending blue of heaven,
O blue lakes pulsing on;
Lone haunts of wilding creatures dead to wrong,
Your trance of mystic beauty
Is wove into my song.

"I know no gladder dreaming
In all the haunts of men,
I know no silent seeming
Like to your shore and fen;
No world of restless beauty like your world
Of curvèd shores and waters
In sunlight vapours furled.

"I pass and repass under
Your depths of peaceful blue;
You dream your wild, hushed wonder
Mine aching heart unto;
And all the care and unrest pass away
Like night's grey haunted shadows
At the red birth of day.

"You lie in moon-white splendour
Beneath the northern sky;
Your voices soft and tender
In dream-worlds fade and die,
In whispering beaches, haunted bays and capes,
Where mists of dawn and midnight
Drift past in spectral shapes."

Next take a specimen of the impressionism of Charles G. D. Roberts, a sonnet entitled 'Burnt Lands,' treating a common sight in a country of forest fires:

"On other fields and other scenes the morn
Laughs from her blue,—but not such scenes as these,
Where comes no cheer of summer leaves and bees,
And no shade mitigates the day's white scorn.
These serious acres vast no groves adorn;
But giant trunks, bleak shapes that once were trees,
Tow'r naked, unassuaged of rain or breeze,
Their stern grey isolation grimly borne.

"The months roll over them and mark no change;
But when spring stirs, or autumn stills, the year,
Perchance some phantom leafage rustles faint
Through their parched dreams—some old-time notes ring strange,
When, in his slender treble, far and clear,
Reiterates the rain-bird his complaint."

Here is the late Isabella Valancey Crawford on an experience in the sportsman's life:

"They hung the slaughtered fish like swords
On saplings slender; like scimitars
Bright and ruddied from new-dead wars,
Blazed in the light the scaly hordes.

"They piled up boughs beneath the trees
Of cedar web and green fir tassel;
Low did the pointed pine-tops rustle,
The camp fire blushed to the tender breeze.

"The hounds laid dewlaps on the ground,
With needles of pine, sweet, soft, and rusty,
Dreamed of the dead stag stout and lusty;
A bat by the red flames wove its round.

"The darkness built its wigwam walls
Close round the camp, and at its curtain
Pressed shapes, thin woven and uncertain,
As white locks of tall waterfalls."

Charles Mair of the North-west thus describes the buffalo herds a generation ago:

"What charming solitudes! And life was there?
Yes, life was there—inexplicable life,
Till wasted by inexorable death.
There had the stately stag his battle-field,
Dying for mastery among his hinds.
There vainly sprung the affrighted antelope,
Beset by glittering eyes and hurrying feet.
* * * * * *
At length we heard a deep and solemn sound,
Erupted moanings of the troubled earth
Trembling beneath innumerable feet,
A growing uproar blending in our ears
With noise tumultuous as ocean's surge,
Of bellowings, fierce breath, and battle shock
And ardour of unconquerable herds,
A multitude whose trampling shook the plains,
With discord of harsh sound and rumblings deep,
As if the swift revolving earth had struck
And from some adamantine peak recoiled,
Jarring. At length we topped a high-browed hill—
The last and loftiest of a file of such—
And lo! before us lay the tameless stock,
Slow wending to the northward like a cloud—
A multitude in motion, dark and dense,
Far as the eye could reach and farther still
In countless myriads stretched for many a league."

To illustrate folk-lore I should have liked to add Shanly's 'Walker of the Snow,' and for historical subjects to have quoted Murray's ringing 'Heroes of Ville-Marie,' how—

"Beside the dark Utàwa's stream two hundred years ago
A wondrous feat of arms was wrought, which all the world should know;"

but space fails, and the former of these pieces can be read in the 'Victorian Anthology' of Edmund Clarence Stedman, and the latter in my 'Songs of the Great Dominion' (sometimes published under the title of 'Canadian Poems'), in the Canterbury Poets and Windsor series. In the same collections the hopes and emotions of the new patriotism are illustrated, and it is only necessary to explain that the national sentiment now formed in the great Dominion is not antagonistic, but complementary, to the imperial.

The new Canadian literature is thus chiefly a school of poetry. Into the same fields writers of fiction are, however, following, and of them more is perhaps to be expected than of the poets, for their schemes of treatment and choice of subjects, especially of characters, must necessarily be freer. The artistic phases of that immense and highly distinctive land have been hitherto but scratched upon the surface like the ploughing of the settler on its great prairies, which goes but a couple of inches deep. There is room for a school like the Russian, and it will yet come.

One has but to read Sladen's 'Australian Ballads' to see that Australasia is evidently going through an analogous process.

Mankind wants whatever will sincerely add to its knowledge or delight, and the native writers of these regions have in each case a large and rich special vein in which to mine treasure which the world, and especially their part of it, needs, and which no one else can supply.

"Châteauclair," Westmount,
Montreal; *February*, 1897.

THE SUPPOSED SOURCE OF 'THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD,' AND ITS TREATMENT BY ZSCHOKKE AND GOLDSMITH.

BY PERCY W. AMES, F.S.A., SECRETARY R.S.L.

[Read June 23rd, 1897.]

AMONG the facts brought to light by modern literary research, few present more interest than those which reveal the humble sources of the great works in Literature. Sometimes the merest trifle, insufficient to arouse more than the momentary attention of the ordinary reader, is seized by one of the gifted sons of genius, and upon so slender a framework is constructed an imposing literary monument, exhibiting deep dramatic interest and profound knowledge of the human mind, ornamented and embellished with metaphor and poetic thought, and rich flow of apt expression; in one word, a masterpiece. At other times, as in some of the plays of Shakespeare, the student is startled to find how much has been incorporated, plot, incidents, characters, and even whole passages, expressions and turns of thought, such as are generally regarded as the peculiar property, and often quoted as eminently characteristic of the distinguished borrower, in whose work, nevertheless, the unmistakable signs of genius may be found; the skill

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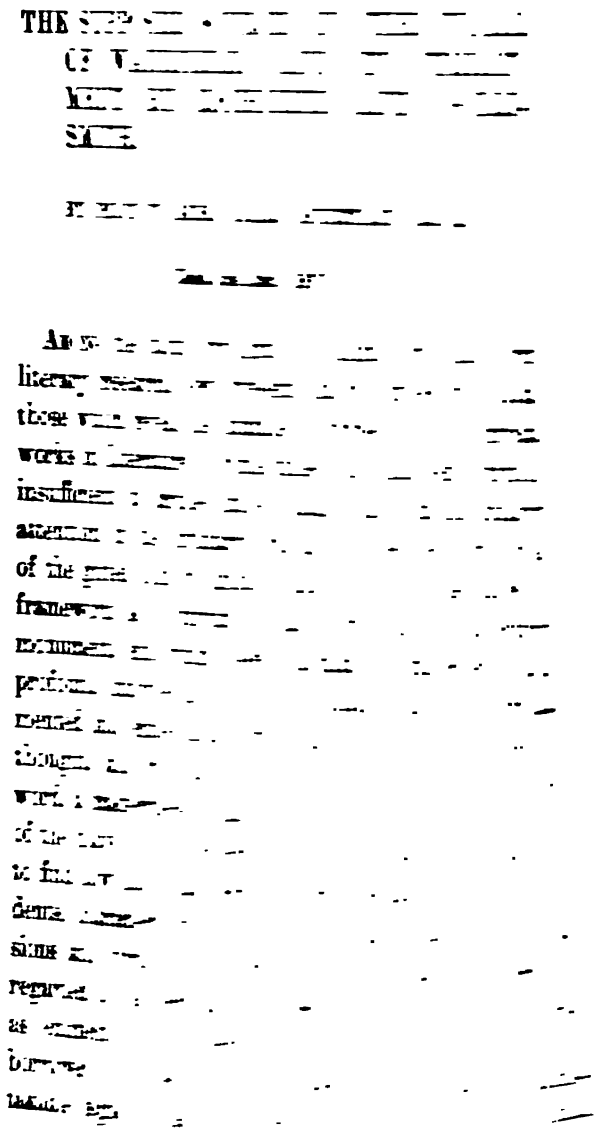

with which the text is woven into a drama, the almost divine insight into all the subtle and complex workings of the human soul, and that God-like mastery in tracing out through its intricate paths the course of prevailing passion. Again, it is sometimes found that a favourite work owes its entire popularity to the idea borrowed from some obscure original, although the author may consider his own additions the chief attraction, for which, however, the world may care very little. It is, perhaps, to an illustration of this last-named instance that I wish to drect attention in the present paper.

Immediately following a new and careful perusal of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' I asked myself wherein its undoubted attraction consists, and felt constrained to answer that it is by no means in the sorrows of the fair Olivia, nor in the plot or management of the story, but in the character of the Vicar himself. Of the ladies of his family it may be remarked that, although we are assured the two daughters are very charming, they do not make the reader fall in love with them; indeed, they never quite succeed in emerging from the world of shadows and materialising themselves in real flesh and blood. Mrs. Primrose is much more of a reality, but she is vulgar, ignorant, and altogether unlovable. It may fairly be said of many of the other characters and incidents of the tale that they are not very convincing. Since the whole is supposed to be related by the Vicar, who himself is as real as Mr. Pickwick, these defects must be attributed to the vanity and egoism of an otherwise perfectly delightful character.

The source whence it is believed Goldsmith derived the first idea of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' is entitled 'The Journal of a Wiltshire Curate.'* It is a mere fragment, consisting of the entries in a diary for one week, and appeared in the 'British Magazine' in 1766, accompanied by a declaration of its genuineness. It was there seen, of course at a much later date, by Heinrich Zschokke, who translated it into German, expanding it at the same time into a pathetic and beautiful narrative. This was re-translated from the German, under the title of 'Leaves from the Journal of a Poor Vicar,' and in 1845 was included in 'Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts.' It is also found in 'Julius, and other Tales from the German,' by W. H. Furness, Philadelphia, 1856. It is interesting to compare the treatment of the German novelist with the more famous 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

A much slighter work than Goldsmith's immortal tale, the 'Journal' presents some resemblances in details. In both there are two daughters, one of whom in each case marries a wealthy baronet, a benefactor to the family, but who appears at first as an apparently poor man under an assumed name. Again, in both we find the simple devotion of the poor parishioners, and the accumulated misfortunes of the Vicar, borne by him with simple heroism and unaffected piety. So very unpretentious, however, is the story in the 'Journal,' that in comparison with the more imposing work its merits, unless insisted upon, are apt to be overlooked. The points

* See Appendix, Note A, 'Journal of a Wiltshire Curate.'

of superiority in Goldsmith's tale, which are immediately and forcibly impressed upon our attention, are first that of magnitude. The introduction of a plot, more abundant details, a greater number of characters, a longer period of time, and altogether more ample proportions, would of themselves suffice to give predominant rank and importance to 'The Vicar of Wakefield' over 'The Journal of a Poor Vicar.' We have to notice, further, the great charm of Goldsmith's humour, so rich and abundant, yet sometimes so subtle and delicate, and which is a source of much attractiveness and delight. Whenever our thoughts turn to the book the most serious face breaks into a smile. We think of Moses and his gross of blue spectacles; of the two ladies from town, whose conversation was of "high life and other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses;" of poor Dr. Primrose, into whose mouth Goldsmith had put the sentiments of his friend Dr. Johnson on monarchical government, being ordered out of the house for his infamous principles by his pretended host, who was in reality the butler; and again, of the poor doctor, who after being swindled of a horse, and dreading to go home and face his wife and daughters, determines to anticipate their fury by first falling into a passion himself. Finally, there is the perfection of literary form. The consummate grace and easy mastery of style give the work a very high distinction. With these excellent qualities in a work of fiction which has deservedly attained a world-wide reputation, it may appear somewhat presumptuous to put forward

in comparison the simple merits of so modest a little piece as this 'Journal;' nevertheless I venture to do so, and to solicit a small portion of that admiration so unreservedly lavished upon the beautiful tale with which it has apparently a common origin.

The poor Vicar, as blow after blow of evil fortune falls upon him, never breaks forth into fierce denunciation, as Dr. Primrose occasionally does, not having such strong passions as the latter, as indeed he has less force of character, culture, and ability; but he meets all with a degree of patience, gentle resignation, and quiet fortitude that irresistibly win our respect and sympathy. No doubt the Vicar of Wakefield is the better company, and displayed fine powers of conversation in days when the *monologue* afforded opportunities, to those who possessed the power, for that prolonged, self-sustained, automatic flow of thought on any topic or circumstance that presented itself. Zschokke evidently wished to present a type of genuine humility without baseness, and meekness without servility, unmixed with any other intention, while Goldsmith made his tale the vehicle for numerous moralisings and philosophical reflections. Even the warmest admirers of Dr. Primrose must admit that he is at times rather prosy; and in these days that particular type of brilliant conversationalist would most probably be voted a bore. The people, after all, whom we most like to meet are not the accomplished egoists, but those gentle, unselfish souls whose kind interest in our welfare and pursuits develops our own latent powers of conversation.

That the "poor Vicar" was of this self-effacing sort is pleasantly illustrated in the charming pictures he gives of his daughters Jenny and Polly, whose personalities are brought no less vividly than pleasingly before us; while, on the other hand, we must admit that the superiority of Dr. Primrose is thrown into relief by his frequent exposures of the witless vulgarities of his wife.

The events narrated in the 'Journal,' which are all comprised in the short space of one month, begin on December 15th, on which day the Vicar, after walking eleven miles, and standing for an hour and a half in a cold ante-room, was admitted into the presence of his reverend employer, Dr. Snarl, who handed him £10, the amount of his half-year's salary. On his venturing to ask for a slight increase Dr. Snarl intimates that he could easily procure another vicar for £15 a year, and that if he liked to retain the place for that amount he might do so. The rector then dismissed him without inviting him to stay to dinner or to partake of any refreshment as on former occasions. Unfortunately the poor Vicar had depended upon his doing so, and had left home without breaking his fast. Having bought a penny loaf in the outskirts of the town, he trudged homewards very cast down.

"But fie, Thomas!" he soliloquises, "shame upon thy faint heart! Lives not the gracious God still? What if thou hadst lost the place entirely? And it is only £5 less! It is indeed a quarter of my whole little yearly stipend; and it leaves barely tenpence a day to feed and clothe three of us. What is there left for us? He who clothes the lilies of the field, and feeds the young ravens,

will He not shield us with His providence? Arouse thee, faint heart! We must deny ourselves some of our wonted luxuries."

A series of troubles with unsympathetic tradesmen is relieved by the joy in this simple household over Jenny's new cloak, and the kind action of the good-hearted neighbour Weston, who promised to take the newspaper himself, that the Vicar could no longer share in subscribing for, and let him read it as before. But rumours are about that the rector is going to put another curate in his place,* and in this new distress he writes a touching appeal to Dr. Snarl, in which he says,—

"I have laboured sixteen years under your reverence's predecessors, and a year and a half under yourself. I am now fifty years old, and my hair begins to grow grey. Without acquaintances, without patrons, without the prospect of another living, without the means of earning my bread in any other way, mine and my children's fate depends upon your compassion. If you fail us, there remains no support for us but the beggar's staff."

It is during the interval between sending this letter and receiving Dr. Snarl's reply that the disguised baronet comes on the scene. Professing to be an actor, by name Fleetman, he borrows 12s. from the kind-hearted Vicar to relieve his pretended necessities. Jenny is sent to the inn with the money, and her beauty and compassion evidently impress the stranger, who follows her home to thank her father, and then remains to supper. His good looks and charm of manner delight them all, and poor Jenny loses her heart to him.

* Note B, "Dismissing a Vicar."

"With purple glow at even,
With crimson waves at dawn,
Cool bending blue of heaven,
O blue lakes pulsing on;
Lone haunts of wilding creatures dead to wrong,
Your trance of mystic beauty
Is wove into my song.

"I know no gladder dreaming
In all the haunts of men,
I know no silent seeming
Like to your shore and fen;
No world of restless beauty like your world
Of curvèd shores and waters
In sunlight vapours furled.

"I pass and repass under
Your depths of peaceful blue;
You dream your wild, hushed wonder
Mine aching heart unto;
And all the care and unrest pass away
Like night's grey haunted shadows
At the red birth of day.

"You lie in moon-white splendour
Beneath the northern sky;
Your voices soft and tender
In dream-worlds fade and die,
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Next take a specimen of the impressionism of Charles G. D. Roberts, a sonnet entitled 'Burnt Lands,' treating a common sight in a country of forest fires:

"On other fields and other scenes the morn
Laughs from her blue,—but not such scenes as these,
Where comes no cheer of summer leaves and bees,
And no shade mitigates the day's white scorn.
These serious acres vast no groves adorn;
But giant trunks, bleak shapes that once were trees,
Tow'r naked, unassuaged of rain or breeze,
Their stern grey isolation grimly borne.

"The months roll over them and mark no change;
But when spring stirs, or autumn stills, the year,
Perchance some phantom leafage rustles faint
Through their parched dreams—some old-time notes ring strange,
When, in his slender treble, far and clear,
Reiterates the rain-bird his complaint."

Here is the late Isabella Valancey Crawford on an experience in the sportsman's life:

"They hung the slaughtered fish like swords
On saplings slender; like scimitars
Bright and ruddied from new-dead wars,
Blazed in the light the scaly hordes.

"They piled up boughs beneath the trees
Of cedar web and green fir tassel;
Low did the pointed pine-tops rustle,
The camp fire blushed to the tender breeze.

"The hounds laid dewlaps on the ground,
With needles of pine, sweet, soft, and rusty,
Dreamed of the dead stag stout and lusty;
A bat by the red flames wove its round.

"The darkness built its wigwam walls
Close round the camp, and at its curtain
Pressed shapes, thin woven and uncertain,
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almost maintain that the original *Puppenspiel* was derived either directly, or indirectly from Marlowe. Certain it is that the puppet play forms the connecting link between the German and the Englishman. It may further be averred that in England the puppet show had already reached its *nadir* previous to anything being heard of it in Germany.

The material out of which the tragedy is built is a legend, and even one of the most modern. Poetry and history often go hand in hand. Thus in the Middle Ages, out of the turmoil and trouble of the migration of nations, we have, poetically, its representation in the *Nibelungenlied.* The legend is therefore the soul of history of a particular period, which becomes, as it were, crystallised in the national poetry of a people. The genius of poetry must soar to such an elevation that it may cast its glances back into the past and prophetically into the future. Such poetical conception is shadowed forth amongst the Greeks in the history of Prometheus. Regarded in this light the fable assumes a new aspect. Having robbed fire from Olympus, made man and warmed him with the same fire, the gods chained the thief to a rock. There he prophesied the destruction of the deities of the old world. For with Prometheus the Hellenes received a new enlightenment, a new task, viz. to identify the working forces in nature in their most complete ideal appearance with humanity—obtained the knowledge that the old world had fulfilled its laws, was doomed to death.

The question naturally arises, in how far does Goethe's 'Faust' come up to this standard? The

answer is not far to seek. Prometheus is the Faust of the old world. The apotheosis of the natural religion of the Greeks was encircled by the entity of this world, enclosing even the gods. What was beyond was consigned to the formless Moirae. In overstepping the sacred limits the Erinnyes punished the evil-doer. As Hesiod has it:

> "Then the destinies
> Arose, and fates in vengeance pitiless,
> Clotho and Lachesis and Atropos,
> Who at the birth of men dispense the lot
> Of good and evil. They of men and gods
> The crimes pursue, nor even pause from wrath
> Tremendous till destructive on the head
> Of him that sins the retribution fall."

It is this idea that must be constantly kept in mind for the better—nay, for the proper understanding of antique tragedy, otherwise the door will be left open to numberless misconceptions.

The visible world was, therefore, interested with man on this side of the grave only. He was a reality only as long as he lived; after death came the region of the shadows. This purely sensual existence was bound to culminate, like everything sensual, in the cultus, the worship of bodily beauty. This cultus received its highest polish amongst the Greeks, but the moment the principle had pronounced itself it was itself doomed. The antithesis —namely, the immortality of the soul—appeared as the reality. This antithesis was Christianity, which wrecked the old world of gods and goddesses. Sensual man became sinful man; for the world of sensuality became the world of the devil. Even

Venus was transformed into a she-devil, as afterwards the whole old world, and even nature itself, was regarded as the work of Satanic powers, from which only the mortification of the flesh and the death of Christ could save us.

The whole period of the Middle Ages was busy with work of redemption, and the fight was the more terrible as every being participating in the nature of an angel and a devil was battling against the spirit of austerity and the demon of sensuality. The religious fanaticism of the Middle Ages, having by means of the Crusades extended to Asia, was confronted at its zenith by the demon Doubt. Fanaticism decreased, and humanity commenced questioning the legality of its oppression. This turning-point of history has been most forcibly portrayed by Lessing in his 'Nathan the Wise.' In the fifth scene of the third act, Nathan, a liberal Israelite, famous for his wisdom, is summoned to appear before the Sultan Saladin in his palace. The Israelite expects that some loan of money will be demanded, and is therefore surprised when he finds that the Sultan wishes to talk of the three creeds professed in Palestine. Of these three only one can be true, says Saladin, who now commands Nathan to state, in confidence, his own sincere belief. The Israelite requests that, before he gives a direct answer, he may be allowed to recite a parable; and when the permission has been given he thus proceeds:

Nathan.—"In the oldest times in an Eastern land
There lived a man who had a precious ring.
The gem, an opal of a hundred tints,

Had such a virtue as would make the wearer
Who trusted it beloved by God and man.
What wonder if the man who had this ring
Preserved it well, and by his will declared
It should for ever in his house remain?
At last, when death came near, he called the son
Whom he loved best, and gave to him the ring,
With one strict charge: 'My son, when you must die,
Let this be given to your own darling child,
The son whom you love best, without regard
To any right of birth.' 'Twas thus the ring
Was always passed on to the best beloved.
Sultan, you understand me?"

Sultan.—"Yes, go on."

Nathan.—"A father, who at last possessed this ring,
Had three dear sons, all dutiful and true,
All three alike beloved. But at one time
This one, and then another seemed most dear,
Most worthy of the ring; and it was given
By promise, first to this son, then to that,
Until it might be claimed by all the three.
At last, when death drew nigh, the father felt
His heart disturbed by the doubt to whom
The ring was due. He could not favour one
And leave two sons in grief. How did he act?
He called a goldsmith in, gave him the gem,
And bade him make exactly of that form
Two other rings, and spare nor cost nor pains
To make all three alike. And this was done
So well, the owner of the first true ring
Could find no trace of difference in the three.
And now he called his sons, one at a time,
And gave to each a blessing and a ring,
One of the three—and died."

Sultan.—"Well! well! go on."

Nathan.—"My tale is ended. You may guess the sequel.
The father dies. Immediately each one

Comes forward with his ring, and asks to be
Proclaimed as head and ruler of the house.
All three assert one claim, and show their rings
All made alike. To find the first, the true,
It was as great a puzzle as for us
To find the one true faith."

Sultan.—"Is that, then, all the answer I must have?"

Nathan.—"'Tis my apology if I decline
To act as judge, or to select the ring,
The one true gem of all three made alike,
All given by one."

Sultan.—"There, talk no more of rings;
The three religions that at first were named
Are all distinct, ay, down to dress, food, drink."

Nathan.—"Just so, and yet their claims are all alike,
As founded upon history, on facts
Believed and handed down from sire to son,
Uniting them in faith. Can we, the Jews,
Distrust the testimony of our race,
Distrust the men who gave us birth, whose love
Did ne'er deceive us, but when we were babes
Taught us, by means of fales, for our good?
Must you distrust your own true ancestors
To favour mine? Or must a Christian doubt
His father's word, and so agree with ours?
Let me name the rings once more.
The sons at last in bitter strife
Appeared before a judge, and each declared
He had the one true ring given by his father.
All said the same, and all three spoke the truth;
Each, rather than suspect his father's words,
Accused his brethren of a fraud."

Sultan.—"What then?
What sentence could the judge pronounce? Go on."

Nathan.—"'Thus said the judge: 'Go bring your father here,
Let him come forth, or I dismiss the case.

Must I sit guessing riddles? must I wait
Till the true ring shall speak out for itself?
But stay. 'Twas said that the authentic gem
Had value that would make the wearer loved
By God and man. That shall decide the case.
Tell me, who of the three is best beloved
By his two brethren? Silent! Then the ring
Hath lost its charm. Each claimant loves himself,
But wins no love. The rings are forgeries.
'Tis plain the first authentic gem was lost:
To keep his word with you and hide his loss,
Your father had these three rings made,
These three instead of one.
But stay,' the judge continued, 'hear one word,
The best advice I have to give, then go.
Let each still trust the ring given by his father;
It might be he would show no partial love,
He loved all three, and therefore would not give
The ring to one and grieve the other two.
Go, emulate your father's equal love.
Let each first test his ring and show its power,
But aid it while you test. Be merciful,
Forbearing, kind to all men, and submit
Your will to God. Such virtues shall increase
Whatever powers the rings themselves may have.
When these among your late posterity
Have shown their virtue in some future time,
A thousand, thousand years away from now,
Then hither come again. A wiser man
Than one now sitting here will hear you then,
And will pronounce the sentence.'
Now, Saladin, art thou the wiser man?
Art thou the judge who will at last pronounce the sentence?"

Sultan.—"I the judge? I'm dust, I'm nothing;
'Tis Allah, Nathan! Now I understand.
The thousand, thousand years have not yet passed,

> The judge is not yet come. I must not place
> Myself upon his throne. I understand.
> Farewell, dear Nathan! go, be still my friend."

The battle between the spirit of Christianity and the devil of sensuality is represented in the tragedy of 'Faust.' We must, therefore, not forget that the two principal figures of the work, Faust and Mephistopheles, really represent one man divided into halves. Mephisto, who, it is true, first appears as a dog, represents the animal nature in man, in the being of Faust. He is, therefore, made to appear almost identical with Faust, as far as his costume is concerned, though somewhat toned down. They appear as two brothers, one of whom has ennobled himself by the most subtle speculations of the mind; the other thrown himself completely into the arms of sensuality. And now to the tragedy. Faust, a doctor of metaphysics, has fallen out with his own little world, the Christian one of the Middle Ages, with its philosophy, law, and, unfortunately, with its theology also. He wants to know at what point a man is to believe only. His speculations have led him so far that he is unable to quench his thirst after knowledge:

> "To feel that nothing can be known,
> This is the thought that burns into my heart."

He is surrounded by books and old dusty parchments. Law, physic, divinity, all these he derides as dry abstractions and dead formulæ, conferring on the student no power to control the boundless energies and resources of nature.

"Alas! I have explored
Philosophy, and law and medicine,
And over deep divinity have poured,
Studying with ardent and laborious zeal.
And here I am, at last, a very fool,
With useless learning curst,
No wiser than at first."

(This scene is the only part in which the Dr. Faustus of Marlowe bears any similarity to that of Goethe.) He opens a book of magic, and after contemplating with rapture the sign of the Macrocosm, pronounces mystically the sign of the Spirit of the Earth. He quails before the apparition, and the spirit vanishes with an expression of contempt:

"Man, thou art like the spirit thou *dost* comprehend, not me."

Faust cannot bear the sight of it. The Spirit of the Earth disappears, and the spirit which he *can* comprehend—Wagner, his *famulus*, confronting him as his equal—appears and takes its place. The character of this dry-as-dust pedant is admirably contrasted with that of Faust. In Wagner we see a man who looks upon the dry bones and mere lumber of erudition as choice meat and drink for intellectual constitution,—in a word, a man who has passed the goal when learning and knowledge are a pleasure; who theoretically has passed the goal, and fancies he can comprehend what lies beyond.

"Oh, with what difficulty are the means
Acquired that lead us to the springs of knowledge!
And when the path is found, ere we have trod
Half the long way, poor wretches, we must die."

Wagner departs, and Faust is once more alone, nay, doubly alone. He seeks a new idea in the world of negation with which he has surrounded himself. Nothing remains to him except despair, and he thus resolves to die rather than continue an existence of misery. Suicide stares him ghastly in the face. With the words—

"I greet thee, comforter,"

he raises the vial with poison to his lips. He does not desire to destroy himself in order to cross the barrier of life, but rather to spy into the secrets of the world beyond—of eternity.

"Image of God! I thought that I had been
Sublimed from earth, no more a child of clay;
That, shining gloriously with heaven's own day,
I had beheld truth's countenance serene."

With all his doubts he fears the unknown Beyond, and although trying to encourage himself, he is lacking in fortitude to take his own life.

"I am not like the gods. No, no. I tremble,
Feeling impressed upon my mind the thought
Of the mean worm whose nature I resemble.
'Tis dust, and lives in dust."

At this very moment old Christian associations crowd forcibly upon him, and his resolution is shaken by the distant peal of bells and the hymn of Christendom on Easter morn,—

"Christ hath arisen
Out of death's prison."

Tears come to his eyes, and with the words—

"Ye call me back to life again, sweet bells,"

he resigns his dread intention. Easter is not only

a Christian festival, it represents the birth of nature also in all phases of life, animal and vegetable. Physically his suicide was not accomplished, spiritually it was. In that fell Easter night he killed the old Faust. The negation of Christianity has a real existence in him, in the awakening of the chaotic, animal nature of his being. He himself feels that—

> "In my breast,
> Alas! two souls dwell, all there is unrest;
> Each with the other strives for mastery,
> Each from the other struggles to be free—
> One to the fleshy joys the coarse earth yields,
> With clumsy tendrils clings, and one would rise
> In massive power, and vindicate the fields,
> Its own by birthright, its ancestral skies."

Comparing this rendering with the original, the reader will, I am convinced, fully agree with the critic I quoted at the opening. This translation but feebly renders—

> "Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Brust;
> Die Eine will sich von der Anderen trennen,
> Die Eine hält in derber Liebeslust;
> Sich an die Welt mit klammernden Organen,
> Die Andere hebt gewaltsam sich vom Duft,
> Zu den Gefilden hoher Ahnen."

His two souls actually sever themselves, and commence the conflict before our very eyes. That which happens on the theatre of his soul, if I may be permitted to use the term, we see represented, externally, as a dog moving round about him, which animal he entices towards him and takes home. It will be understood as natural that the poet has

Comes forward with his ring, and asks to be
Proclaimed as head and ruler of the house.
All three assert one claim, and show their rings
All made alike. To find the first, the true,
It was as great a puzzle as for us
To find the one true faith."
Sultan.—"Is that, then, all the answer I must have?"
Nathan.—"'Tis my apology if I decline
To act as judge, or to select the ring,
The one true gem of all three made alike,
All given by one."
Sultan.—"There, talk no more of rings;
The three religions that at first were named
Are all distinct, ay, down to dress, food, drink."
Nathan.—"Just so, and yet their claims are all alike,
As founded upon history, on facts
Believed and handed down from sire to son,
Uniting them in faith. Can we, the Jews,
Distrust the testimony of our race,
Distrust the men who gave us birth, whose love
Did ne'er deceive us, but when we were babes
Taught us, by means of fales, for our good?
Must you distrust your own true ancestors
To favour mine? Or must a Christian doubt
His father's word, and so agree with ours?
Let me name the rings once more.
The sons at last in bitter strife
Appeared before a judge, and each declared
He had the one true ring given by his father.
All said the same, and all three spoke the truth;
Each, rather than suspect his father's words,
Accused his brethren of a fraud."
Sultan.—"What then?
What sentence could the judge pronounce? Go on."
Nathan.—"Thus said the judge: 'Go bring your father here,
Let him come forth, or I dismiss the case.

Must I sit guessing riddles? must I wait
Till the true ring shall speak out for itself?
But stay. 'Twas said that the authentic gem
Had value that would make the wearer loved
By God and man. That shall decide the case.
Tell me, who of the three is best beloved
By his two brethren? Silent! Then the ring
Hath lost its charm. Each claimant loves himself,
But wins no love. The rings are forgeries.
'Tis plain the first authentic gem was lost:
To keep his word with you and hide his loss,
Your father had these three rings made,
These three instead of one.
But stay,' the judge continued, 'hear one word,
The best advice I have to give, then go.
Let each still trust the ring given by his father;
It might be he would show no partial love,
He loved all three, and therefore would not give
The ring to one and grieve the other two.
Go, emulate your father's equal love.
Let each first test his ring and show its power,
But aid it while you test. Be merciful,
Forbearing, kind to all men, and submit
Your will to God. Such virtues shall increase
Whatever powers the rings themselves may have.
When these among your late posterity
Have shown their virtue in some future time,
A thousand, thousand years away from now,
Then hither come again. A wiser man
Than one now sitting here will hear you then,
And will pronounce the sentence.'
Now, Saladin, art thou the wiser man?
Art thou the judge who will at last pronounce the sentence?"

Sultan.—"I the judge? I'm dust, I'm nothing;
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Sultan.—"I the judge? I'm dust, I'm nothing;
'Tis Allah, Nathan! Now I understand.
The thousand, thousand years have not yet passed,

From this day forward am I dedicate
To the indulgence of tempestuous passions,
Love agonising, idolising hatred,
Cheering vexation, and all that animates
And is our nature."

It is contrived whilst in this mood he shall meet the heroine of the drama, Margarethe, the representative of Nature herself, in all the innocence imagined by poets and mystics. Margarethe is seen coming out of church, from confession, where she has had nothing to confess. She represents the pure womanly being previous to the fall. The service has ended, and the congregation is dispersing when Margarethe arrives. Faust follows her. He is at her side. He politely offers her his arm, and is emphatically refused.

"Bin weder Fräulein, weder schön,
Kann ungeleitet nach Hause geh'n."

Faust's whole temperament is changed, and he says,

"By heaven, she is a lovely child,
A fairer never met my eye,
Modest she seems, and good and mild.
Though something pert was her reply,
The red lips bright, the cheeks' soft light
(My youth hath not departed quite),
She passed, her timid eyes declining,
Deep in my heart they still are shining,
And her light spirit's lively play
Hath stolen me from myself away."

Faust has become purely sensual. He utters the words just quoted, and turning round and beholding Mephisto, he commands him to bring the maiden within his reach.

Next we find Margarethe in her own room.

Faust's appearance and his impudent address have not been without effect; and inquisitiveness, the old snake of Paradise, moves her:—

"I'd give, anything did I but know
Who the gentleman was that spoke to me."

Her speeches are short, her thoughts as yet trouble her but little. She leaves, and Faust and Mephisto enter. Surrounded by the spiritual presence of Margarethe, he commences to feel the germ of true love towards her. Here, then, the great secret is hinted at,—spiritual man can only be saved by eternal love. No heavenly bliss can come through our own strength alone, it can only be obtained by the assistance of divine grace. Mephisto, the spirit of sensuality, is obliged to aid in this salvation,—against his will, of course, because he cannot conceive that he must remain at the service of a higher power, whatever he may do. Naturally this feeling is repulsive to him, and he desires to be gone. Previous to his departure he has placed a small casket of jewels on the table as a present for Margarethe. She on re-entering finds the chamber close, and expresses her fears, wishing her mother were at home. The sweet poison of love seems to be taking effect more and more, as if an arrow-head had entered her wounded heart. Whilst busying herself about the room she sings the beautiful and simple ballad of the King of Thule:

"There was a king in Thule,
And he loved a humble maid,
And she also loved him truly;
Then he came to her death-bed.

"A golden cup she gave him,
Which none could better prize,
And ever as he drank of it
Tears dimmed his flaming eyes.

"And when he came to die,
To his heirs his wealth he told,
Left all without a sigh
But his mistress' cup of gold.

"As at the royal banquet
Among his knights sat he,
In the high hall of his fathers,
In their fortress o'er the sea,

"Up stood the gay old monarch,
For the last time up he stood,
For the last time drained the blessed cup,
And threw it in the flood.

"He saw it falling, falling,
And sinking in the sea;
His eyes lost sight of it, and sank,
And never more drank he."

Margarethe now finds the casket, and fancies it is something which has been pawned with her mother. She adorns herself with the jewels, and this opportunity causes the vanity of woman and the envy of the poor against the rich to appear. In such a short period the passions develop themselves, up to the most intense one—Love, in the flame of which Margarethe is to burn like Phœnix. But the jewels which were to gain Margarethe for Faust have had a different lot. In the next scene we learn that the mother has given them to a priest for the benefit of the Church. Mephisto is beside himself, he is in the greatest state of uneasiness, especially as he has become subservient to the

Christianity of the priests. The play, therefore, changes here; the scoffer becomes the scoffed one, and that by Faust, who commands him to obtain some more jewelry. As Faust has a contrast in Mephisto, so Margarethe has one in Martha. She is Margarethe's neighbour. We look into her room and hear her complaining that her husband has gone to the wars, and is, perhaps, dead. Her selfishness shows itself in the words—

"Oh, horror!
If I only had the certificate of his death!"

To such an egotistical being Margarethe comes, having found the new jewels, but kept the knowledge of them a secret from her mother. Martha advises continued secrecy, and gives her permission to come to her whenever she wants to wear the jewels. Here Margarethe gives Mephisto an opportunity of approaching her. He comes to see Martha under pretence of bringing her news of her deceased husband:

"Your husband 's dead, and sends his love,"

the spirit of contradiction again manifesting itself. During their conversation we gain an insight into the utter depravity of Martha's nature—the zenith of animal egotism.

Mephisto at length wants to be gone, but Martha desires the certificate of death, and the evil one soon finds a way out of the difficulty. He will, he says, prove the truth of his assertion by means of two witnesses, and thus he finds an opportunity of introducing Faust.

"By good luck, at present
There's one in town who to the fact can speak,
A man of character and high condition;
He'll make the necessary deposition.
I'll bring him in the evening."
Martha.—"Don't be later."

And thus the appointment is made, the invitation having been given in proper form.

"In the garden then, behind my house,
We shall expect both gentlemen
This evening there. Farewell till then."

Through the influence of the animal elements of the male, as depicted in Mephisto, the female in Martha, the two poles, Faust and Margarethe, are drawn towards one another. But Faust must first commit perjury with reference to the death of Martha's husband, Herr Schwertlein. Mephisto's persuasive eloquence finds utterance in the following terms:

"Is this the first time in your life that you
Have borne false witness? Have you lectured 'On
God,' and 'On the world'? and 'All that moves therein'?
And 'Man'? and on 'How thought originates'?
And that enigma, 'Man's mysterious nature'?
'The intellectual and the moral powers'?
Have you not dealt in formal definitions
With forehead unabashed and heart undaunted?
Yet, if you did but own the truth, your conscience
Must tell you—does it not?—you know no more
Of all these matters than of Schwertlein's death."

When, however, Mephisto tries to include in the above category the protestations of his love for Margarethe, Faust bids him avaunt! and the

intensity of eternal love carries all before it. Mephisto is confused. He cannot comprehend this. He can but reply:

"Yet I am in the right."

Here Faust carries off a short victory, which, however, becomes a defeat by his subsequent voluntary surrender.

"I'm tired of talk, you then *are* in the right,
You *must* be sure! I have no help for it."

Now follows the garden scene, the parallels being—

Mephisto and Martha,—Faust with Margarethe.

We have a cosy garden, enclosed by a wall. A lilac tree in full bloom gives a beautiful fragrance to heighten the pleasure of the scene. We distinguish six distinct phases in the scene.

1st Phase.

Margarethe is learning love's A B C. She cannot understand, and yet would like to know, what Faust sees in her, for she fancies herself so simple-minded.

2nd Phase.

Martha has made up her mind to captivate Mephisto. In an *argumentum ad hominem* she advises him to marry:

"In youth's wild days it cannot but be pleasant,
This idle roaming round and round the world,
With wild-fire spirits and heart disengaged;
But soon comes age and sorrow, and to drag

Through the last years of life down to the grave
A solitary creature—like the wretch
Who moves from prison on to execution,—
This must be bad for body and for soul."

Mephisto, however, only ridicules her:

"You make me shudder at the dreary prospect."

3rd Phase.

Faust and Margarethe reappear. His likeness is already fixed in her heart; her soul has gone out towards him. She shows her fear most plainly, lest he should go away and forget her. Faust's question—

"Your time is passed, then, much alone?"

gives the motive for her charmingly *naïve* narrative of her household and family. She has a brother, Valentine, who is a soldier, but the little sister whom she brought up is dead. We can read her heart as a book, and see into it as into a pellucid lake. Margarethe's character is in this scene most clearly and fully developed for us. In none of his creations has Goethe's muse ascended to such flights as here. It is only by means of this scene that the subsequent one in the dungeon can be explained and understood.

4th Phase.

Not yet converted, Martha attacks Mephisto more energetically still:

"Tell me plainly: have you never met
One whom you loved? Thought you of marriage yet?"

Mephisto does not wish to understand her, and

his speeches are so humorous because Martha really puts him into a corner. She would desire nothing more than to make a second trial of married blessedness with him.

5th Phase.

Faust is now already the confidant of Margarethe. Confessions follow.

Faust.—"And so thou didst, my angel, didst thou not,
The moment that I came into the garden,
Remember me again upon this spot?"

She responds:

"Did you not see it? I held down my eyes."

Faust now asks her if she has pardoned his rudeness in addressing her in the manner he did as she came out of church. And here we learn what we have already known:

"Yet must I own I did not then detect
How my heart pleaded for thee, nor suspect
I with *myself* was angry, that with thee
As angry as I ought I could not be."

Faust is already permitted to name her "Sweet love." And now comes the beautiful—

"He loves me; he loves me not; he loves me."

The moment has arrived in which budding love is about to burst forth into bloom.

Faust.—"Yes, my child, deem this language of the flower
The answer of an oracle. He loves thee.
Dost thou know the meaning of 'He loves thee'?"
Margarethe.—"I tremble."

The new-born, not-to-be-explained feeling of in-

tense love which has suddenly taken possession of her being makes her, as it were, wish to flee from herself more than from Faust, who now follows her.

Last Phase.

Martha now retires from the uneven conflict with Mephisto, not on account of being defeated, but because she despairs lest she should be. When the words "The night is coming on" escape her, Mephisto feels as if he had got rid of the mill-stone round his neck. "Yes, and we must away." Martha seemingly wraps herself in the mantle of virtue, fearing the evil tongues of her neighbours, and she and her escort go to look for Faust and Margarethe. We look into a small summer-house, an arbour hidden like a nest in the foliage; and within and without the little feathered friends are flitting to and fro. It is Faust who, holding Margasethe in his arms, imprints passionate kisses upon her lips. It is Margarethe who returns the embrace, and sighing says:

"Dearest and best! with my whole heart I love thee."

But before the porch we have the representatives of the sensual element of love—Mephisto and Martha. We thus understand Faust's exclamation —"A brute!" when he catches a glimpse of Mephisto. Margarethe remains behind in ecstasy over the beauty of her lover,—

"How many things a man like this must know!"

and overcome by the consciousness of her own shortcomings exclaims:

"And I had but a 'yes'
For everything he said, confused
By every word; yet he excused
Each fault of mine. What can it be
That thus attaches him to me?"

On Faust, too, we must play the eavesdropper, and listen to his soliloquy. He has fled the city and betaken himself to the solitude of the woods. He hesitates and trembles to destroy Margarethe in his passion. He has everything nature can give him, but he feels also with bitter pain that nothing absolutely perfect can fall to the lot of man. He is intoxicated with the desire to satisfy his passion, and, still uneasy even in enjoyment, languishes for desire. At this point it is shown that the compact between Faust and Mephisto can never be fulfilled by the latter:

"Would I arrest
And hail the happy moment in its course,
Bidding it linger with me, then throw me
Into fetters. Then willingly do I consent to perish."

Faust could only then sink completely to the level of a brute and lose his salvation, if he could really find satisfaction in sensuality. Bodily he can; he will therefore perish in the body, but not in the spirit. Mephistopheles, the demon of sensuality, is forced though desiring evil to work out good. He has not yet, however, renounced the hope of victory. He paints Margarethe's sorrow at his (Faust's) departure, and tempts him once more to go into her presence to—

"Comfort the young monkey,
And requite the poor thing for her love."

Faust reads his design, and calls him—

"Serpent, vile serpent;"

to which Mephisto replies aside:

"Aye, and one that stings."

Since Faust desired to drain to the dregs the cup of human passions in purely creature-like, animal existence, he must continue in the broad and easy way that leadeth unto perdition.

"What must be, be it soon. Let the crash fall
Down on me of her ruin. Perish all,
She—I—and these wild thoughts together."

Faust, under the influence of Margarethe's suggestions, learns to abhor his companion, and expresses a longing to be freed from his contact. Meanwhile, with a foreboding of sorrow, Margarethe sits at her spinning-wheel, singing—

"My peace is gone, my heart is sore,
I've lost him, and lost him for evermore!
The place where he is not, to me is the tomb,
The world is sadness and sorrow and gloom.

"My poor sick brain is crazed with pain,
And my poor sick heart is torn in twain.
My peace is gone, and my heart is sore,
For lost is my love for evermore.

"From the windows for him my heavy eyes roam;
To seek him, all lonely, I wander from home;
His noble form, his bearing high,
The smiles of his lip, and the power of his eye.

"And the magic tone of that voice of his—
His hand's soft pressure, and oh! his kiss!—
My peace is gone, my heart is sore,
I have lost him, and lost him for evermore.

"Far wanders my heart to feel him near,
Oh, could I clasp him, and hold him here!
Hold him and kiss him. Oh, could I die!
To feed on his kisses how willingly."

Scarcely has she ended when Mephisto reappears, but Margarethe, shuddering at the very sight of him, flies into her lover's arms. There is a pause as slyly, shyly she commences, "Promise me, Henry," and expresses her doubt concerning the religious opinions of her lover. She fears that his Christianity is not very deep, as also his views on the sacredness of the marriage rite, which, according to the Roman Catholic Church, is classed amongst the sacraments. Faust does not know how to get out of the difficulty of answering her, when Margarethe, going a step too far, helps him by inquiring if he believes in God. Now follows that splendid confession of a Pantheist:

Margarethe.—"Do you believe in God?"
Faust.—"Forbear, my love.
Who can truly say, 'I believe in God'?
Ask it of priest or of philosopher,
And the reply seems but a mockery of him
Who asks."
Margarethe.—"Then thou dost not believe?"
Faust.—"Misunderstand me not, thou best beloved.
Who can name Him, and, knowing what He says,
Say, 'I believe in Him'? And who can feel,
And with self-violence to conscious wrong,
Hardening his heart, say, I believe Him not,
The all-embracing, all-sustaining One?
Say,—doth He not embrace, sustain, include
Thee? me? Himself? Bends not the sky
Above? And the earth on which we are, is it

Not firm? And over us, with constant
Kindly smile, the sleepless stars
Keep everlasting watch? Am I not here,
Gazing into thine eyes? And does not
All that is, seen and unseen, mysterious all,
Around thee and within, untiring energy,
Press on thy heart and mine?
Fill thy whole heart with it, and when thou art
Lost in the consciousness of happiness,
Then call it what thou wilt,—happiness, heart,
Love, God,—I have no name for it. Feeling
Is all. Name—sound and smoke, dimming
The glow of heaven."

Margarethe replies:

"This is all good and right. The priest says
Pretty much the same, but in words somewhat different."

"All hearts," says Faust, "in all places under the blessed light of day, say it, each in its own language, why not I in mine?"

To whom Margarethe:

"Yet there is something strange about thy Christianity."

She reproaches him with the evil company he keeps, alluding to Mephisto. In his (Mephisto's) presence she almost feels her own love vanishing; certain it is she cannot pray. The guileless innocence which prattles thus, prepares us for the *naïve* readiness with which she is willing to admit her lover into her apartment:

"This very night
How gladly would I leave the door unbolted!
But then my mother's sleep is far from sound."

She consents to give her mother a sleeping draught, which under diabolical influence acts like poison. Thus she parts from the man she loves:

"Seh' ich Dich bester Mann nur an
Weiss nicht was mich nach deinem Willen treibt,
Ich habe schon so viel für Dich gethan
Dass mir zu thun fast nichts mehr übrig bleibt."

This scene is followed with terrible significance by that brief one at the well where Margarethe hears her friends triumph over the fall of one of her companions. Women, in all other circumstances so compassionate, are merciless to each other precisely in those situations where feminine sympathy would be most grateful, where feminine tenderness should be most suggestive. Bessy, the friend, lets all her wrath fall on the victim; but Margarethe, taught compassion by experience, cannot triumph now as formerly she would have done, now that she too is a sinner, and cannot chide. The closing words of this soliloquy have never been adequately translated. There is something in their simplicity and intensity which defies translation:

"Doch alles was dazu mich trieb,
Gott war so gut! ach war so lieb!

Margarethe is now depicted praying to the *Mater Dolorosa*, to hide her shame and rescue her from death.

"Mother benign!
Look down on me!
No grief like thine,
Thou who didst see
In His death agony
Thy Son divine.

Oh! in this hour of death and the near grave,
Succour me thou and save;

Look on me with that countenance benign.
Never was grief like thine!
Look down, look down on mine!"

Her shame becomes public. Her brother Valentine finds Faust under her window with Mephistopheles serenading her. A fight ensues. Valentine receives a mortal wound and dies, reproaching his guilty sister as the cause of his death. Valentine is the representative of family honour and civic order. The catastrophe is heightened by his death. He is a brave young soldier, his only pride his beautiful young sister, whom he was accustomed to praise before all his comrades. He thus becomes the incarnation of family egotism, loving himself as part of his own family, which egotism is evidently in the wrong, and which he seals with his death. He is caused to appear, in the great tragedy of the passions, to be the hero of a smaller tragedy in middle-class life. The poor fellow whilst dying utters vehement reproaches against Martha; the tragic reconciliation between brother and sister being the consciousness of the dying man that—

"Fearless I go, as fits the brave,
To God and to a soldier's grave!"

From this scene of bloodshed and horror we are led to the cathedral. The organ peals forth and Margarethe enters, followed by Martha. Margarethe prays amongst the crowd, the evil spirit at her side. The ritual, the solemn tones of the organ, the "*Dies iræ, dies illa*," awake Margarethe's conscience, which visibly, as her evil spirit, is sitting beside her. Conscience is the voice of the heart, the surest

index of right and wrong. So here, the awakening of conscience is the first step in the act of repentance. The evil spirit then tells us that the sleeping draught administered to the mother has caused her death, and Gretchen finds herself in the greatest despair. She is overpowered by remorse, for the evil one interprets the words of the hymn in their most appalling significance.

I omit the 'Walpurgisnacht,' for although a splendid episode, it has not of a necessity any bearing on the main plot of the poem.

The scene is in the Hartz Mountains, where the witches are holding their sabbath. On reaching the place of meeting Faust and Mephisto find, beside witches and wizards, representative characters moralising on the degeneracy of the age; and amongst many strange objects Faust has a foreboding vision of the fate of his beloved. No description can convey more than a very faint notion of the Intermezzo supposed to be performed by a *dilettante* company on the Blocksberg, the *dramatis personæ* being a motley crew, with each a couplet or two assigned to them, the point of which (when there is a point) can only be made intelligible by notes.

I would wish to draw attention to the fact how cleverly the poet contrasts his scenes. Immediately after the solemn cathedral rites we have the diabolical, the wizard-like element of the Blocksberg. Now we approach the *dénouement* of the tragedy.

Seduction has led to infanticide, the murder to the condemnation of the mother. This Faust

learns from Mephisto. We are then taken to the portal of a dungeon. Faust approaches with a key and a lamp. The song in which Margarethe's evil spirit finds utterance is the contents of an old legend, in which a wretched mother destroys her child, cooks it, and places it as a meal before her husband. The little sister of the murdered one collects the bones and buries them under a tree. The bones are transformed into a bird which sings from a tree in front of the house, when, the wretched mother approaching, she is killed by a stone which the bird lets drop:

"My mother, my mother, my mother hath slain me;
My father inhuman for supper hath ta'en me;
My little sister hath, one by one,
Laid together each small white bone
'Mid almond blossoms to sleep in the cool,
And I awoke me a wood-bird beautiful.
Fly away! fly away! all the long summer day,
Little bird of the woods, fly away! fly away!"

Her delirium has transformed her own murdered babe into a bird. She fancies she hears it singing, and she repeats incessantly the words of the song, "Fly away! fly away!" Faust enters. Margarethe imagines it is the gaoler come to lead her to the scaffold. The twofold "Woe! woe!" is the exclamation of a creature overcome by fear of death, which ends in the words "They come," and in the sad resignation "Bitter death." Her brain is shaken, but she is not mad. Every word she utters is a horrible truth. Then she appeals to this man, whom she mistakes for the hangman—and this is the, to her, unknown Faust,—for pity, for

mercy. She is beside herself that she is to die at such an early hour, it not being daylight:

"It is not more than midnight now, have mercy!
Is it too long to wait till morn?"

Her sorrow that she is still so youthful is intensely real, the wail from the depth of her heart, and like every criminal she tries to excuse her crime:

"And I am still so young—so very young!
And must I die so soon? And I was fair,
And I was fair, and that was my undoing,
Oh, if my love were here! but he is gone!"

Her fear of death increases when Faust takes hold of her.

"Savage! who gave this cruel power to thee?"

It must be remembered that she mistakes him for the hangman, hence her tone of address. Overcome by fear of death, her imagination leads her to fancy that the child which in spirit she nursed during the night still lives; for its having become a little forest bird is only a legend among the people, who say it applies to her. In Faust, who is kneeling beside her, she perceives merely a being with whom she can pray, and thus soothe the pains of hell with which her conscience is troubled.

"Let us kneel down and call upon the saints.
See! see! beneath us hell boils up.
The devil is raging there below
In hideous din."

Only when Faust calls her by name does she seem to have an idea of his presence; she listens, as if he, so near, were at a distance. Now she springs

from her bed of straw; her chains fall; her words explain themselves. Faust's "'Tis I," is immediately responded to. "'Tis thou?" But as if in doubt, she begs, "Oh, say it once again." All fear, all horror of the present pass away; he only, her lover, fills her soul. But the Faust counselling flight is no longer her happy, loving Faust. The night of her misfortune again breaks on her. The remembrance of the horrid deed which has happened again becomes vivid, and in an awful monotone she commences, "My mother I poisoned!" and increasing in horror and intensity, "My child I drowned." Trembling, fearing, her crime appears doubly great. But her lover carries a heavy burden of guilt. He is the murderer of her brother, and as if awakening suddenly to the full comprehension of the awful deed, she shrieks, "Oh, God! what hast thou done?" Faust's reply makes it evident that he has been found guilty, but he is to live to look after the grave and her own burial. Commencing with the words, "Nay, you must stay," down to the sad, hopeless exclamation—

"No one will otherwise be by my side!"

every word breathes forth an intensely sorrowful, sad request. It is the last demand on earth.

"No, you must live. No, you have to remain.
I will describe to you the graves which you
To-morrow must see made. The best place
Give to my poor mother;
Near her lay my brother;
And by their side a little space away,
But not too far from them, must be my place.
And lay the little one on my right breast,

No other will lie with me in that grave,
To nestle down in quiet, side by side
With thee. Oh, what a happy thing it was!
A happy thing that never more can be."

She declines to flee with Faust, preferring to wash out her sin by death. There is, therefore, a heartfelt sorrow contained in the words, "Oh, Henry, could I only go with thee!" but she cannot escape her fate; for if she were to flee, her evil conscience would be the cause of her being re-arrested.

"I dare not go. There is no help for me.
What good is it to fly? My steps are watched.
It is a hard thing to be forced to beg,
And harder, harassed by an evil conscience.
'Tis hard to wander in a foreign land;
And then, whate'er I do, at last they'll seize me."

Faust promises to remain with her, but she exclaims, "Can you undo what is already done?" This question makes her brain whirl; her memory returns to the last moments of a poisoned, dying mother and a drowned infant. Her paroxysm ends in the cry, "Save! save." Faust now desires to carry her away by force; she will not permit it. Her consciousness has returned once more, and with fearful certainty she exclaims,—

"Yes, it is growing day; the last day is breaking.
My bridal day it should have been. Tell none
That thou hast been with poor weak Margarethe.
Alas! my garland is already withered.
We'll meet again, but not at dances, love!
The crowd is gathering tumultuously.
The square and street are thronged with crushing thousands.

The bell hath sounded, the death wand is broken.
They bind and blindfold me, and force me on—
On to the scaffold they have hurried me.
And now through every neck of all that multitude
Is felt the bitter wound that severs mine.
The world is now as silent as the grave."

As previously the just closed past appeared to her excited imagination as the present, so the immediate future is now pictured to her as the present. Here her work is ended. Her physical death is only as it were the full stop of the sentence—only the symbol of the consummation of earthly existence. Mephisto appears at the door. Margarethe recognises the evil one. "'Tis he! 'tis he! send him from this place!" she exclaims. "What would he here? Why does he tread on consecrated ground?" With the words, "He comes for me," she shudders from the demon of sin and sensuality. Falling on her knees, she resigns herself to the judgment of God. The absolution is complete.

Mephisto.—"Come, she is judged."
A Voice (from above).—"Saved!"

The last words from Mephisto to Faust, "Hither to me," need no elucidation, and with them the tragedy ends, a voice from within dying away uttering the words "Henry! Henry!"

The earthly Faust is lost; the spiritual one, however, is saved in the same manner as his earthly love is lost as represented in Margarethe, in order to be crowned by an eternal, heavenly one, which by its powers shall free him from the trammels of sin.

The amount of controversy these last few lines have occasioned seems scarcely credible; "the most poetical interpretation being, I take it," says Mr. Hayward, "that Margarethe dies after uttering the last words assigned to her; that the judgment of Heaven is pronounced upon her as her spirit parts (Mephisto announces it in his usual sardonic and deceitful way); that the voice from above makes known the real purport, and that the voice from within dying away is Margarethe's spirit calling to her lover on its way to heaven, whilst her body lies dead on the stage."

Schlegel, in a letter to Martin, says, "Sie ist gerichtet" se rapporte à la sentence de mort, prononcée par les juges; les mots suivants "Sie ist gerettet," au salut de son âme." It has been contended that "Sie ist gerichtet" refers both to the judgment in heaven and to the judgment upon earth. As to the translation of the passage no doubt can well exist, for *richten* is literally to judge, and is constantly used in the precise sense the above interpretation attributes to it; for instance, "Zu richten die Lebendigen und die Todten," to judge the quick and the dead.

With what words shall one sum up this wonderfully beautiful poem? Regarding the translations of the noble work, I expressed my opinion at the outset. Even in the original the effect depends so much on the language, that it must be read and re-read to be appreciated. Its glory soon dawns upon the student. It is now one of those works which exercise a fascination to be compared only to the minute and inexhaustible love we feel for

those long dear to us, every expression having a peculiar and, by association, quite mystic influence.

With peculiar reference to his universality, Goethe has been called the Voltaire of Germany. But the comparison is unjust to him. His genius was of a higher order, and he bears to German literature as a whole the same relation which Voltaire bears to the French of the eighteenth century. In the opening lecture of a remarkable series at the University of Berlin it was stated boldly and unequivocally, "Goethe has created our language and our speech. Before him both were without value in the world-mart of the nations of Europe."

Madame de Stael said of him that he might represent the entire literature of his country. Not that there are not other writers superior to him in some respects, but that alone he represents all that distinguishes the German mind, and no one is so remarkable for a kind of imagination to which neither Italians, French, nor English can lay claim. In Germany the admiration for Goethe is a kind of freemasonry. At the Shakespeare Tercentenary at Stratford a German gentleman, speaking for a deputation, rose and said that "he and his friends had come to do honour to the second greatest poet that ever lived"—Goethe being the first. He was not like his own Tasso, the silkworm, self-producing from within; he drew his inspiration from without, from the acting, feeling, thinking, suffering world around him.

As a drama, the first impression, perhaps inevitable, is unfavorable to 'Faust,' for reasons previously stated. The scenes hang loosely together,

and unity of action is altogether wanting. As a poem we must distinguish the picture from the problem. We must come to the conclusion that it is the cry of despair over the nothingness of life. Baffled in the attempt to penetrate the mysteries of life, Faust yields himself to the tempter, who promises that he shall penetrate into the full enjoyment of life. He is restless because he seeks the absolute, which never can be found. This is the doom of humanity. *Es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt.* Goethe tried as near as possible to solve the problem practically and theoretically by his doctrine of renunciation and the example of his life.

Knowledge can only be relative, never absolute. But relative knowledge is infinite, and to us infinitely important. In that wide sphere let each one work according to his ability. The sphere of active duty is wide, sufficing, ennobling to all who strenuously work in it. In the very sweat of labour there is a stimulus which gives energy to life, and a consciousness that our labour tends in some way to the lasting benefit of others, and makes the rolling years endurable.

"If you wish for deeper knowledge,
Think for yourself!
Let the wide world be your college,
Think for yourself!
In a college so extensive,
Knowledge may be comprehensive
Without being made expensive,
Think for yourself!"

Works consulted.—'Faust,' translated by B. Taylor; 'Life of Goethe,' by T. de Quincey; 'Goethe,' by A. Hayward; 'Life of Goethe,' by J. Sime; 'Faust,' by A. Swanwick; 'Life of Goethe,' by G. H. Lewes; 'Faust,' by J. Anster; Marlowe's 'Faustus;' 'Goethe,' Carlyle; 'Hosmer,' German literature; and others.

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ROMANTIC INCIDENTS IN LITERARY DISCOVERY.

BY SAMUEL DAVEY, F.R.S.L.

[Read February 9th, 1898.]

It was the opinion of the learned German antiquary, Oberlin, that *nothing* should be destroyed or thrown away until after strict examination. Although we cannot expect to find the fragments of a classic in every piece of writing which has been surrendered to the service of butter, soap, candles, or small articles of grocery, yet it is well sometimes to examine any chance writing or miscellaneous papers which may pass through our hands.

It is to the merest chance that we owe the recovery of some of the long-lost and most precious treasures of our ancient and mediæval classic literature, and this very often at a time when any further delay would have made the discovery unavailable. The pleasing fictions of Sterne of the rescue of a manuscript "wrapped in a little print of butter upon a currant leaf," and from the "gun wadding" in 'The Man of Feeling,' have been more than paralleled by actual facts. When we consider what indignities our literature has suffered at various times by the "despisers of learning"—from Vandalism, ignorance, and superstition (as shown by the words which Shakespeare puts into

the mouth of Jack Cade, "Burn all the records of the realm"), we ought to be thankful that so many valuable relics have been preserved to us,—when we read of the wholesale spoliation of libraries at the time of the dissolution of monasteries, and afterwards in the excitements and burning passions of a revolutionary age, when men were "drunk with a new fury beyond the grape," and their destructive energies were expended on some of the noblest works of learning and art; it is well for us that, out of the wreck of these noble libraries, some flotsam and jetsam have been recovered. In the year 1549 the well-known Bishop of Ossory (Dr. Bale) gives us the following curious picture of "the detestable plunder of these monasteries," and of their despoilers, whom he assails with every objurgation in his vocabulary of anathemas. He says:

"Among all the nations where I have wandered for the knowledge of things, I have found none so negligent and untoward as I have found England in the due search of their ancient histories."

He continues:

"The library books of monasteries were reserved by the purchasers of these houses to serve the basest purposes, to scour the candlesticks and to rub their boots; some were sold to grocers, soap sellers, and some sent over the sea to the bookbinder, not in small numbers, but at times whole ships full. I know a merchantman that bought the contents of two libraries for forty shillings price, a shame it is to be spoken; this stuff hath he occupied instead of grey paper by the space of more than these ten years, and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come."

In other places we read of some of the choicest

specimens of art being torn from illuminated missals by maid-servants to amuse fractious children, —also of soldiers tearing whole libraries to pieces and wallowing like swine in their contents, of how "the glovers of a town supplied themselves with vellum for ten years with the produce of a single library." It does not surprise us that some of these precious fragments should come to light where least expected—in holes, crevices of walls, closed cupboards, under floors, and over ceilings, in such a variety of out-of-the-way places that we are irresistibly reminded of the ingenious fictions used by Charles Dickens for the depository of his stories; of finding papers in old chests, of writing found in the dressing-case, writing in the boots, in the hat box, and "writing folded away down among the very whalebones of an umbrella." In many cases these papers were hid away for family or political reasons, and often doubtless through the inexplicable complexities of accident or caprice. Some of the most interesting discoveries of ancient manuscripts have been made from palimpsests. In consequence of the scarcity or dearness of vellum in the Middle Ages, many of the old manuscripts went through a process of cleansing in order to erase the writing, so that they might be available again for use. In many cases the cleansing was not sufficient to obliterate the manuscripts, and it is from the ability to decipher these sometimes twice and even thrice written palimpsests that we are able to look into that other world we call the past, and to thread some of the dark labyrinths of history; while several long-lost works have been recovered, and

the disintegrated fragments of poems united again. A few examples we shall now give. From one of the Syriac palimpsests, found in a Coptic monastery, Dr. Cureton has edited large fragments of the 'Iliad' of Homer, amounting to nearly 4000 lines, of greater antiquity than the very earliest known manuscripts. A fragment of the 91st book of Livy was recovered by Dr. Bruns from a palimpsest in the Vatican. The celebrated dialogue of Cicero, 'De Republicâ,' was deciphered from a palimpsest in the Vatican under a treatise of St. Augustine on the Psalms. In the same manner some fragments of lost orations by the same noble author were brought to light in a library at Milan. Most of the discoveries of lost manuscripts, &c., which we have now to record, partake more of the character of sensational romance or fable.

A portion of Homer's 'Iliad' Mr. Petrie found in the hand of a mummy. One of the best of the Greek romances, the 'Ethiopics' of Heliodorus (a great favourite with Mrs. Browning), was picked up by a Hungarian soldier in the streets of Buda from the *débris* of King Corvinus' library, "and was preserved as a prize, merely because the covering retained some marks of gold and rich workmanship." The zealous Poggio of Florence, who ransacked nearly all the treasure chests of learning in Europe, has left the record of his finding in the *subterranea* of an abbey at St. Gallo, hidden under a heap of rubbish in a chest, the great work of Quintilian, 'De Institutione Oratoria;' this discovery was to the learned world, says Mr. I. Disraeli, "tantamount to the acquisition of a province."

The poems of Propertius, one of the best of our Latin poets, were found under some casks in a wine cellar. In a short time the manuscript would have been certainly destroyed. The most complete copy of Tacitus was discovered by a monk in the monastery of Corwey in Westphalia in the year 1515. Of the great number of books written by this historian very few remain. This loss is the more remarkable as, according to Gibbon, the Emperor Tacitus, who claimed to be one of the descendants of the historian, had the works of his ancestor placed in all the public libraries of the Roman Empire, and ordered that ten copies should be yearly written so that such valuable works should be for ever preserved. A portion of the second decade of Livy, says Mr. I. Disraeli, was once discovered by a scholar on the parchment of a battledore, and, alas for literature! when the battledore maker was found he had finished off the last page of Livy a few days before.

Coming down to later times, we all know the story how an original manuscript of Magna Charta was rescued by Sir Robert Cotton from the hands of a tailor who had begun to cut it up for measures. The Fairfax papers and correspondence came to light in a curious manner. A box apparently filled with old coloured paving tiles was purchased at a sale in Leeds Castle, Kent, and on removing the upper stratum a mass of manuscripts of the time of the Civil Wars was found, which had evidently been stowed away and covered with rubbish for concealment. In 1742 the valuable State papers of Thurloe, the secretary of Cromwell, which had been

similarly hidden, were accidentally exposed by the falling of a ceiling of some chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

The MS. of Milton's long-lost work, 'De Doctrinâ Christianâ,' was discovered in 1823 by Mr. Lemon, in the bottom of one of the presses in the old State Paper Office in the middle Treasury gallery, wrapped in two or three sheets of printed paper. On the outside wrapper is written "To Mr. Skinner, Merchant." The mystery is how it could have found its way into such uncongenial company.

The interesting book of Luther's 'Table Talk,' which was suppressed by Pope Gregory XIII as heretical, was in 1626 recovered in a very curious manner by some workmen engaged in digging the foundation of a house. "Lying in a deep obscure hole, wrapped in strong linen cloth, which was waxed all over with beeswax within and without," was this precious work, which had undoubtedly been lying concealed at the time of the Papal condemnation.

In Shakespeare's play of 'Much Ado about Nothing' the reader will remember that the sprightly Beatrice, in a verbal passage of arms with the disguised Benedict, replies to him in the following terms:—"That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the Hundred Merry Tales." It had long been a matter of conjecture with critics as to what book Beatrice referred to, until by mere accident a portion of the identical work printed in the time of Shakespeare was recovered in the following manner, as related by the late Mr. S. W. Singer. "This curious and important addition to the stock

of Shakesperiana had been converted into pasteboard, which formed the covers of an old book: in its transformation it had suffered much; the tops of many leaves, the bottoms of others are wanting, and of some only a tattered fragment remains."

In the year 1857 was given to the world a volume of "Letters of James Boswell, addressed to the Rev. W. J. Temple. Now first published from the original MS., &c." The account of the finding of these letters forms another chapter of romance in the history of literary discovery. According to the story related in the preface, "a few years ago a gentleman having occasion to buy some small articles at the shop of Madame Noel, at Boulogne, observed that the paper in which they were wrapped was the fragment of an English letter. Upon inspection a date and a name were discovered, and further investigation proved that the piece of paper in question was part of a correspondence carried on nearly a century before between the biographer of Dr. Johnson and his early friend, the Rev. William Johnson Temple. On making inquiry it was ascertained that this piece of paper had been taken from a large parcel recently purchased from a hawker who was in the habit of passing through Boulogne once or twice a year for the purpose of supplying the different shops with paper. The whole of the contents were fortunately secured, and after a lapse of some time these letters, extending over a period of nearly forty years, from 1758 to 1795, were published in 1857.

A writer in the 'Edinburgh Review' in 1853 says:

"We cannot resist giving publicity to what has happened in one of our richest and best cared-for cathedrals during the past year, a cathedral too in which the library is not allowed to be useless. A minor canon observed that the jackdaws flying over his garden at times carried in their beaks what seemed like rolls of paper. On one occasion he was fortunate enough to have one of these rolls dropped at his feet. He took it up, and was surprised when, on examination, it proved to be an ancient Anglo-Saxon manuscript. Inquiry was made as to the favourite haunts of the jackdaws, and it was found that they had obtained undisputed possession of a muniment room, in which sundry old manuscripts were preserved, and had got into the expensive habit of using these MSS. to line their nests."

Mr. Curzon, in his valuable work entitled 'Visits to Monasteries in the Levant,' has given us an interesting account of his finding in 1837 in the Coptic Convent of Souriani, near the Natron Lakes, some valuable MSS. which are now fortunately safely housed in the British Museum. With some difficulty, and after drinking a bottle of rosoglio with the blind abbot and his companion, Mr. Curzon was allowed to explore a *disused oil cellar*, in which he says—

"I discovered a narrow low door, and, pushing it open, entered into a small closet vaulted with stone, which was filled to the depth of two feet or more with the loose leaves of the Syriac manuscripts which now form one of the chief treasures of the British Museum."

Here he found "a great manuscript of a brown and musty appearance, and of prodigious weight, which was tied together with a cord." This manuscript contained, amongst other works, some lost

writings of Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea,—'The Recognitions of St. Clement.' Among other manuscripts secured were the Syriac Epistles of Ignatius, some early copies of the Gospels, and the palimpsest containing the 4000 lines of Homer already mentioned. A learned traveller mentioned by Mr. Curzon, on inquiring for manuscripts in a great monastery in Bulgaria, to the north of the town of Cavalla, was told that there were none in the monastery, and that it contained no library whatever; but when he entered the choir, to be present at the service, he saw the double row of long-bearded holy fathers shouting the Kyrie Eleison, and "each of the monks was standing, to save his bare legs from the damp of the marble floor, upon a great folio volume, which had been removed from the conventual library, and applied to purposes of practical utility in the way here mentioned." The traveller on examining these ponderous tomes found them to be of the greatest value; one was in uncial letters, and others were full of illuminations of the earliest date. All these he was allowed to carry away in exchange for some footstools or hassocks, which suited the old monks much better than the manuscripts; "for many of their antique bindings were ornamented with bosses and nail-heads, which inconvenienced the toes of those who stood upon them without shoes for so many hours in the day."

In 1891 Mr. Petrie, during his excavations in the Fayyum, discovered in the Necropolis of Tell-Gurob that the coffins were made of layers of papyrus, torn in small pieces and stuck together so as to form a thick carton, painted within and without with

designs and religious emblems. These carton cases were made to fit the swathed body, and it was in one of the pieces that Mr. Petrie first perceived some fragments with writing on them in Demotic and Greek characters. These he carefully preserved and brought to this country, thus rescuing from oblivion documents dating from over 200 years before Christ.

From Dr. Mahaffy's introduction to 'The Flinders Petrie Papyri,' reproduced and transcribed in the eighth of the Cunningham Memoirs, issued by the Royal Irish Academy, we glean an account of the discovery of these literary treasures, which consist of three pages of a play of Euripides, or about a hundred lines, which was soon identified as part of the lost 'Antiope,' quoted by Plato in the 'Gorgias,' by Longinus, and many other ancient writers, in sufficient detail to make the plot of the lost play fairly certain. There are portions of the 'Phædo' of Plato, very carefully and beautifully written, and covering four or five pages of an ordinary modern text. This is earlier than the Alexandrian recension on which all our modern texts are based. Also certain very scanty but most important fragments from poets and other writers, among which the most curious is a passage consisting entirely of the beginnings and endings of hexameter lines, which have been conclusively identified by Mr. Bury, of Dublin, as a portion of the eleventh book of the Iliad. "The importance of this passage lies in the fact that out of the thirty-five lines there are five that do not exist in our received text,—that is to say, five that were rejected by Aristarchus and the

other grammarians." This would seem to confirm what has long been suspected by scholars, that the Alexandrian critics edited the older texts from a rhetorical standpoint, and introduced refinements which they considered indispensable to good taste, and rejected lines and passages which were not in accordance with their literary canon.

An interesting question arises: How does it happen at a time when MSS. were the result of immense labour and great expense, that these should have found their way to the waste paper merchant, and have been used for the same common purposes as the unsold printed works of modern days? Are we to believe that the works of Euripides and Plato were as little regarded as the sweepings of the lawyers' offices of that epoch, and which we find pasted together with them in the papier-maché mummy cases that were probably cheaper than those of wood?

It was the advice given by a well-known author to a friend, "Read now and then a romance to keep the fancy under." This remark has been expressed more literally in the well-known maxim, "Truth is stranger than fiction." After reading the reports of what has been done of late years in the exploration of Nineveh, Babylon, and Egypt, one has a difficulty, in anticipation of new discoveries, to restrain the imaginative faculty within the strict bounds of reason and reality. For here we enter an entirely new field of romantic discovery, in which the work of the pick and the spade, guided by the intelligent and persevering spirit of the explorer and the scholar, have brought to light an

almost wholly unknown history and literature, which long

"Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled"

had already stamped the impress of civilisation upon a world known only through tradition to the cultivated nations of Greece and Rome, and of which we had obtained some glimpses through the Hebrew sacred writings by occasional names and references. As we must not be tempted to wander away from the speciality of our subject, we can only give one illustration.

In the year 1887 a peasant woman rummaging among some rubbish heaps in the neighbourhood of the mounds of Tel-el-Amarna, turned up some inscribed sun-burnt tablets in the cuneiform script of Babylonia; by a concurrence of fortunate incidents they fell with some others into European hands, and the attention of Mr. Petrie was directed to these tablets,—not, however, until a great number were injured and destroyed. Through the liberality of Lord Amherst of Hackney (one of the Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature) he was provided with money sufficient to enable him to carry on a series of excavations, which gradually brought to light the now famous city and palace built by Amenophis IV, the "heretic king" of the eighteenth dynasty, who, having renounced the ancient religion of Egypt, quitted Thebes, and built this city in order to carry on the worship of the Aten, or the Sun's disc, which he had learned from his mother. This royal palace "was one of the most gorgeous edifices ever erected by man," and when laid bare it was found to be full of objects of art equal to

the finest work of other countries or ages; these had remained untouched for more than 3500 years. In examining one of the public offices adjoining the palace, the trained ear of Mr. Petrie detected in the pavement a hollow sound; the floor was taken up, and beneath was found a receptacle containing part of the official correspondence received by King Amenophis IV and his father, consisting of letters and dispatches in the cuneiform script "from the kings of Babylonia and Assyria, of Mesopotamia and Northern Syria, as well as from the Egyptian governors and protected princes in Palestine and the adjoining countries," not unlike some of the official dispatches and blue-books of the present day. Professor Sayce, referring to these tablets, says:

"We are able to handle the very letters that were written by the princes and governors of Canaan, when as yet Joshua was unborn, and to trace the course of events which led to the mission of Moses and the exodus of Israel out of Egypt."

* * * * *

"Altogether about 300 tablets were discovered; 82 found their way to the British Museum, more than 160 fragments are at Berlin, the Ghizeh Museum possesses 56, and a few are in the hands of private individuals."

The information contained in these tablets quite revolutionised our preconceived ideas of ancient history, the origin of writing, &c. We learn that the cuneiform script was the medium of communication used not only by diplomatists and the educated classes (as Latin was in the Middle Ages), but also by officials and soldiers. We learn also

that the whole civilised world of the East was as cosmopolitan in its literary intercourse as in modern days, with the advantage that there was one common medium of intercommunication—that libraries and schools abounded, showing us that the world of yesterday was not so much unlike the world of to-day.

In conclusion we must hark back into modern times, and tell a story which reads more like romance than sober reality.

In old Hungerford Market in the year 1840 there was a fishmonger's shop, kept by a Yarmouth man named Jay. A customer of his (a Yarmouth man also) named Loddy, well known to the proprietor, called upon Jay one evening and bought some soles, which were given to him enveloped in a sheet of old folio paper torn out of a large volume Jay had by his side. The soles were taken home to his house at Pimlico, and in unwrapping them Loddy, who was a collector of cheap *bric-à-brac*, &c., noticed that the paper was unusually old; and as his bewildered mind vainly strove to decipher the cabalistic character of the writing and signature, he naturally came to the conclusion that what he could not understand must be of some value. Next morning he goes to Jay's shop, and asked him "if he had any more paper out of the same book." Jay replied, "I've not used any more since you were here, and you are quite welcome to the remainder of the volume if you like it." Loddy took away the papers, and shortly afterwards showed them to a gentleman, who fortunately was something more than a mere *chiffonnier* of caligraphic oddities, for he

was a well-known connoisseur of autographs and old documents. At a glance he saw their value, and recognised among the *disjecta membra* a number of Exchequer Office accounts, signed on each page by Henry VII, with occasional remarks in the handwriting of the king. As Loddy made no secret *where* he purchased these precious documents, our connoisseur went at once to the fishmonger, and seeing another packet of the like folio paper, he went inside the shop, and made some purchases, but not *in cumulo;* each fish was bought and wrapped up separately in the old folio paper, the connoisseur meanwhile holding a sort of zigzag conversation with the fishmonger as each fish was wrapped up. In an apparently casual way he said to Jay, "Have you got any more of that paper?" pointing to the packet. To which Jay answered in somewhat the following manner:—"Yes, and I shall be mighty glad when I come to the end of it; but that won't be for a long time yet, as I have got a good lot of it. I had it from Somerset House; they advertised ten ton of it for waste paper, and I bid £7 a ton for it, and they took my offer. I've got three tons in my stables, and the other seven tons they keep until I want it." Our connoisseur at once offered to buy a sackful, at such a price that Jay chuckled with delight at his bargain. On reaching home, when the sack was delivered our wonder-stricken connoisseur discovers among the *trouvaille* a number of documents relating to the charges for the safe keeping of prisoners in the Tower from the time of Henry VII to William III; Secret Service accounts marked with the "E. G." of Nell Gwynne;

wardrobe accounts of Queen Anne; dividend receipts signed by Wren, Dryden, and Newton. After this our connoisseur was a frequent visitor to Jay, and the latter, with a magnanimous compassion for his customer's weakness for old musty pieces of paper, allowed him to *select* a cartload of these precious documents, which Jay was glad to part with at the liberal remuneration given. Newton and his dog Diamond could not have been wider apart in mental sympathy than Jay and his customer in the matter of this written paper. Among the treasures rescued were some of great historical interest, such as autograph letters of Cardinal Wolsey to Clement VII on the subject of the king's divorce, a manuscript written by Edward VI, and a holograph letter of Queen Elizabeth, and every description of records of the country from the time of Henry VII. Unfortunately, many of these documents were more or less damaged by water, as they had been kept in the vaults of Somerset House, which sometimes flooded at high tide. As no secret can be kept for ever, other people got wind of these papers, and a regular raid was made upon the fishmonger's shop, until Jay's sluggish curiosity was aroused, and he began to suspect that these despised papers must have some value, and it is possible he might have heard that many of them had fetched high prices at one of the best auctioneers at the West End. At any rate he would sell no more, and reserved the rest for himself, wrapping his fish in newspapers of the day instead of Exchequer accounts and dividend receipts. The affair was soon noised abroad. Of course there was a great hubbub—

some one was to blame! and the usual indignant expletives about the shameful act of Vandalism, &c., were expended. Soon it reached the House of Commons, and the parliamentary mind was shocked at the idea that State papers, national muniments, Secret Service accounts, &c., were being sold by auction and in the open market. A Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry was instituted—the very best thing that could be done to shield the perpetrator of this act of folly, for the inquiry had hardly begun when the fickle-minded public was concerning itself about some new sensation, and Mr. Spring Rice, the minister under whose authority some time before these papers had been sold, escaped with a slight censure from the committee. But the worst part of the story still remains to be told. While the Committee of Inquiry was sitting, some menials of the baser sort, at whose instigation we know not, went into the vaults of Somerset House and mutilated Jay's reserve of seven tons, so much so that they became as mere waste paper, fit only for the "accommodation of grocers, candle-makers, and soap sellers." "Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges." The dust of the noble Alexander stopping a bunghole is not more curious than the base usages these letters of kings, queens, princes, cardinals, nobles, &c., were subjected to. Many of them at one time instinct with life, and big with the fate of "battles, sieges, and fortunes," which once shook the world—these condemned by official stupidity to the ignoble service of the fishmonger and other such offices of contempt! Truly says Schiller—

"Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens."
(Against stupidity the gods strive in vain.)

Unfortunately for Jay, what remained of the three tons left in his stables was destroyed by fire, so that he reaped very little benefit from his *treasure trove*, which might have brought him in several thousands of pounds sterling.

As a fitting epilogue to this curious story we may mention that Jay sold several thousand pieces of parchment covered with writing to a dealer named Gurner, who sold them again to a well-known confectioner in Fleet Street, and it afterwards came out in evidence before the committee already mentioned that these pieces of parchment were boiled down and converted into jelly. Sir Thomas Brown well says, "What time hath spared, avarice now consumeth—Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

THORPE'S NORTHERN MYTHS AND TRADITIONS.

BY ROBERT BURBANK HOLT, ESQ., F.A.I., MEMBER OF COUNCIL R.S.L.

[Read April 13th, 1898.]

WHEN literature is traced to its source we find only a mass of myths and legends that were current among a primitive people. These compositions are mainly metrical, and relate, first, to bygone men and women who possessed strange endowments, and whose deeds, magnified by memory, were lauded and wondered at. Secondly, they are concerned with intangible beings who interest themselves in mundane affairs, assume various forms, and control the forces of nature. Thirdly, above all, are a number of divine despots, who created the universe, and who rule it in accordance with their caprices.

At a later period we find a blending of these classes, heroes becoming demigods, while the good or bad qualities once ascribed to mythical beings are now regarded as the attributes of men who had but recently figured as the leaders of a nation; so the same persons are spoken of as gods or heroes, just as best suits the incidents that are being related. Where this process is continued for many generations we ultimately get a literary conglomerate, composed of the relics of many lives, from which it is almost impossible to reconstruct the individualities.

In no place are such traditions more abundant than in Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands. The fantastic weirdness of this folk-lore attracted that distinguished scholar Benjamin Thorpe, so he determined to collect and arrange it.

For the mythology he at first intended to translate the 'Asalaer' (or God-lore) of Professor N. M. Peterson, of Copenhagen, but he found this work too concise to maintain an interest in the narrative. So while following the Professor's plan, he transcribed the Eddas, or cosmic myths, in full, and continued his labours till he had amassed sufficient material to compose three most interesting volumes.

In old Norse Edda means great-grandmother, and the use of this term indicates the great reverence in which this ancient lore was held by the Norsemen. Mallet classes the Eddaic poems as follows:

1. Mythic cosmogonie, the Voluspa, the Vafthrudnis-mal, the Völu or Völospa.
2. Mythic ethnologie, the Rigs-mal.
3. Eddaic, the Hâva-mal.
4. Mythological, the Veglams-Kvida, the Forsskirnis, the Harbards-ljód, the Thryms-kvida, the Hymis-kvida, the Ægis-drekka.
5. The Mythic heroic, the Völundar-kvida.
6. Miscellaneous, the Hrafna-gladur, the Fjölsvinns-mal, the Hyndlu-ljód, the Grau-gladur, the Alvis-mal, the Sóear-ljód.—*Northern Antiquities*, p. 362.

The prose or Younger Edda is generally ascribed to Snorri Sturlason, who was born of a distinguished Icelandic family A.D. 1178; the others are of a much earlier date.

From these we learn that, according to the Norse cosmogony, in the beginning there was a Northern World called Niflheim (or the abode of mist), in the middle of which was a well called Hvergelmir (the bubbling, roaring kettle or spring), from which flowed twelve rivers. In the South was Muspellheim, a hot and radiant world, the boundary of which was guarded by Surt with a flaming sword. Surt is one of the most interesting and mysterious beings in Norse theogony. His name has been identified with Swart, and signifies browned by fire. Thorpe does not consider him to be the god who sends forth heat, but a higher being, the Ineffable, who was before all worlds, the Almighty, whose will manifested itself in creation, and who will ultimately call all things to himself. This, however, seems to be his higher aspect, while his manifested entity is the guardian of Muspellheim.

The rivers which flowed from Niflheim were called Elivâgar ("el" meaning storm, rain, or sleet; and "vagr," a wave or stream). Their cold poisonous waters hardened into ice, which piled up in a place which faced the north, and was called Ginnunga-gap, a name which means the abyss of abysses.

But the heat from Muspellheim reached Ginnunga-gap, so the ice melted and dropped; then, "through his power who sent the heat," the drops received life, and a human form was produced. This was Ymir, the progenitor of the frost giants. "He was not a god, but evil, like all his race." This name is variously derived from Omr, Ymr, and Atymja. Mr. Thorpe says it signifies noisy, whistling, blustering, but adds that it was used to denote the

primeval chaos, out of which gross forms were evolved, who were termed frost giants. Mr. Thorpe identifies these with icebergs, but this can hardly be in every case, for they are constantly spoken of as huge beings, possessed of semi-human attributes; so it is difficult to avoid associating them with a prehistoric race, who ultimately acquired a low type of anthropic form. Ymir was also called Aurgelmir, "aur" meaning the oldest material substance, and also mud or clay.

Meantime Surt had called into existence a wonderful cow named Adhulma (meaning the nourishing principle), from whose udder flowed four streams of milk, which nourished the giant Ymir.

Up to this point, therefore, Surt, Ymir, and Adhulma were the only beings who existed, the antitype of Surt being their subjective antecedent. So we may regard Deity, Chaos, and All-mother as the first Norse trinity.

But Ymir slept, and by his sweat engendered a woman who proceeded from under his left arm, while one of his feet begat a son by the other.

Then we are told that "the cow licked the frost-covered stones that were salt." These stones are said to connote the animating principle; consequently, in Adhulma, provision was made for sustaining physical life before any form of it was evolved. Towards evening of the first day there came forth from the "salt stones" what is called the hair of a man, but by this is really meant the first growing plant. Adhulma resumed her licking, and the second day a head (*i. e.* the abode of thought) appeared. This is very curious, for thought is said to be produced

before those who are to think, but in all cases these old philosophers made a subjective precede an objective state, and derived the one from the other.

At the end of the third day an entire man was disclosed. He was called Buri (the producer), and appears to have been an hermaphrodite. His son Bör (the produced) married Bestla, a daughter of the giant Bölthorn, and they had three sons, Odin, Vili, and Ve, whom Mr. Thorpe identifies with mind, will, and holiness. These brothers were gods (the second trinity), who created heaven and earth.

We see, therefore, that Northern cosmogony was essentially identical with that of all other nations. It commences with an abyss or void in which evolution begins by the interaction of two opposite but correlated principles, heat and cold being the local formulation of the idea which Pythagoras expressed by light and darkness, the Hindoos by male and female, the Chinese by odd and even, and which philosophers now call positive and negative.

This anti-cosmic abyss was conceived as a state in which all that now *is* was existent only as a possibility. So when the Eddas, *i. e.* great-grandmothers, speak of stones, frost, north, south, &c., such language must be regarded only as an endeavour of profound thinkers to express in the vernacular what, according to their philosophy, subjective antitypes might be to faculties and things which had afterwards attained an objective embodiment.

Hitherto the primordial divine race seem to have been regarded as purely spiritual entities, and their offspring first acquired physical forms when Bör

married a giantess,—that is when what we term spirit and matter were indissolubly united. From this union sprang the world creators.

When Odin, Vili, and Ve were born, their first act was to slay the giant Ymir. When this was done, the blood which ran from his wounds occasioned such a flood that all the frost giants were drowned in it except Bergelmir, who, with his wife, escaped on a chest and continued the race of frost giants.

Odin, Vili, and Ve carried Ymir's body to Ginnunga-gap, and of it formed the earth. "His blood became the seas and waters; his bones the mountains; his teeth and bone fragments the stones and pebbles. Of his skull they formed the heaven, and set it over the earth. It had four regions, each of which was placed under the control of a dwarf. Their names were Austri, Vestri, Northri, and Suthri. Of his brain they made the heavy clouds; of his hair they formed the vegetable kingdom; and of his eyebrows a wall of defence round Midgard to shut out the giants. They took the sparks and glowing cinders that were cast out of Muspellheim, and set them in the skull to illume both heaven and earth."

Then came the birth of Day and Night, the first being of the Æsir race, the second of the giant race. All-Father gave them two horses and two cars, and bade them ride round the earth every twenty-four hours. Night rides first, and his horse, Hrimfaxi, bedews the earth with the drops that fall from his bit. Day follows, and her horse, Skinfaxi, has a radiant mane, from which beams of light stream forth continually.

The drivers of the Sun and Moon cars are said to be the daughter and son of Mundilföri, who on account of their beauty called the daughter Sol and the boy Mani. His presumption offended the gods, who in their anger took the children from him, and appointed Sol to drive the chariot of the Sun, and Mani to drive the Moon car. This may account for the Sun being always spoken of by Norsemen as feminine and the Moon as masculine, the sex representing that of the charioteer.

The Eddas give many details of the lives of this pair, who, in spite of their constant occupation, manage to marry, Sol by her second husband, Anar, becoming the mother of Earth. They also speak of two wolves, Sköll, who constantly follow and endeavour to devour Sol, while Hati as persistently endeavours to make an end of Mani. They also mention Odin's ravens, Hugin and Munin, which he sends forth to get intelligence, and who on their return sit on his shoulders and whisper to him what they have seen and heard in various parts of the earth.

The first race of physical man were the dwarfs. They were originally maggots, bred in the carcass of Ymir, and on whom the gods afterwards bestowed understanding and man-like bodies. Dwarfs are sometimes spoken of as having the height of a child four years old, and sometimes as being only two spans high. They dwell in the earth and have a great knowledge of metals, the weapons forged by them being held in high esteem. Their women are great spinners and weavers.

Our race came into being in this way. "Three

mighty benevolent gods, Odin, Hoenir, and Lodur, were travelling together, and found Ask (ash) and Embla (elm). These trees had neither spirit, sense, blood, power of motion, nor fair colour. Odin gave them spirit, Hoenir sense, and Lodur blood and fair colour."

The younger or prose Edda gives rather a different version, and says it was Odin, Vili, and Ve who, walking on the sea-shore, found two trees and made men of them. Odin gave spirit and life, Vili understanding and power of motion; while Ve bestowed a fair aspect, speech, hearing, and sight. From this pair the whole human race is descended, and Midgard, the middlemost part of the earth, was assigned to them as a dwelling-place.

The earth is said to be a round plain surrounded by a deep ocean, on the borders of which dwell the giants. In the centre and highest part is Asgard, where the gods reside. The term used when speaking of deities is Æsir, the root of which is the Sanscrit "as" (to be, or to exist). It is the same as the Latin "ens." The Æsir have three halls, the largest and noblest being Gladsheim; the second, which was built by Odin at the beginning of time, is called Valaskiálf. It is roofed with silver, and in it is the wondrous throne from which All-father overlooks all worlds. These two halls will be destroyed when the giants assail the gods.

But at the south end of Asgard is Gimli, the fairest of all and brighter than the sun. This hall will stand when heaven and earth shall pass away, and be the abode of good and upright men through all eternity.

The Eddas discuss a great many more interesting matters. They speak of a number of goddesses and inferior deities, of norns, elves, dwarfs, giants, &c. Of Bifröst, known to mortals as the rainbow, but which is really a bridge over which the Celestials ride whenever they visit our earth. Of the ash, Yggdrasil, that sustains the world, and whose branches tower over both earth and heaven. Under one of its roots is the abode of Hel, the goddess of the dead; under the second is the well and abode of the norns or fates, and beneath the root is the well of wisdom and genius, guarded by Mimir (who probably personifies the priesthood). Odin once came and craved a draught from this well, but he was obliged to purchase the favour by the sacrifice of one of his eyes (possibly his secular perception).

Keyser tells us that Yggdrasil is the emblem of all living nature. Ygg is one of Odin's names, and "drasill" means to bear; so living nature was regarded as moved and ruled by the divine power, which bears the same relation to it as the soul does to the body. On the tree's top sits an eagle, the emblem of spirit or life; at its root lies Nidhögg, the serpent of darkness and death, and the squirrel Ratatösk runs up and down the trunk carrying rancorous words between the eagle and the serpent. This is interpreted to mean that contending powers move in nature, and malice disturbs the peace of human life.—*Relig. Forfatn.*, pp. 24, 25.

Then there is Baldier the good, who came to so untimely an end; Thor, whose hammer always returns to his hand, however far he may hurl it;

Bragi, the master of wisdom and eloquence; Heimdall, the watchman of the gods, who needs less sleep than a bird, and whose senses are so acute that he can see by night or day for a hundred miles, and can hear grass growing in the field, and wool on a sheep's back.

The wicked one is Loki, the comely but evil-minded foster-brother of Odin. He married the giantess Angurboda, and their children are Fenrir, the wolf; Jormungand, the Midgard serpent; and Hel, the goddess of the dead. These are all at enmity with the Æsir, and at the end of time will come to assail Asgard in a ship which is building of dead men's nails. To delay the completion of this ship Norsemen were exhorted to pare the nails of dying people as closely as they possibly could, to lessen the supply of material.

Then there are Odin's maidens, the Valkyriur, or choosers of those who are to be slain, and a host of other beings far too numerous even to mention.

Men who fall in fight become Einheriar, or chosen heroes, and dwell in Odin's Valhall. Every morning they ride forth to fight and slay each other, but always return quite sound at meal-time.

Sæhrimnir, a wonderful hog, provides them with flesh; he is boiled by the cook, Andhrimnir, and eaten up every day, but becomes whole again every evening.

The goat, Heidrun, feeds on the leaves of the tree Lerad, and the honey-dew on them enables it to supply the mead which flows in unlimited quantities from its udder.

No mention is made of bread or vegetables, so

the Einheriar appear to be strictly carnivorous. For attendants they have Odin's maidens, so the daily banquet is thoroughly in accordance with the spirit of the age. Odin presides, but eats nothing; his portion of food is set before him, but he gives it to his wolves, Geri and Ereki, and lives solely on wine.

At one time these wild and intricate myths were supposed to be romantic fabrications of the Middle Age monks, but Mr. Thorpe very pertinently remarks that "every one who reads the Eddas will at once perceive that, notwithstanding they are but fragments, the concord which exists between their several parts, the grandeur and poetic beauty of which they in so many instances bear the impress, together with the old tongue in which they are written, could not have been produced by ignorant monks."

To this it may be answered that all monks were not ignorant; and secondly, that the Norsemen, though well skilled in arms and possessing considerable bardic skill, cared but little for literary pursuits; also that for a long time even the scalds and priests were not acquainted with the use of letters, and consequently that the preservation and transmission of the Eddas must have depended entirely on the accuracy of the memories of those who were entrusted with them. Still, their having come down to us in a language that was practically obsolete when the first monks arrived in Scandinavia perfectly justifies the contention of Mr. Thorpe.

In course of time, however, runes were invented by Odin, and notable events were recorded in them.

This art was so wonderful that the ignorant ascribed magic powers to these symbols, the priests pandered to their credulity, and the sale of runes became a very profitable business to them. Especially were they engraved on implements of war, and the spirits who were said to be bound by them were supposed to hum in a peculiar manner whenever danger was impending, and to prevent the edge of the weapon being blunted either by witchcraft or an evil eye.

When Christian missionaries appeared, and supported the new faith by the testimony of their Scriptures, a religion which had no sacred books to appeal to was at a manifest disadvantage. It seems, then, not improbable that in this emergency the priests of the old faith allowed certain portions of their Æsir-laer to be written in the characters with which they were familiar, and that some of these are the fragments which are known to us as the Eddas.

Naturally they would withhold or disguise everything that could reveal their professional secrets to the multitude, just as St. John did when writing his Revelation. In both cases the symbolism is clear enough to the initiated, but to all others the text is a fantastic panorama, in which gods, monsters, and wonder-workers excite our imagination but baffle our curiosity.

Somehow the notion arose that Thor was identical with Jesus. The Norse god hurling his hammer at Jormungand was supposed to prefigure Christ bruising the serpent's head, while Ragnaröck might well be considered as a counterpart of the final

conflagration. Then the first day of the week, which was dedicated to the Norse sun-god, became the Lord's day of the Christians; the moon, Tiw or Ty (the Scandinavian Mars), Woden, Thor, and Frigga gave names to other five days of the week, showing that the old faith was still the dominant force in social matters.

To these surmises Mr. Thorpe replies that "such opinions can only have arisen out of a blind predilection for antiquity, because when we abstract the religious element which is common to all faiths, and the descriptions of the destruction of the world which are spread over the whole globe, we find in the Northern mythology not one trace of that which constitutes the essential of Christianity, and the accidental resemblance vanishes on every closer consideration."

Besides, these seeming correspondences are to be found in the Voluspa, the oldest Edda, which Mons. Mallet asserts was composed long before the name of Christianity was known in the North. We are, therefore, fully warranted in believing that neither faith was derived from the other.

Mons. Mallet further says that only in the theogony of the Chaldees does he find any resemblance to that of the Eddas; and he instances Berosus, who informs us that this people believed that in the beginning there was only water (the female principle) and darkness; that in these were divers monstrous animals, different in form and size, which were all represented in the temple of Bel; that a female named Omorca was the mistress of the universe; that the god Bel put to death all

these monsters, destroyed Omorca, and dividing her in two, formed the earth of one half of her and the heavens out of the other half; while another tradition says that men were formed out of her head.

There are many points of resemblance between this myth and that of Ymir, though in one case the victim is a giant, in the other a semi-divine queen, and they doubtless have the same meaning in universal cosmogony.

Mr. Thorpe is of opinion that "the mythology of the North records the ideas of an uncultivated people with reference to the relation between the divine and the worldly expressed in images intelligible to the infant understanding."

In this he seems rather to underrate the mental capacity and knowledge of the Scandinavian priesthood.

We must not be too hasty in concluding that, when they speak of men and women being descended from the ash and elm, they really meant that our first parents were transmogrified trees. Why, not fifty years ago children's inconvenient curiosity was baffled by the assertion that girls were dug out of a parsley bed and boys out of a nettle bed. And it seems just as reasonable to impute ignorance to these assertors as to suppose that the old philosophical students of nature had no better knowledge than that which they deemed it expedient to reveal. If we had but the keys which would unlock their treasure-houses we should probably find that the terms used were only symbols whose dark side baffled vulgar curiosity, while

that turned towards the initiated was full of light and meaning to them.

As an illustration, it may be mentioned that Loki means fire or flame. When, therefore, they call Loki the son of the higher Odin, as he, in one aspect, was the sun-god, they are covertly asserting that fire is ultimately derivable from the sun, just as Huxley did when he called coal "bottled sunshine."

So when we find that the wise men of the North had not only typified the creation of man quite as intelligently as the wise men of the East, but, like them, had also imagined the generation of anti-man and the conditions under which the anti-gods existed; nay, had even endeavoured to conceive a prior state in which the non-existent became a conscious intelligence, surely we should not be too hasty in assuming that their knowledge was far inferior to our own, because the form in which they expressed themselves was more poetical than that to which we are accustomed as the language of philosophers whose theogony culminates in the unknowable.

Of course their symbolism was taken from their surroundings. The lotus, the elephant, and the tortoise would have been names without meaning to a people who for many generations had inhabited the borders of the Baltic, even if in early days they had such terms in their vocabulary. But icebergs, the children of snow, heat, and frost, were embodiments of ruthless, irresistible power, and when personified were in one aspect the dreaded frost-giants that the beneficent sun-god ever combated on their behalf, but could never entirely over-

come; and may not Ragnaröck be the anticipation of a repetition of the great catastrophe which befell the North when the ice-cap overwhelmed the fair lands which once enjoyed a semi-tropical climate, and the memory of whose fate was still preserved by tradition?

Odin, as All-father and universal ruler, is a manifold being. He is the world's creator, the father of time, the lord of gods, men, and all nature, the god of heaven, the king of the year, the god of war, and the giver of victory. He pervades heaven and earth, but at the same time allies himself with the giants and powers of the deep as the spirit who is all in all. His sons are part of his essence, and proceed from all his aspects. He is depicted as a tall, one-eyed old man with a long beard. He wears a broad-brimmed hat, a wide blue or variegated rough cloak, and has a spear (Gungnir) in his hand and a ring (Draupnis) on his arm. Two ravens sit on his shoulders and two wolves lie at his feet, while Charles's wain rolls above his head as he sits on a high seat, whence he sees over the whole world. Though a god he has many human characteristics, and a certain chieftain who, according to tradition, had led the people from a southern country was reputed to be an incarnation of this deity.

Both Odin and the Æsir who dwelt with him had many frailties, and cunning seems to have been highly esteemed by them.

A curious instance of this is given in their treatment of Fenrir, the wolf, whose parents were Loki and the giantess Angurboda (the boder of sorrow).

As there was a prediction that the wolf, the Mid-

gard serpent, and the goddess of death would cause great calamity, All-father had them brought from Jotunheim.

The serpent was cast into the deep ocean, and became so big that it encircled the earth and took its tail into its mouth. Hel was cast into Niflheim, but the wolf was brought up among the Æsir. He was so fierce that only Ty (the Scandinavian Mars) durst feed him, and at last the gods lived in constant fear of him.

They therefore had Lœding (a very strong chain) made, and suggested to the wolf that he should try his strength upon it. Fenrir allowed them to bind him as they pleased, and then, by simply stretching himself, broke it asunder. The gods then made a much stronger chain, and told the wolf that he would be greatly renowned if so strong a bond could not confine him.

Fenrir eyed the chain very suspiciously, but, having a great desire to win renown, at last he allowed them to bind him with it. When the Æsir had fastened him as securely as they could the wolf shook himself, kicked and dashed about so furiously, that the links burst asunder, and he was free again.

The Æsir being now at their wits' end, they sent Skirnir (Frey's messenger) to the dwarfs who dwell in Svart-Alfheim. These being possessed of superior skill made Gleipnir a chain which is composed of six materials—viz. the sound of a cat's footsteps, a woman's beard, the roots of a mountain, the great bear's sinews, a fish's breath, and a bird's spittle.

Taking the wolf with them the gods went to the isle of Lyngvi, in the Lake Amsvartnir.

They showed Fenrir the bond, which was as soft and supple as a silk cord, told him it was stronger than it seemed, and asked if he could break it.

The wolf answered that there did not seem to him any honour in breaking so slender a thread, and told them to do it themselves.

Each tried in turn, but all failed.

Then Fenrir said some cunning and deception must have been employed in making it appear so slight, and vowed that it should never come on his feet.

But the Æsir taunted him, and said, "surely he could break a silken cord when he had already snapt asunder such strong bonds of iron;" and added, "Even if thou canst not break it, thou hast nothing to fear from us, for we shall instantly release thee."

The wolf answered, "If ye bind me so fast that I cannot free myself again, I am well convinced that I shall wait long to be released by you! I am, therefore, not at all desirous to let the cord be fastened on me. But rather than that ye shall accuse me of want of courage, let one of you place his hand in my mouth as a pledge that there is no guile in the case."

The gods looked at one another, but not one would run the risk. At last Ty consented, and placed his right hand within the jaws of the wolf.

When Fenrir was bound he began to struggle, but the more he strove to get loose the more tightly did the cord bind him. Hereat they all set up a

laugh, except Ty, who lost his hand through his rashness.

The Æsir then fastened their captive to a huge rock, and there he will remain till Ragnaröck. In his yawning mouth they stuck a sword; the hilt was driven into his lower jaw, while the point penetrated the upper one. He howls constantly, and the foam that issues from his mouth forms the river Von.

Now if the Norse gods, as thus depicted, are to be regarded as typical of Norse manhood, it is impossible to retain a very high estimation of it. These model beings possess very limited powers, and manifest inferior intelligence, while both their morality and courage are very questionable. They remind us of a crowd of stolid boors who, scared by a savage dog, use lying blandishments while they are plotting to ensnare him. Twice they fail ignominiously, and when, by counsel wiser than their own, the poor beast is at their mercy, they forthwith give vent to their brutality, and torture the captive that affrighted them when free. Still even in so revolting a story the priests have expounded a profound doctrine, for both Fenrir and Ty are safe from evil till of their own free will they have courted peril in order to gratify their vanity.

The Eddas relate another incident which well illustrates the stupid and savage frivolity of the times. Baldur the good was esteemed the best of the Æsir. Frigg, his mother, had exacted an oath from fire, water, iron, and all kinds of metal, stone, earth, trees, diseases, beasts, birds, and snakes, that none of them would harm her son. Believing him-

self to be quite safe, Baldur was accustomed to stand forth that the Æsir might practise archer upon him, or pelt him with stones, &c., just as they thought fit.

Unfortunately Frigg had overlooked mistletoe, and Loki, having ascertained this, got Höd, a blind god, to throw a sprig of it at Baldur, and guided his hand while so doing, with the result that the wisest, most eloquent, most beautiful, and most amiable of Odin's sons was slain. Here again we see the victim's fate resulted from his own consent to an act of folly.

Like other solar deities, Odin had twelve special names—Herran, Nikar, Nikuz, Fiolnir, Oski, Omi, Biflundi, Svidor, Sviprir, Viprir, and Jalag. Each of these aspects was regarded as a distinct personality, and was probably identified with a month. He was also called Draucadröttin (lord of spectres), and was a great magician, for we are told that his body would lie as dead while he, in the form of a bird, beast, fish, or serpent, would pass into other lands.

But beyond all these there was a subtler and grander All-father, whose essence was the substance by which possibilities materialise themselves and ultimately attain consciousness. Carlisle asserts that Odin or Woden only means wind or motion, and argues that he must be treated as an abstraction, not as an individuality. But motion is the one attribute that we can ascribe to the Absolute. Consequently if we regard energy as latent or possible motion, and force as active or operative motion, we get the universal energy manifesting as

the countless forces of evolution, and bring theogony into accord with science.

How far the old priesthoods realised this it is impossible to say; their symbolism effectually hid the extent of their knowledge from the uninitiated, and we can only conjecture from the fragments of their lore which remain that they were not altogether out of touch with modern philosophers.

And now I will give a specimen of Scandinavian poetry, as translated by Mr. Dasent.

The prelude says that a man named Daurant was in Caithness on the eve of Brian's battle. Going out, he saw twelve folk riding together to a bower, and there they were lost to his sight. Looking through a window-slit, he saw that the riders were women, and recognised them as the Valkyries or Odin's maidens. They had set up a loom, and sang as they wove:

THE WOOF OF WAR.

"See! warp is stretched
For warriors' fall;
Lo! weft in loom,
'Tis wet with blood;
Now fight foreboding,
'Neath friends' swift fingers
Our gray woof waxeth
With war's alarms.
Our warp blood-red,
Our weft corse-blue,

Thus woof is y-woven
With entrails of men,
This warp is hard-weighted
With heads of the slain,
Spears, blood-besprinkled,

For spindles we use,
Our loom iron-bound,
And arrows our reels;
With swords for our shuttles
This war-woof we work;
So weave we, weird sisters,
Our war-winning woof.

"Now War-winner walketh
To weave in her turn,
Now Sword-swinger steppeth,
Now Swift-stroke, now Storm;
When they speed the shuttle
How spear-heads shall clash!
Shields crash, and helm-gnawer *
On harness bite hard!

"Wind we, wind swiftly
Our war-winning woof,
Woof erst for king youthful
Foredoomed as his own;
Forth now we will ride,
Then through the ranks rushing
Be busy where friends
Blows blithe give and take.

"Wind we, wind swiftly
Our war-winning woof,
After that let us steadfastly
Stand by the brave king;
Then men shall mark mournful
Their shields red with gore,
How Sword-stroke and Spear-thrust
Stood stout by the prince.

"Wind we, wind swiftly
Our war-winning woof;
When sword-bearing rovers
To banners rush on,

* The sword that bites helmets.

Mind, maidens, we spare not
One life in the fray!
We corse-choosing sisters
Have charge of the slain.

" Now new-coming nations
That island shall rule,
Who on outlying headlands
Abode ere the fight!
I say that king mighty
To death now is done,
Now low before spear-point
The Earl bows his head.

" Soon over all freemen
Sharp sorrow shall fall,
That woe to those warriors
Shall wane never more;
Our woof now is woven,
Now battle-field waste,
O'er and o'er water
War tidings shall leap.

" Now surely 'tis gruesome
To gaze all around,
When blood-red through heaven
Drives cloud-rack o'erhead;
Air soon shall be deep hued
With dying men's blood
When this our spædom
Comes speedy to pass.

" So cheerily chant we
Charms for the young king;
Come, maidens, lift loudly
His war-winning lay;
Let him who now listens
Learn well with his ears,
And gladden brave swordsmen
With bursts of war's song.

"Now mount we our horses,
Now bare we our brands,
Now haste we hard, maidens,
Hence far, far away."

Then they plucked down the woof and tore it asunder, and each kept what she had hold of.

Daurant stole away from the slit and went home, but the song remained fixed in his memory.

Brian's battle, to which this alludes, was fought on a Good Friday near Dublin, when both the king and Earl Sigurd, who attacked him, were slain.

But the grandest fragment that has been preserved is the forecast of Ragnaröck. This is how it is given in Snorri's Edda:

"There will come a winter called Fimbul-winter, when snow will drift from every side, a hard frost will prevail, and cutting winds; the sun will lose its power. Of these winters three will follow without an intervening summer. But before these three other winters will come, during which there will be bloodshed throughout the world. Brothers shall slay each other through covetousness, and no mercy will be found between parents and children. Then will great events take place. One wolf will swallow up the sun, the other wolf will take the moon. The stars will vanish from heaven. The whole earth and the mountains will tremble. The trees will be loosed from the soil, and the mountains will come toppling down, and all fetters and bonds be snapped asunder. The wolf Fenrir will break loose, the sea will burst over the land, because Midgard's serpent writhes with giant rage and strives to get on shore. In this sea-flood Naglfar will float; Hrŷm is the giant named who will steer it. The wolf Fenrir will go forth with gaping mouth; his upper jaw will touch heaven, his nether jaw the earth. If there were room he would gape even more widely; fire flashes from his eyes and

nostrils. Midgard's serpent will blow forth venom, which will infect the air and waters. He is most terrific, and he will be by the side of the wolf. During this tumult heaven will be cloven, and Muspell's sons ride forth; Surt will ride first, and both before and after him will be burning fire. The gleam of his good sword is brighter than the sun, but as they ride over it Bifröst will break. Muspell's sons will proceed to the plain called Vigrid, which is a hundred miles square. There will also come Fenrir and the Midgard serpent. Loki will also have come, and Hrym, and with them all the frost giants. All the friends of Hel will follow Loki, but Muspell's sons will have their own bright battle order.

"But when these events take place Heimdall will stand up, will blow with all his might the Giallar-horn, and rouse up every god to hold a meeting. Odin will then ride to Mimer's well, and take counsel for himself and friends. Then will the ash Yggdrasil tremble, and nothing will be free from fear in heaven and earth. The Æsir will arm, and all the Einheriar, and go forth to the plain. Odin will ride first, with his golden helmet and bright corselet, grasping his spear Gungnir; he will encounter the wolf Fenrir. Thor will be at his side, but may not help him, as he will be fully engaged fighting with Midgard's serpent. Frey will fight with Surt, and after a hard conflict fall. The cause of his death will be the lack of his good sword, which he gave to Skirnir. Then will the dog Garm be loosed, which had till then been bound before Gnipa's cave; he will prove the greatest misfortune, he will fight against Ty, and they will slay each other. Thor will gain glory from (the slaying of) Midgard's serpent; thence he will walk nine feet, and then fall dead from the venom blown on him by the serpent. The wolf will swallow Odin, and so cause his death; but immediately after Vidar will come forth, and step on the monster's nether jaw with the foot on which he wears his formidable shoe. With his hand he will seize the wolf's upper jaw,

and rend his mouth asunder. Loki will enter into conflict with Heimdall, and they will slay each other. After all this Surt will hurl fire over the earth, and burn the whole world."

Whatever, then, we may think of the theogony of the Norsemen, it is impossible to deny that the composers of these Eddas were deep thinkers and men of very vivid imagination.

They had also a strong belief in an after-death, for they speak of Gimli and other desirable dwellings which will defy the general conflagration, and also of a hall in Naströna whose door faces north. Its walls are formed of serpents whose heads are turned into the house, and perjurers and murderers have, through eternity, to wade in the venom which they discharge.

Mr. Thorpe also deals with a number of sagas in which are embodied many strange and interesting traditions, giving very graphic descriptions of old Scandinavian manners, customs, and events; but it is impossible to do more than just mention these, and refer those who are interested in such matters to the books I have glanced through this evening.

His interpretations of the various names and incidents are also well worthy of attention, but these, too, it is impossible to deal with in the present paper.

THE RELIGIOUS POETRY OF TENNYSON.

BY THE VEN. WILLIAM MACDONALD SINCLAIR, D.D.,
ARCHDEACON OF LONDON.

[Read March 21st, 1898.]

ALFRED TENNYSON, born in 1809 in a Church of England rectory, was about thirty years of age when the Oxford Movement began to stir in the Church of England, and to revive ecclesiastical theories long dormant or discarded; while about the same time criticism and philosophy, which had passed over to Germany from England in the last century, were now returning with renewed vigour, to search the foundations of belief, to drive many into scepticism, and to widen religious belief, and make thought more tolerant. By the former movement he was influenced only in his sense of the picturesque; to the teaching of Coleridge, Maurice, and Kingsley his own is nearly akin. Tennyson, having probably the most representative mind in the present century, and sensitive with poetic responsiveness to every wind of thought, speculation, and emotion, with a very firm and independent will and a noble character, becomes a figure typical of the mental difficulties and struggles of his era, and the positive conclusions at which he arrives are of profound importance to contemporary religious belief.

All through his life he took a deep and even passionate interest in theology and religion. Thus we read in the Biography that in 1842 "the new poems dealt with an extraordinarily wide range of subjects: chivalry, duty, reverence, self-control, human passion, human love, the love of country, science, philosophy, simple faith, and the many complex moods of the religious nature. 'It was the heart of England,' wrote Aubrey de Vere, 'even more than her imagination, that he made his own. It was the humanities and the truths underlying them that he sang; and he so sang them that any deep-hearted reader was made to feel through his far-reaching thought that those humanities are spiritual things, and that to touch them is to touch the garment of the Divine. Those who confer so deep a benefit cannot but be remembered.'"* The service of Tennyson to religion was that, in an age when literature and philosophy are largely agnostic, he brought religious thought, truth, and feeling into the very front rank of the mental results of the age, and kept them there. Our religious debt to him is inestimable.

"His creed,"† says his son in another part of the Memoir, "he always said he would not formulate, for people would not understand him if he did; but he considered that his poems expressed the principles at the foundation of his faith.

"He thought, with Arthur Hallam, that 'the essential feelings of religion subsist in the utmost

* Tennyson, "A Memoir," l. 189.
† Ibid., l. 308.

diversity of forms,' that 'different language does not always imply different opinions, nor different opinions any difference in *real* faith.' 'It is impossible,' he said, 'to imagine that the Almighty will ask you, when you come before Him in the next life, what your particular form of creed was; but the question will rather be, "Have you been true to yourself, and given in My name a cup of cold water to one of these little ones?"'

"'This is a terrible age of unfaith,' he would say; 'I hate utter unfaith; I cannot endure that men should sacrifice everything at the cold altar of what with their imperfect knowledge they choose to call truth and reason. One can easily lose all belief through giving up the continual thought and care for spiritual things.'"

"And again: 'In this vale of Time the hills of Time often shut out the mountains of Eternity.'"

The Bishop of Ripon wrote of him, "With those who are impatient of all spiritual truth he had no sympathy whatever; but he had a sympathy with those who were impatient of the formal statement of truth, only because he felt that all formal statements of truth must of necessity fall below the greatness and the grandeur of the truth itself. There is a reverent impatience of forms, and there is an irreverent impatience of them. An irreverent impatience of formal dogma means impatience of all spiritual truth; but a reverent impatience of formal dogma may be but the expression of the feeling that the truth must be larger, purer, nobler, than any mere human expression or definition of it. With this latter attitude of mind he had sympathy,

and he expressed that sympathy in song: he could understand those who seemed

> "To have reached a purer air,
> Whose faith has centre everywhere,
> Nor cares to fix itself to form."

He urged men to "cling to faith, beyond the forms of faith." But while he did this, he also recognised clearly the importance and the value of definitions of truth; and his counsel to the very man who prided himself upon his emancipation from forms was—

> "Leave thou thy sister, when she prays
> Her early heaven, her happy views;
> Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
> A life that leads melodious days.
>
> "Her faith through form is pure as thine,
> Her hands are quicker unto good:
> Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
> To which she links a truth divine!"

(Flesh and blood here would, of course, mean the outward form or intellectual presentment.)

He warned the man proud of his emancipation from formal faith that in a world of so many confusions he might meet with ruin "even for want of such a type." And we are not surprised, knowing how insidious are the evil influences which gather round us.

> "Hold thou the good; define it well,
> For fear 'Divine Philosophy'
> Should push beyond her mark, and be
> Procuress to the lords of Hell."

"And thus he had [at once] sympathy with those who feel that faith is larger and nobler than form, and at the same time he had tenderness and appreciation of those who find their faith helped by form. To him, as to so many, Truth is so infinitely great, that all we can do with our poor human utterance is to try and clothe it in such language as will make it clear to ourselves, and clear to those to whom God sends us with a message; but meanwhile, above us and our thoughts, above our broken lights, God in His mercy, God in His love, God in His infinite nature, is greater than all."

"Assuredly," says the present Lord Tennyson, "religion was no nebulous abstraction for him. He consistently emphasised his own belief in what he called the Eternal Truths:

(1) In an Omnipotent, Omnipresent, and All-loving God,
(2) Who has revealed Himself through the human attribute of the highest self-sacrificing love.
(3) In the freedom of the human will.
(4) And in the immortality of the soul.

But he asserted (and with that every man of faith would agree) that 'nothing worthy proving can be proven;' and that even as to the great laws which are the basis of science, 'we have but faith: we cannot know.' He dreaded the dogmatism of sects, and rash definitions of God. 'I dare hardly name His name,' he would say; and accordingly he named Him in 'The Ancient Sage' 'The Nameless.' 'But take away belief in the self-conscious personality of God,' he said, 'and you take away the

backbone of the world.' 'On God and God-like men we build our trust.' A week before his death I was sitting by him, and he talked long of the personality and of the love of God, 'that God whose eyes consider the poor,' 'who catereth even for the sparrow.' 'I should,' he said, 'infinitely rather feel myself the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth with a God above, than the highest type of man standing alone.' He would allow that God is unknowable in 'His whole world-self and all-in-all,' and that therefore there was some force in the objection made by some people to the word 'personality,' as being 'anthropomorphic,' and that perhaps 'self-consciousness' or 'mind' might be clearer to them; but at the same time he insisted that although 'man is like a thing of nought' in 'the boundless plan,' our highest view of God must be more or less anthropomorphic; and that 'personality,' as far as our intelligence goes, is the widest definition, and includes 'mind,' 'self-consciousness,' 'will,' 'love,' and other attributes of the 'Real,' the 'Supreme,' 'the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy.'"

There are many of his poems that express this idea of God, the deepest, truest, and most comprehensive, perhaps, outside the New Testament. Tennyson had a wonderful way of summing up a whole philosophy by a happy phrase. These are the words which he composed for an anthem about God, at the request of Professor Jowett, for Balliol College Chapel:

"Hallowed be Thy name. Hallelujah!
Infinite Ideality!
Immeasurable Reality!
Infinite Personality!
Hallowed be Thy name. Hallelujah!

"We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee;
We feel we are something—*that* also has come from Thee;
We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt help us to be.
Hallowed be Thy name. Hallelujah!"

It would be impossible to put more tersely the great truths that in God we live and move and have our being; that we are differentiated from Him in order that He may be surrounded with happy existences; and that unless we co-operate with Him, and submit voluntarily to His will, we shall not fulfil the end of our being, but shall die the "spiritual death" of theology.

There is another magnificent poem on this subject, which turns the tables in the most brilliant manner on Pantheism. The doctrine of Pantheism is that "everything is God;" the doctrine of Christianity is that "God is everything." Tennyson seizes this idea, and treats the material universe as the vesture of God, and ourselves as only separated from Him for the purposes of individual entity:

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

"Is not the Vision He? Tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

"Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

"Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;
For is He not all but that which has power to feel
'I am I'?

"Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendour and gloom.

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with spirit can meet,—
Closer He is than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

"God is law, say the wise: O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice.

"Law is God, say some; no God at all, says the fool:"

And the reason of these various views is—

"For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;

"And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear this Vision—were it not He?"

To the enormous difficulties suggested by the facts of nature he is keenly alive. Partly he discounts them by the majestic theory of evolution; partly by a humble confession of human limitations and blindness, and a confidence in the abiding reality of truth, could we but see it.

"The wish, that of the living whole,
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

"Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

"That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

"I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

But the difficulties increase. Science shows past and obsolete stages of creation.

"'So careful of the type?' but no.
From scarpèd cliff and quarried stone
She cries: 'A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing: all shall go.

"'Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit doth but mean the breath:
I know no more. And he, shall he,

"'Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

"'Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

"'Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills?

"'No more? A monster they, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime
That tear each other in their slime
Were mellow music matched with him.

"'O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.'"

Who has not felt these difficulties? Would that all could be satisfied with the true answer!—"Here we know in part, but then shall we know even also as we are known." "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God, because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

Belief in God is not so much derived from scientific investigation as from innate conviction and irrefragable experience:

"That which we dare invoke to bless:
Our dearest faith, our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness whom we guess;

"I found Him not in world or sun, (Natural Science.)
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor thro' the questions men may try, (Metaphysics.)
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

"If e'en, where Faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, 'Believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

"A warmth *within* the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered, 'I HAVE FELT.'

"No, like a child in doubt and fear;
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But crying, KNOWS HIS FATHER NEAR;

"And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
AND OUT OF DARKNESS CAME THE HANDS
THAT REACH THROUGH NATURE, MOULDING MEN."

In lines which blend with the truest philosophy, he sums up "In Memoriam" by describing the purpose of God in creation:

"A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,

"And, mov'd thro' life of lower phase
Result in man, be born and think,
And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race

"Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge; under whose command
Is Earth, and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book

"No longer half akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped and suffered, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;

"Whereof the man that with me trod
This planet was a noble type,
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

"That God which ever lives and loves;
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

The birth of the soul, its earthly sojourn and trials, its future regeneration and perfection, either in some kind of millennium or in Paradise or heaven, and the abiding ever-progressing purpose of the Almighty, Eternal, Omnipresent Being, are all touched in with unparalleled power.

God's purpose and process in making man is nobly described in the ode to his son:

I.

"Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
From that great deep, before our world begins,
Whereon the Spirit of God moves as He will—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
From that true world within the world we see,
Whereof our world is but the bounding shore—
Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep,
With this ninth moon, that sends the hidden sun
Down yon dark sea, thou comest, darling boy.

II.

"For in the world, which is not ours, They said,
'Let Us make man,' and that which should be man,
From that one light no man can look upon,
Drew to this shore lit by the suns and moons
And all the shadows. O dear Spirit, half lost
In thine own shadow and this fleshly sign
That thou art thou—who wailest being born
And banished into mystery, and the pain

Of this divisible-indivisible world
Among the numerable-innumerable
Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space
In finite-infinite Time—our mortal veil
And shatter'd phantom of that infinite One,
Who made thee unconceivably Thyself
Out of His whole World-self and all in all—
Live thou! and of the grain and husk, the grape
And ivyberry, choose; and still depart
From death to death thro' life and life, and find
Nearer and ever nearer Him, who wrought
Not Matter, nor the finite-infinite,
But this main-miracle, that thou art thou,
With power on thine own act and on the world."

The place of man in Evolution is again designated with sympathetic insight and skill in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years after:"

"Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.

"What are men that He should heed us? cried the king of sacred song;
Insects of an hour, that hourly work their brother insect wrong.

"While the silent Heavens roll, and Suns along their fiery way,
All their planets whirling round them, flash a million miles a day.

"Many an Æon moulded earth before her highest, man, was born,
Many an Æon too may pass when earth is manless and forlorn,

"Earth so huge, and yet so bounded—pools of salt, and plots of land—
Shallow skin of green and azure—chains of mountain, grains of sand!

"Only That which made us, meant us to be mightier by and by,
Set the sphere of all the boundless Heavens within the human eye,
"Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro' the human soul;
Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward, in the Whole.

"He was occasionally much troubled," writes his son, "with the intellectual problem of the apparent profusion and waste of life, and by the vast amount of sin and suffering throughout the world, for these seemed to militate against the idea of the Omnipotent and All-loving Father.

"No doubt in such moments he might possibly have been heard to say what I myself have heard him say, 'An Omnipotent Creator who could make such a painful world is to me *sometimes* as hard to believe in, as to believe in blind matter behind everything. . . . I can almost understand some of the gnostic heresies, which only after all put the difficulty one step further back:

'O me, for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world;
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it, and make it beautiful?'

After one of these moods in the summer of 1892, he exclaimed, 'Yet God *is* love, transcendent, all-pervading! We do not get *this* faith from Nature or the world. If we look at Nature *alone*, full of perfection and imperfection, she tells us that God is disease, murder, and rapine. We get this faith

from ourselves, from what is highest within us, which recognises that there is not one fruitless pang, just as there is not one lost good.' And he would sometimes put forward the old theory that 'the world is part of an infinite plan, incomplete because it is a part. We cannot, therefore, read the riddle.'"

"My father," continues his biographer, "invariably believed that humility is the only true attitude of the human soul, and therefore spoke with the greatest reserve of what he called 'these unfathomable mysteries,' as befitting one who did not dogmatise, but who knew that the finite can by no means grasp the infinite; and yet who had a profound trust that when all is seen face to face, all will be seen as the best. 'Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power, which alone is great.' Who knows whether Revelation be not itself a veil to hide the glory of that Love which we could not look upon without marring the sight and our onward progress?

"'Almost the finest summing up of religion,' he said, 'is to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.'

"This faith was to him the breath of life, and never, I feel, really failed him, or life itself would have failed."

With regard to Revelation, he always referred inquirers to "In Memoriam." His view of Christ would be expressed by the language of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in

these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds; who [was] the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person." He liked the description of the Word in the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, and said that whenever he addressed Christ in "In Memoriam," he addressed Him in that sense. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "The main testimony to Christianity he found not in miracles, but in that eternal witness, the revelation of what might be called 'the mind of God,' in the Christian morality and its correlation with the divine in man. He had a measureless admiration for the Sermon on the Mount, and for the parables—'perfection, beyond compare,' he called them. I heard a talk on these between him and Browning, and Browning fully agreed with my father in his admiration. Moreover my father expressed his conviction that 'Christianity with its divine morality, but without the central figure of Christ, *the* Son of Man, would become cold; and that it is fatal for religion to lose its warmth; that *the* Son of Man was the most tremendous title possible; that the *forms* of the Christian religion would alter, but that the spirit of Christ would still grow from more to more 'in the roll of the ages.'" Thus he writes in the prologue to "In Memoriam:"

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

"Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo! Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine."

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

"We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

"But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock Thee when we do not fear:
But help Thy foolish ones to bear;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

"Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to Thee.

"Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

"Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in Thy wisdom make me wise."

The teaching of Christ, His incarnation, and the effects of it, are sketched with masterly reverence and sympathy:

"Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin;

"For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
Where truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

"And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;

"Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef."

Here are the thoughts of immortality with which the arrival of Christmas Day in the midst of his grief for his friend inspires him:

"Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang, 'They do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change;

"Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gathered power, yet the same,
Pieces the keen seraphic flame [the renewed soul]
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.

"Rise, happy morn; rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

He treats the narratives of the Gospels with profound respect, and hangs his lessons on them. Here is what he says about Lazarus:

"When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave?

"'Where wert thou, brother, those four days?'
There leaves no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

"From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

"Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

And here is the devotion of Mary of Bethany:

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And He that brought him back is there.

"Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

"All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

In the future life he had the profoundest belief. To him, as to Kant, God and the soul were the two pillars of life and conduct. "I need not enlarge," writes his son, "upon his faith in the immortality of the soul, as he has dwelt upon that so fully in his poems. 'I can hardly understand,' he said, 'how any great imaginative man, who has deeply lived, suffered, thought, and wrought, can doubt of the soul's continual progress in the after life.'" His poem of "Wages" he liked to be quoted on this subject:

WAGES.

"Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

"The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die."

He more than once said what he has expressed in "Vastness:" Hast Thou made all this for nought? Is all this trouble of life worth undergoing if we only end in our own corpse-coffins at last? If you allowed God, and God allows this strong instinct and universal yearning for another life, surely that is in a measure a presumption of its truth. We cannot give up the mighty hopes that make us men.

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is;

"This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild Poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

"What then were God to such as I?
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die;

"'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease."

He believed strongly in recognition in heaven:

"That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

"Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:

"And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

"Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
'Farewell! We lose ourselves in light.'"

He taught also that there would be abundant employment in heaven:

"And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In those great offices that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven."

And again:

"How fares it with the happy dead?
For here the man is more and more;
But he forgets the days before
God shut the doorways of his head.

"The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense
Gives out at times (he knows not whence)
A little flash, a mystic hint;

"And in the long harmonious years
(If Death so taste Lethean springs)
May some dim touch of earthly things
Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

"If such a dreamy touch should fall,
O turn thee round, resolve the doubt;
My guardian angel will speak out
In that high place, and tell thee all."

He looked also, like St. Paul, to a day when God would have subdued all things to Himself:

"Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

"That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

"Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

"So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry."

He naturally felt sympathy with those who in these difficult days are full of perplexity:

"You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me doubt is Devil-born.

"I know not: one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:

"Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

"He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

"To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

"But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud."

The expression "half the creeds" is ambiguous, and has led to mistakes. He does not mean the contents of the creeds—the creeds are in themselves very few, very short, and mostly the same—he means more faith in honest doubt than in half the repetitions of the creeds. The word "creed" comes from *credo*, I believe; he means that a great many people repeat them without much real faith.

In the same way the idea of the better Christianity has been misinterpreted, "Ring in the Christ

that is to be;" he does not mean a new Christ, but a better apprehension and understanding of His teaching.

About prayer, writes his son, he said, "The reason why men find it hard to regard prayer in the same light in which it was formerly regarded is that *we* seem to know more of the unchangeableness of law; but I believe that God reveals Himself in each individual soul. Prayer is, to take a mundane simile, like opening a sluice between the great ocean and our little channels when the great sea gathers itself together, and flows in at full tide."

Prayer on our part is the highest aspiration of the soul:

> "A breath that fleets beyond this iron world,
> And touches Him who made it."

And—

> "Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with spirit can meet;—
> Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."
>
> "More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
> Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
> For what are men better than sheep or goats
> If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
> Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
> For so the whole round world is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Free-will, too, was one of his cardinal points. It was "the main miracle, apparently an act of self-limitation by the Infinite, and yet a revelation of Himself by Himself." "Take away the sense of individual responsibility, and men sink into pessi-

mism and madness." He wrote at the end of the poem "Despair:" "In my boyhood I came across the Calvinistic creed, and assuredly, however unfathomable the mystery, if one cannot believe in the freedom of the human will as of the Divine, life is hardly worth having. The lines that he oftenest repeated about free-will were these:

> "This main miracle that thou art thou
> With power on thine own act and on the world."

He was, in short, a great religious teacher as well as a supreme poet, strong in faith, deeply imbued with Christianity, reflecting at times the doubts and questionings of a scientific and introspecting age, but holding firm to the primary cardinal principles. His final religious feeling may be given in three of his last poems, "Doubt and Prayer," "Faith," and "Crossing the Bar."

DOUBT AND PRAYER.

"Tho' Sin too oft, when smitten by Thy rod,
Rail at 'Blind Fate' with many a vain 'Alas!'
From sin thro' sorrow into Thee we pass
By that same path our true forefathers trod;
And let not Reason fail me, nor the sod
Draw from my death Thy living flower and grass,
Before I learn that Love, which is, and was
My Father, and my Brother, and my God!
Steel me with patience! soften me with grief!
Let blow the trumpet strongly while I pray,
Till this embattled wall of unbelief
My prison, not my fortress, fall away!
Then, if Thou willest, let my day be brief,
So Thou wilt strike Thy glory through the day."

FAITH.

I.

"Doubt no longer that the Highest is the wisest and the best,
Let not all that saddens Nature blight thy hope or break thy rest,
Quail not at the fiery mountain, at the shipwreck, or the rolling
Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or the famine or the pest!

II.

"Neither mourn if human creeds be lower than the heart's desire!
Thro' the gates that bar the distance comes a gleam of what is higher.
Wait till Death has flung them open, when the man will make the Maker
Dark no more with human hatreds in the glare of deathless fire!"

CROSSING THE BAR.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark:

"For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY CRITICISM IN ENGLAND.

BY J. W. KNIPE, PH.D., L.C.P., F.R.S.L.

[Read June 8th, 1898.]

THAT most glorious epoch in our literature known as the Elizabethan Age is remarkable no less for the number of its creative geniuses and the luxuriant profusion of its literary efforts than for the splendour and general excellence of its imaginative products. The outburst was truly great; and it was only natural that, surrounded by all this wealth of creation, the men of that time should be led to ask: What are the principles that underlie all true poetry? What is "the right describing note to know a poet by?" English criticism, then, dates from this period. Not until a great body of literature, such as came into being during the latter half of the sixteenth century, had arisen, could there be any standards of comparison or canons of judgment; and just as the study of the classics was one of the most potent spurs to the imagination of the poets and dramatists who followed Surrey and Wyatt, so in turn did the influence of classical study make itself felt in the earliest attempts at criticism. Indeed, for the next two hundred years critical method was dominated by reference to Virgil and the Latins, Homer and the Greeks, who were for ever being held up for imitation as the only models of true poetic art.

In tracing the development of literary criticism in England, three well-marked stages present themselves. The first is that period when, in their passion for the classics, men were carried away by the freedom and wealth of imagination of the ancients, and were in a great measure unrestrained through want of art. It extends roughly over a century—from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth. The second is the period from the Restoration to the publication of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' in 1798, during which the influence of the classics bore almost entirely in the direction of self-restraint, regularity, artificiality. While the critics of this period insisted on correctness and perfection of form, they completely ignored the naturalness and freedom of style of the poets whom they held up as models. Thus their judgments were crippled and their ideas of poetry narrowed. In the third period, which roughly coincides with the present century, the scope of criticism has been widened by the study of other literatures beside Roman and Greek; and, as a result, instead of criticising a work by reference to classical models only, the modern critic makes it his duty to see that it accords with what Carlyle calls "the universal principles of poetic beauty."

The moral aspects of poetry and the drama were the first to engage the attention of the critic. The drama especially, from its very beginning, was a source of annoyance to the Puritans. The stage was attacked not only by the clergy but by the Corporation of London, who, in 1576, succeeded in driving the theatres beyond their walls. Many men

of letters joined the controversy, chief among whom was Stephen Gosson, himself formerly a playwright and actor. In 1579 he published and dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney 'The School of Abuse, containing a Plesaunt Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such-like Caterpillers of a Commonwealth.' This scurrilous attack was answered by Thomas Lodge in his 'Defence of Poetry, Musick, and Stage Plays.' Gosson replied with 'Plays confuted in Five Actions.' Meanwhile, in 1581, Sidney, goaded by Gosson's attack, but disdaining to take part in a controversy at once so narrow and so abusive, wrote—probably to satisfy his own mind and not for publication—his 'Apologie for Poetrie,' the first great monument of literary criticism in our language. Though suggested by the bigoted assaults of the Puritans, it is much more than a mere reply to their arguments. Pattern of perfect chivalry as Sidney was, a noble nature like his could not help but feel all that was noblest in the poet's art. The 'Apologie' is, therefore, a magnificent defence of the art of creative imagination, not only against the narrow-minded attacks of men like Gosson and the Puritans, but against those philosophers of every age who have united with Plato in banishing poets from the ideal commonwealth. It is a plea for liberty, a noble and successful attempt to maintain the dignity of letters. The characteristics of Sidney as a critic are his moral fervour, his philosophical insight into the true nature of poetry, and his belief in the superiority of poetry to philosophy or history as the teacher of mankind. Poetry, so far from being empty

imagining, foolish vapour, childish fancy, "the mother of lies," is, in fact, the highest form of truth. All other knowledge is knowledge about Nature; the poet alone is not bound by any such restrictions. Poetry is not a study of Nature; it is something which stands on an equal footing with—nay, rather transcends—Nature herself. The other sciences are the attempts of men to read Nature's secrets; the rule of them all is—follow Nature. Poetry rather comes from God, is inspired by the very Author of Nature. Lifted up by the vigour of his own invention, the poet creates another world, either by idealising Nature as he finds her, or by making quite anew forms that never were in Nature. Hand in hand with the first Nature which it is the business of all science to interpret, we may therefore speak of a second or higher Nature, a world of poetic creation, which far surpasses the former.

"That type of perfect in the mind,
In Nature we can nowhere find."

"Nature," says Sidney, "never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done. . . . Her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden." Has this world ever brought forth "so true a lover as Theagenes, so constant a friend as Pylades, so valiant a man as Orlando, so right a prince as Xenophon's Cyrus, so excellent a man every way as Virgil's Æneas?" The poet is the true prophet. While history treats of what has been, poetry foretells what may be. Its function is to teach; it must influence our character; it must

call us to action; it must have some bearing on our every-day life. But the poet is not a mere preacher; he has not only to teach but to delight. When, therefore, such moral lessons as the sin of uncharitableness and the blessings of humility are conveyed in the form of the Divine narration of Dives and Lazarus; when the duties of praise and thankfulness are enjoined in such exquisite language as in the Psalms of David—then the preacher at once becomes the poet. The matter it contains, the lesson it imparts, the moral teaching it conveys, the call to action it enforces, the conception in the author's mind—these are the soul of poetry. But while metre, rhyme, and rhythm are not primarily essential, yet the outward form aids very materially in producing that delight, and in bringing about that frame of mind which it is the aim of the author to produce. Sidney, therefore, discusses alliteration, rhyme, and classical measures, attacks Euphuism, argues for the "unities," brings charges against the comedy of the period, deplores the lack of artificial rules and imitative patterns, and concludes that, though poetry has fallen into disrepute in England, it is not the fault of the art but of the artist.

When Sidney wrote, the art of poetry was in its infancy. A new world had dawned upon the English mind with the invention of printing, which brought with it a revived interest in the work of such old masters as Chaucer, and which opened up for study the whole range of the classics. Dazzled with this new light, and fired by the richness and imagination of the Greeks and Romans, the crea-

tive impulse of the Elizabethans knew little restraint. What their minds imagined, that their pen gave forth. Of the rules of their art they knew but little, and the great geniuses of the age were too busy with their own creations to allow time for self-reflection and criticism in the true sense of the word. Nearly the whole attention, therefore, of the critics from the time of Sidney to the Restoration was occupied with such technicalities as Sidney concerned himself with in the latter part of the 'Apologie,' or with vague and abstract generalisings as to the nature and origin of poetry.

Among the chief works on criticism, published during this period, were William Webbe's 'Discourse of English Poetrie,' 1586; George Puttenham's 'Art of English Poesie,' 1589; Harington's 'Apologie of Poetrie,' 1591; Meres' 'Palladis Tamia,' 1598; Campion's 'Observations in the Arte of English Poesie,' 1602, and Daniel's 'Defence of Ryme,' 1603.

Harvey and Webbe stand out conspicuous among those who wished to reform English versification by the imposition of classical metres—that is, by the abolition of rhyme and the introduction of a system of quantity. As regards the nature of poetry, Webbe held with Horace that the function of poetry is to teach as well as to delight. Whether the subject matter be historical or purely imaginative, it should contain such an element of truth that it may profit as well as please.

Puttenham, after discussing the nature and origin of poetry, and treating of its various forms and metres, with special reference to fanciful ways of

writing verse—the square, the triangle, the rhombus —deals with the poet's language, and among other extracts quotes, as an example of sweet and sententious verse, the following lines written by Queen Elizabeth at the time when various plots in favour of Mary Queen of Scots were on foot:

"The doubt of *future foes* exiles my present joy,
And *wit* me *warns* to *shun such snares* as threaten mine annoy.
For falsehood now doth *flow*, and subject *faith* doth ebb,
Which would not be if *reason ruled* or *wisdom weaved* the *web*."

—and so on for sixteen lines.

Meres' 'Palladis Tamia' is chiefly a comparison of the English poets with the Greeks, Latins, and Italians. Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' 'Lucrece' and 'Sonnets' are compared to Ovid's mellifluous verse, and his comedies and tragedies to those of Plautus and Seneca. Campion was another advocate of the classical metres and a consequent despiser of rhyme. His 'Observations' was replied to by Daniel, who defended rhyme on historical grounds, by showing that it had always been popular, not only in our own islands, but among every race and nation.

It will be seen that these minor writers made no distinct advance in critical method. In fact, it is not until after the Restoration—not until we come to Dryden—that we find a critic at all comparable to Sidney. But to appreciate Dryden's critical work, we must understand something of the state of poetry and the drama when he began to write.

In Elizabeth's reign, as we have seen, when the art of poetry was being made, the poets, inspired only by their feelings, wrote naturally, but were quite heedless of rules. Soon, when the lack of feeling began to manifest itself, the lack of art became more apparent, and men tried to atone for it by extravagant and fantastic use of words. Thus the style that had been so free and natural at first, because of its ignorance of rules, had eventually become unnatural for the very same reason. If all dramatists were Shakespeares, and all poets Spensers, the need for formal rules would vanish. The genius of such master minds is independent of all artificial aids. Shakespeare and Spenser knew by intuition how to steer their course between the hard rocks of severity and stiffness, on the one hand, and the soft quicksands of looseness and laxity of style on the other. But this was too much to expect from their followers. With Beaumont and Fletcher, Shirley and Massinger, Heywood and Middleton, Ford and Webster, the great school of English dramatists reaches its close. In Lovelace and Suckling, Carew and Crashaw, Herrick and Herbert, we see the last of the followers of Spenser. The vessels had foundered—not on the rocks, but on the quicksands. Ben Jonson, indeed, saw the direction in which they were drifting, but in his eagerness to avoid the shifting shoals he steered too far in the opposite direction, and was himself wrecked on the rocks of rigidity.

While the English drama was thus suffering shipwreck, another vessel, the Drama of France,—

destined to be the model on which England should rebuild her shattered ships—loomed on the horizon. With the decay of the English romantic drama the French classical drama arose. Poetry in England having fallen into such a state of laxity, it was in the natural order of things that there should be a definite revolt in favour of reason and correctness. What wonder, then, that English writers should turn to their neighbours across the Channel, where poetry, if cold and lifeless, suffered little, at any rate, from formal imperfection. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Malherbe had inaugurated a revolution in the style of French poetry on the side of accuracy of versification, correctness of metre, avoidance of strained metaphors and extravagant conceits, and the insistence on careful language and treatment. The English Malherbe, the inaugurator of the revolt against the current system of versification, was Waller; and by 1660, the year of the Restoration, the old school had entirely vanished, and its place had been taken by men like Cowley and Cleveland, Denham and Davenant. In the drama, the languid state into which blank verse had fallen, through the sense being run on from line to line, was counteracted by its confinement within the lines of a couplet.

But the "heroic drama," although possessing many good qualities, and serving a useful purpose, was, after all, a poor affair, for while it lacked all the good qualities of the Elizabethan drama, it at the same time exaggerated its faults. Like the poetry of the period, it abounded in extravagant conceits and far-fetched metaphors, and what it

lacked in dramatic force by nature it tried to make up for by declamation and bombast. In its more mature form the metallic ring of its verse was increased by the use of the rhymed couplet, which its advocates urged was the only thing wanted to make the Elizabethan drama absolutely perfect. It is in Sir William Davenant that this style is first seen in its true perfection. I select the following examples:

"Let all glad hymns in one mixed concord sound,
And make the echoing heavens your mirth rebound."
(*Albovine*, 1629, Act i.).

"No arguments by forms of senate made
Can magisterial jealousy persuade;
It takes no counsel, nor will be in awe
Of reason's force, necessity, or law."
(*Siege of Rhodes*, 1662. Part ii.).

It was partly in support of the heroic drama and in defence of rhyme, and partly to uphold the dignity of the English stage against the French, that Dryden wrote. Dryden maintains the imitation theory of art. He takes delight to be the chief, if not the only end of poetry; instruction can only be admitted in the second place; for poetry only instructs as it delights. Dramatic poetry must be a just and lively image of human nature. The French drama of the seventeenth century came far short of this ideal. The tendency was to produce types of character rather than individual beings with their natural complexity of dispositions. One of Shakespeare's claims to greatness is that he always recognised "the soul of goodness in things

evil," and, on the other hand, never painted his saints as creatures

> "Too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food."

Lady Macbeth could not murder Duncan because while he slept he resembled her father. Although a cold-blooded murderess, she was nevertheless not devoid of all filial feeling. But Molière's Tartuffe has only one passion, and that is all-absorbing: he is hypocrisy incarnate.

The 'Essay of Dramatic Poesy,' 1667, is mainly occupied in defending the English stage against the French, and in discussing the deeper principles of the drama, and the conventional restrictions with which the dramatist is surrounded. The unities of time, place, and action had always been observed in the classical drama. After the fashion of the French, the English dramatists of the time of Dryden looked upon these three unities as inexorable laws from which there was no escape. Dryden joined hands with Corneille in trying to prove that these rules were not only unessential, but that their observance was positively harmful, leading to the sacrifice of freedom and beauty, and tending to constraint. This is only one of the charges which Dryden brings against the French drama; the others strike far deeper. There is too little action in it; the speeches are too long, dialogue is neglected and its place taken by declamation; there is too much of sameness about it; its monotony wearies us.

This argument is, of course, unanswerable if the

end and aim of the French stage be taken—as Dryden took it—to be identical with that of the English. But such was not the case. Regarded as a picture of human nature in action, swayed by all the possible turns of fortune, the French classical drama of the seventeenth century does not compare with the romantic work of Shakespeare's immediate successors. But the reason does not lie in the want of adaptability of means to the end, as Dryden suggests; it is rather that the final purpose of the drama as conceived in England, seems to be more in accord with our ideas of what that purpose should be than does the end as conceived by the French. The fact that even now, when the unsoundness of the doctrines which the critics forced upon the Louis XIV dramatists has long been demonstrated, the plays of Racine and Molière continue to be frequently acted and read, while those of Webster and Ford, Massinger and Shirley, Davenant and Dryden are almost forgotten, proves unmistakably that, although lacking in some of the qualities of the English stage, the French drama possessed others which more than atoned for this deficiency. Dryden failed to see the good qualities, the nobility of soul, the fine sense of honour, the grandeur of thought, the stateliness of verse, which constitute the essential qualities of the tragedies of Corneille and Racine. If any one can lay claim to having a greater mastery over the formal rules of poetry than Virgil or Pope, surely it is Racine.

On the whole, however, Dryden is remarkable for the width of spirit that characterises his writings.

He is absolutely impartial and free from bias; his judgments are always arrived at fairly. He recognises merit even in those who are in direct opposition to his theories. He who, although admiring the pattern of elaborate writing, could yet say, "I love Shakespeare . . . the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul;" he who, in spite of Milton's sneer at rhyme, acknowledged that "he cuts us all out, and the ancients too;" he who held Chaucer "in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil," surely had no narrow conception of the poetic art.

But apart from his breadth of view there are three qualities in which Dryden made a distinct advance in critical method. He was the first to set forth the distinctive qualities which characterise the work of individual authors, and to appraise them at their exact value. Again, he was the first to make full use of the historical method which, as we have seen, originated with Daniel. Finally, he was the first to employ the comparative method in its true significance. This is the method, *par excellence*, of the Restoration critics, and in its lawful use as bringing out the essential differences between various writers, it is indispensable to the work of the critic. For all criticism involves comparison, either with external standards or with standards existing only in the mind of the critic. But in criticism, as in everything, comparisons are odious when they simply serve to glorify one author at the expense of another. It is no criticism to say that in the school of poetry Shakespeare deserves a first

class, Shelley a second, Shirley a third, and Shenstone a fourth.

The Preface to the 'Fables,' written in 1700, just before Dryden's death, contains admirable examples of the comparative method. Homer is brought into line with Virgil; Ovid, with whom ended the golden age of the Roman tongue, is compared with Chaucer, with whom the purity of the English tongue began. Contrasting Virgil with Homer, he says, "In the works of the two authors we may read their manners and inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words; Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties, both of numbers and of expressions, which his language, and the age in which he lived, allowed him: Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined." After speaking of the thoughts contained in a poem, and the diction in which those thoughts are expressed, he goes on to say that "neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in . . . expression the Roman poet is at least equal to the Grecian, as I have said elsewhere; supplying the poverty of his language by his musical ear and by his diligence. But to return: our two great poets, being so different in their tempers, one choleric and sanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic; that which makes them excel in their several ways is, that each of them has followed his own natura inclination, as well in forming the design as in

the execution of it. The very heroes show their authors: Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful, *Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*, &c. Æneas patient, considerate, careful of his people, and merciful to his enemies; ever submissive to the will of heaven, *quo fata trahunt, retrahuntque, sequamur.*" Again, he points out that the action of Homer is more full of vigour than that of Virgil. "One warms you by degrees; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. 'Tis the same difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demosthenes and Tully. One persuades, the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer."

Notwithstanding all his merits, however, Dryden is by no means perfect. His great defect is conventional prejudice. It seems strange that the man who wrote against the observance of the unities, and who found fault with the French stage—a stage hemmed in on every side with conventional restrictions—should yet be the founder of that school of criticism of whose doctrines Johnson was the typical exponent. But such was, nevertheless, the case; for in Dryden are to be found the seeds of that theory which was held by all the Restoration critics —the theory that the outward form constitutes the fundamental and only distinction between poetry and prose.

Dryden lays down the law with regard to dramatic poesy. There is to be no mixture of the tragic and the comic elements in a play; a tragedy should contain nothing mirth-provoking, nor should a comedy contain any serious element from begin-

ning to end. The plot is to be much less involved, and the drama is to be more regular and correct in every way. In his introduction to the 'Rival Ladies,' 1664, he champions the cause of rhyme against blank verse in tragedy, arguing that rhyme is necessary to keep the poet's imagination within bounds, and to check the liberty of his fancy. In the 'Essay' he returns to the same discussion, this time defending rhyme on the ground that it is an aid to the idealisation of Nature, and, therefore, indispensable to all true art. In reply to the first argument it may be retorted that if the use of rhyme is to serve as a check upon the freedom of the fancy, may it not tend to confine the imagination within too narrow limits, and thus, by destroying freedom altogether, lead to stilted and artificial writing? Moreover, even if rhyme were the best form of verse, it does not follow that it is the form best adapted to the drama, and especially to tragedy. The second argument also, upon reflection, easily breaks down. Dryden would seem to infer that the removal of the language of the drama as far as possible from that of every-day life is one of the chief steps towards an ideal presentment of nature; that, in fact, idealisation depends almost solely upon the outward form, and has little to do with inward spirit. But he forgets that though rules relating to the outward form are of course necessary, on the other hand natural feeling is no less essential, and there is a danger—as illustrated by his own works and those of his followers—of sacrificing feeling to correctness; in other words, of substituting *artifice* for *art*. As poetry becomes more intellectual, more

artificial, more correct in style, it becomes *ipso facto* less natural. In the drama especially, blank verse has many points of superiority over rhyme. It is more natural, and admits of greater variety and freedom in composition. The heroic couplet always has a pause at the end of the second line—often at the end of the first as well. Not only do these pauses become monotonous, but the sense often suffers through its being confined within the limits of two lines. Then again rhyme destroys the illusion of reality. Who can conceive of Othello breaking into rhyme on hearing of Iago's villainy? Who can imagine Lear raving at Goneril in rhymed couplets? Even Dryden in after years seems to have forsaken his old love; for his later plays are all written either in blank verse or in prose, and if they do not equal his former work the fault lies not in the lack of rhyme, but in the general decay of that vigour and declamatory magnificence, that flexibility and indignant vehemence for which his earlier plays are justly noted, and in which Dryden stands unrivalled and unapproached by any, even the greatest, of our poets.

We must not judge Dryden too harshly. His faults were the faults of his time, and, even though they were faults, they served an essential purpose. The conventionalism and correctness of Dryden and Pope were necessary to preserve English versification from the final ruin towards which it was fast hastening. The reaction in favour of exactness was in truth not a degeneration, but a forward step in the evolution of English literature. One hundred years' practice in writing by rule rendered

possible the delightful harmonies of Coleridge and Shelley. They were able to build on Malherbe and Dryden edifices which it would have been quite impossible to erect on such shifting foundations as Marini and Donne. But although this step was necessary, it is astonishing to find to what length it was carried. All attempts at criticism during this period were dominated by appeal to the outward form of poetry. Inspiration was adjudged of little account; correctness, slavish adherence to fixed laws derived from a study of the most regular of the Latin poets, mechanical imitation of the ancients, observance of the indispensable laws of Aristotleian criticism—these were the sole tests of merit. The eighteenth century critics not only returned to rule, but the rules they imposed were of the most narrow kind.

Malherbe, as we have said, inaugurated this movement in France one hundred years before. The principles he insisted on were afterwards fully enunciated by Boileau. In his 'L'Art Poétique,' 1674, which is based on Horace's 'Art of Poetry,' Boileau lays down fixed and unalterable laws for French poetry. After mentioning general rules applicable to all kinds of poetry whatsoever, he sets forth in detail the special rules for the sonnet, the ballad, the ode, the elegy, the eclogue, the satire, and finally for tragedy, comedy, and the epic. These laws all tended to purity of style, and the avoidance of fantastic conceits; and the English critics were quite right in insisting upon the same general principles. The names of Malherbe and Boileau, Dryden and Pope, stand for "purism" as

contrasted with the "metaphysicism" inaugurated by Marini in Italy, and carried to the extreme by Gongora in Spain, Du Bartas and D'Aubigné in France, and Donne in England. But while the English critics were right in insisting on formal perfection, they erred greatly in thinking that the same laws that applied to the French language applied also to their own. Classical rules may or may not be suitable to a language which, like the French, is an offshoot of the Latin; but surely they are in no way binding on our own Teutonic language, which is classical neither in origin nor in structure.

If Johnson had followed Boileau more in the spirit and not so much in the letter, he would have been saved from many of the errors into which he fell. But Johnson, like Boileau, was classical to the core, and this narrowness accounts for all his shortcomings as a critic. One of the first requisites of poetical criticism is a wide knowledge of poetry in various languages. Johnson had a wide knowledge of poetry, but in the Latin language only. Consequently he fell into the mistake which such men always do fall into; he mistook its accidental for its essential elements. It is only when we understand the principles of Johnson's method, that we can cease to wonder at some of his literary judgments. Wherever originality triumphs over mere mechanism we should expect Johnson to be severe, and such is everywhere the case. With his treatment of Milton everyone is familiar. In 'Lycidas' "there is no nature, for there is no truth; there is no art, for there is nothing new." Its

form is "easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting." "The diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing." 'Comus' "is a drama in the epic style, inelegantly splendid, and tediously instructive." "The auditor listens as to a lecture, without passion, without anxiety." The soliloquies of Comus and the Lady are "tedious;" the songs are "harsh in their diction, and not very musical in their numbers;" "the figures are too bold, and the language too luxuriant." The Sonnets, he says, "may be despatched without much anxiety." "They deserve not any particular criticism; for of the best it can only be said that they are not bad; and perhaps only the eighth and twenty-first are truly entitled to this slender commendation." 'Samson Agonistes' "is the tragedy that ignorance has admired and bigotry applauded."

Omitting for the present that wider view of the function of criticism which it is the merit of the nineteenth century to have produced, and looking upon criticism as the men of the eighteenth century looked upon it, merely as an attempt to estimate accurately the value of individual works, to classify them, and to pronounce them "good," "bad," or "indifferent," there are two great dangers to which the critic is exposed. He must judge everything either by reference to an absolute standard existing apart from himself, or he must seek for a standard within his own mind; he must have a reasoned code of laws handed down from former critics, or he must appraise the worth of an author by an appeal to his own instinctive judgment. Thus, unless he be a master of the historical and com-

parative methods, he must either stereotype principles, and hold them as binding on every nation and for all time,—which was the method of the school of Dryden, Addison, Pope, and Johnson,—or he must dispense with principles altogether. In the evolution of criticism, therefore, we should expect to see the downfall of that absolute standard which had dominated the minds of critics for a hundred years, and the substitution of a method which should be independent of any external standard whatever. For reactions always proceed to the opposite extreme. Before England could arrive at true greatness it was necessary that the omnipotence of the Tudor sovereigns should be followed by the execution of Charles. Before a Coleridge or a Shelley could arise, it was essential that the looseness of the early seventeenth century writers should be succeeded by the correctness of Pope. And before critical method could be perfected, it was natural that the school which deified the authority of the classics should be followed by a revolutionary school which set all rules at defiance.

Such was the school of Jeffery and Gifford and their assistants on the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly.' Not only do these reviewers represent the revolt against Johnson, which led to the dethronement of the absolute standard which had set the law to poets for so long, but there is one other point in which their services to the cause of criticism deserve recognition. The publication of their periodicals tended to popularise English literature, and to create a general interest in the works of the poets, which led to a wider view altogether of the nature

of poetry. Of the absurdities, however, into which their method—or rather lack of method—led them every one is aware. The verdict of the 'Edinburgh' on Byron's 'Hours of Idleness'—"the poetry of this young lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit,"—may be forgiven; for, in the first place, it was not undeserved; in the second, it brought forth Byron's famous reply,—'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,'—which but for Jeffery we should never have had; and thirdly, the 'Edinburgh' was afterwards so appreciative of the young lord, and its reviews of his later work were so mild and sentimental, that even Byron thought they "must have been written by Jeffery in love." But many of the statements of these reviewers admit of no forgiveness. The 'Quarterly' describes Keats' 'Endymion' as containing "the most incongruous ideas," clothed in "the most uncouth language." 'Blackwood' is more bitter still, speaks of 'Endymion' as "drivelling idiocy," and advises Keats to "go back to the shop, Mr. John; back to the plasters, pills, and ointment-boxes." Wordsworth, of course, comes in for an ample share of ridicule. Commenting on the 'Poems' of 1807, the 'Edinburgh' says, "Mr. Wordsworth's diction has nowhere any pretence to elegance or dignity, and he has scarcely ever condescended to give the grace of correctness or dignity to his versification." 'Yarrow Unvisited' is described as "tedious and affected;" 'Alice Fell' is nothing but "trash;" others are "absurd" and "utterly without meaning;" while the 'Ode on Immortality' is "the most illegible and unintelligible

part of the whole publication." The 'Excursion' met with little better reception. "This will never do," says Jeffery; "the case of Mr. Wordsworth is now manifestly hopeless. We give him up as altogether incurable." Certainly some of the verdicts are not far wrong. The story of Margaret does "abound with mawkish sentiment and details of preposterous minuteness;" but surely the communing of the Wanderer with Nature should appeal to every heart, and no one except Jeffery would maintain that the whole poem exhibits "a puerile ambition of singularity, grafted on an unlucky predilection for truisms."

The reviewers were not even content with these slashing verdicts on the works of the authors; the authors themselves were most scurrilously attacked and their characters defamed. The infamous insinuations against the character of Leigh Hunt in 'Blackwood' were only rivalled by the more infamous attacks on Charlotte Brontë and on Shelley in the 'Quarterly.' "Mr. Shelley," says the reviewer,* "draws largely on the stores of another mountain poet, to whose religious mind it must be matter of perpetual sorrow to see the philosophy, which comes pure and holy from his pen, degraded and perverted by this miserable crew of atheists and pantheists. . . . If we might draw the veil of his private life and tell what we know about him, it would be indeed a disgusting picture that we should exhibit, but it would be an unanswerable comment on our text. . . . Mr. Shelley is too young, too ignorant, too inexperienced, and too vicious to

* Probably Southey.

undertake the task of reforming any world but the little world within his own breast."

The revolt against the absolute standard had thus led to what is in reality the negation of all criticism. But a new movement was already on foot. The association of the minds of Coleridge and Wordsworth at the proper psychological moment had led to the publication, in 1798, of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' in which poetry was born again. Romanticism was now infused into literature. Reality began to take the place of conventionality, and of all the "worn-out bogies with which," as Gosse says, "poetical old women frightened the baby talents of the end of the eighteenth century." With the fall of the absolute and the abuse of the individual methods, the way was now made clear for a greater advance in criticism than had ever yet been made. As leaders in this advance, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Lamb stand conspicuous. With them the function of criticism is entirely changed. No longer is the critic to give the law to the poet. The nature of the standard is to be sought neither in traditional rules nor in the mind of the critic. In fact it is not to be sought at all outside of the poet's own work. It lies in the very nature of poetry itself. Every one is, to some extent, a poet, though he may not write poetry. Poetry is the music of language answering to the music of the mind. Every one is a mute contemplator of the Beautiful, even if he does not reveal his insight to others through his mastery of language. Like Molière's 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' who had always spoken prose without knowing it, so do we all act upon poetic principles all our lives.

Man is a poetic animal; and it is in virtue of this poetic insight that he has the power to become a critic.

Coleridge was imbued with the true poetic spirit; and, what is rare with great poets, he was also a master of the principles of criticism. Some of his criticisms on Shakespeare are among the finest in our language.

Hazlitt was, perhaps, in some respects the greater critic, but, great as he is, his work is marred by errors of judgment. His criticisms are often tinged with personal spite. He needed a wider range of knowledge to get a truer conception of poetry. In some of his writings he carries us back to Johnson; we feel that the absolute standard is not even yet quite dead. His lecture 'On Poetry in General' shows him to have had the soundest grasp of the abstract nature of poetry, yet his method appears too inelastic, and not sufficiently adaptable to individual variations of temperament. He formed his model by an extensive reading of the English poets, and he seems to have been unable to modify it as occasion arose. If Hazlitt's standard was not based on the "indispensable laws of Aristotleian criticism," it was nevertheless an absolute one. This imperfect method, together with the bitterness of his nature, spoils many of his writings.

One great qualification of a critic is seen to perfection in Charles Lamb. It is the display of the sympathetic imagination. A great critic must be able not only to recall all the emotional situations of his life; he must be able also to place himself in the very mood and temper of the poet whose work

he has in hand. It is the possession of this same sympathetic imagination that distinguishes a really good actor. In watching Mrs. Siddons in 'Macbeth,' men forgot the fact that they were looking on probably the greatest tragic actress of all time; all they saw was Lady Macbeth with her overmastering ambition, her keen contriving intellect, and her cruel treachery—so completely did the great actress lose her own individuality in the character she was impersonating. With Lamb we lose sight of the critic in the poet. Just as in reading his 'Tales from Shakespeare,' we seem to live again in the very atmosphere of the original drama; so in his criticisms he seems to enter heart and soul into the very life of the poet he is criticising. I cannot refrain from quoting the following instance from his 'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets,' 1808. It is on Webster's 'Duchess of Malfi': "All the several parts of the dreadful apparatus with which the duchess's death is ushered in are not more remote from the conceptions of ordinary vengeance than the strange character of suffering which they seem to bring upon their victims is beyond the imagination of ordinary poets. As they are not like inflictions *of this life,* so her language seems not *of this world.* She has lived among horrors till she is become 'native and endowed unto that element.' She speaks the dialect of despair, her tongue has a snatch of Tartarus and the souls in bale. What are 'Luke's iron crown,' the brazen bull of Perillus, Procrustes' bed, to the waxen images which counterfeit death, to the wild masque of madmen, the tomb-maker, the bellman, the

living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees! To move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit—this only a Webster can do. Writers of an inferior genius may 'upon horror's head horrors accumulate,' but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality, they 'terrify babes with painted devils,' but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved; their terrors want dignity, their affrightments are without decorum."

We must turn now to Carlyle, a man who, if inferior to Hazlitt and Lamb in critical acumen, has nevertheless probably done more towards the perfecting of critical method in this country than any other man, either before his time or since.

It is the peculiar merit of the nineteenth century to have recognised that not only has each nation its own special characteristics, its own presiding genius, but that there is also a Divine Idea pervading the entire universe; that in searching for a standard, the critic must not only be acquainted with the literature of his own country but must cultivate the literature of the world. In revealing to the English race the characteristics of the literature of Germany, the fields of thought, no less than the artistic beauties of Goëthe, Schiller, and Richter, Carlyle opened our eyes to whole worlds of imagination and beauty to which we had hitherto been blind, and drew our attention to aspects of poetry wider and deeper than we had ever yet conceived. Many other literatures have since been

opened up to our study, but the revelation of Carlyle—not only to England, but to all Europe—of the greatness of German literature, has led to a revolution in the literary world second only in importance to that of the classical renaissance of the sixteenth century. For it was found that not only were the German writers fired by their own national genius, but that they had assiduously cultivated every literature of the world. Thus the study of German literature is in itself a liberal education.

To judge rightly of any work, we must know, in the first place, what the poet's aim was, and how far he has carried it out; and secondly, how far this aim accords with the universal principles of poetic beauty. It is here that we see Carlyle's superiority to Hazlitt. The latter, indeed, held that the poet's aim must be in harmony with the everlasting principles of true poetry, but he failed to see the importance of the first question—whether the poet faithfully carried out the task at which he aimed. Hazlitt did not allow for the infinite variety and many-sidedness of poetic genius. It is true that "Nature" was his cry, as it had also been the cry of Johnson; but while Johnson confined Nature to the Nature of the Classics, and Hazlitt limited it to the Nature of the English, with Carlyle Nature was synonymous with Truth, the "eternal reason" of the world. As truth is eternal and infinite, the poet, far from being a mere imitator of the example of his forerunners, must give us something new; the essence of poetry is originality.

The grand controversy between Classicism and

Romanticism, begun in England by Coleridge and Wordsworth in 1798, was now raging through the whole of literary Europe. Its result appears in the literatures of every country from Italy to Scandinavia. Everywhere the Classicists have been overthrown, and the opinions of Goëthe and Schiller, Victor Hugo and Sainte Beuve, Coleridge and Carlyle have become supreme. The highest poetry is the poetry of our own generation; the world of the poet, although an ideal one, is yet the world we even now live in. True poetry is no reminiscence of the past, but something actually present with us; it is no looking back upon the world of the ancients, divided by impassable barriers from the real world that lies around us and within us, but a looking round upon that real world itself. Poetry should recognise that Beauty dwells not only in the antique fairyland of classical lore, but in the world of reality which is present to our eyes, and which is thus rendered holier and more divine. We have now no mythologies, no witchcraft or magic, no spirits bringing with them airs from heaven or blasts from hell, no heroes like Odysseus and Achilles; even our Knights of Chivalry and the Golden Age are all past. We feel that the reflections of these, though beautiful, are yet delusive. Poetry has higher ends: she must dwell in Reality. The age in which we live must stand before us in all its contradiction and perplexity, mean and base as we know it to be, yet enamelled into beauty in the poet's spirit; its hidden meaning must be laid bare by men who have penetrated into the mystery of Nature. The "Spirit of the Age,"

embodied in fair imaginations, but yet earnest and full of meaning, must look upon us from the works of the poet. We are no longer content with the outward form and the conventionalities of a work of art. We want to know the idea, the thought, the meaning of the music itself, of which the outward form is the harmonious utterance. What is the poet's conception of present Reality? What lesson has he to convey suitable to man in his present state? What is his insight into Nature?

> "As all Nature's thousand changes
> But one changeless God proclaim,
> So in Art's wide kingdom ranges
> One sole meaning, still the same:
> This is Truth, eternal Reason,
> Which from Beauty takes its dress,
> And, serene through time and season,
> Stands for aye in loveliness."

"Such indeed," says Carlyle, "is the end of Poetry at all times."

With a true conception of the aim of the poet, the end of criticism is completely changed. Without embracing Fichte's metaphysical theory we can, nevertheless, more truly appreciate the function of poetry and of criticism if we look upon the whole world as permeated by a Divine Idea, of which the visible universe is the symbol or sensible manifestation,—meaningless and non-existent apart from the Idea which pervades it. The end of all virtue and knowledge is to discern, to seize hold of, and to live wholly within this Divine Idea, which to the majority of men lies hidden. Poets and critics are the appointed interpreters of this Divine

Idea, which, although in essence the same, is in each age different from that of every other age, and needs a different interpretation. It is the poet who becomes possessed of the Divine Idea, who reads the hidden secrets of Nature, and who, in his works, reveals them to men. But between the poet and the ordinary man, between the inspired and the uninspired, there is a great gulf fixed. We catch some glimpse of the meaning of the poet's words, but do not understand their deeper import. It is here that criticism steps in. The critic stands like an interpreter between the inspired and the uninspired. He seeks to reveal to us this deeper import, to clear our vision that we may discern the pure brightness of this eternal Beauty, and recognise it as heavenly; and to enable us, on the other hand, to reject, as of the earth earthy, all that claims to be poetry, but in spite of its material splendour contains no glimmering of that pure light. Thus criticism is in one way a creative art; it aims at reproducing in a different form the existing product of the poet. It may best be defined as "painting to the intellect what already lay painted to the heart and the imagination."

This is the highest development of literary criticism. It is what we see in Goëthe's criticism of 'Hamlet' in 'Wilhelm Meister,' and in the works of Walter Pater in our own country. It is what may be called, not merely the criticism of poetry, but the very "poetry of criticism." Modern English criticism does not, of course, everywhere maintain this high standard. The fads of personal taste, based sometimes on total ignorance, and

sometimes on acquaintance with the poetry of a particular period or a particular nation only, lead to rash condemnations on the one hand and to extravagant praise on the other. But with such acute and judicious critics as Leslie Stephen, and the late R. H. Hutton, critics of such ample knowledge as Frederic Harrison, Garnett, Saintsbury, and Dowden, such versatility as Andrew Lang, and such literary graces as Edmund Gosse, W. E. Henley, and Augustine Birrell, we may rest assured that there is no need to fear any general falling off in the standard of English literary criticism.

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